Collier's
TEN CENTS
AUGUST 12, 1944
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Battle at Saipan

By Frank D. Morris

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GREEN PASTURES IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Foster mother of the human race! Meet Roseland Pixie, one of the 27,000,000 dairy cows who keep the United States supplied with milk. Last year Rosie produced 5,300 quarts. This is exceptionally good—average per cow is 2,204, and Rosie's milk tests 5% butter fat. Today, from birth over 50% of all U.S. babies are fed formulas made from cow's milk.

How many round trips does a milk bottle make? Fresh milk, nature's most nearly perfect food, absolutely protected in its gleaming bottle, delivered regularly to your very door, in many ways symbolizes modern living. The average number of round trips a bottle makes from the dairy to you is over *thirty-five*. You can help your dairyman by returning all empties promptly. Please do your part to help dairies keep their milk bottles in circulation.

"You can see how much is left when you buy milk in bottles," says Adelaide Hawley, famous newsreel and radio commentator on modern living. "What's more, when a quick look at the foods packed in glass on my pantry shelf tells me what I have on hand, I know what and when to buy."

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget they are made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the incredible rapidity of today's modern glass-making machines make possible glass containers at low cost.

"Marcia never spills a drop!" says Adelaide Hawley. "Marcia, my daughter, is only seven—so you can see how easy it is to pour milk from the new-type bottles. They're streamlined, lightweight and easy to open. Yet firm and leakproof!"

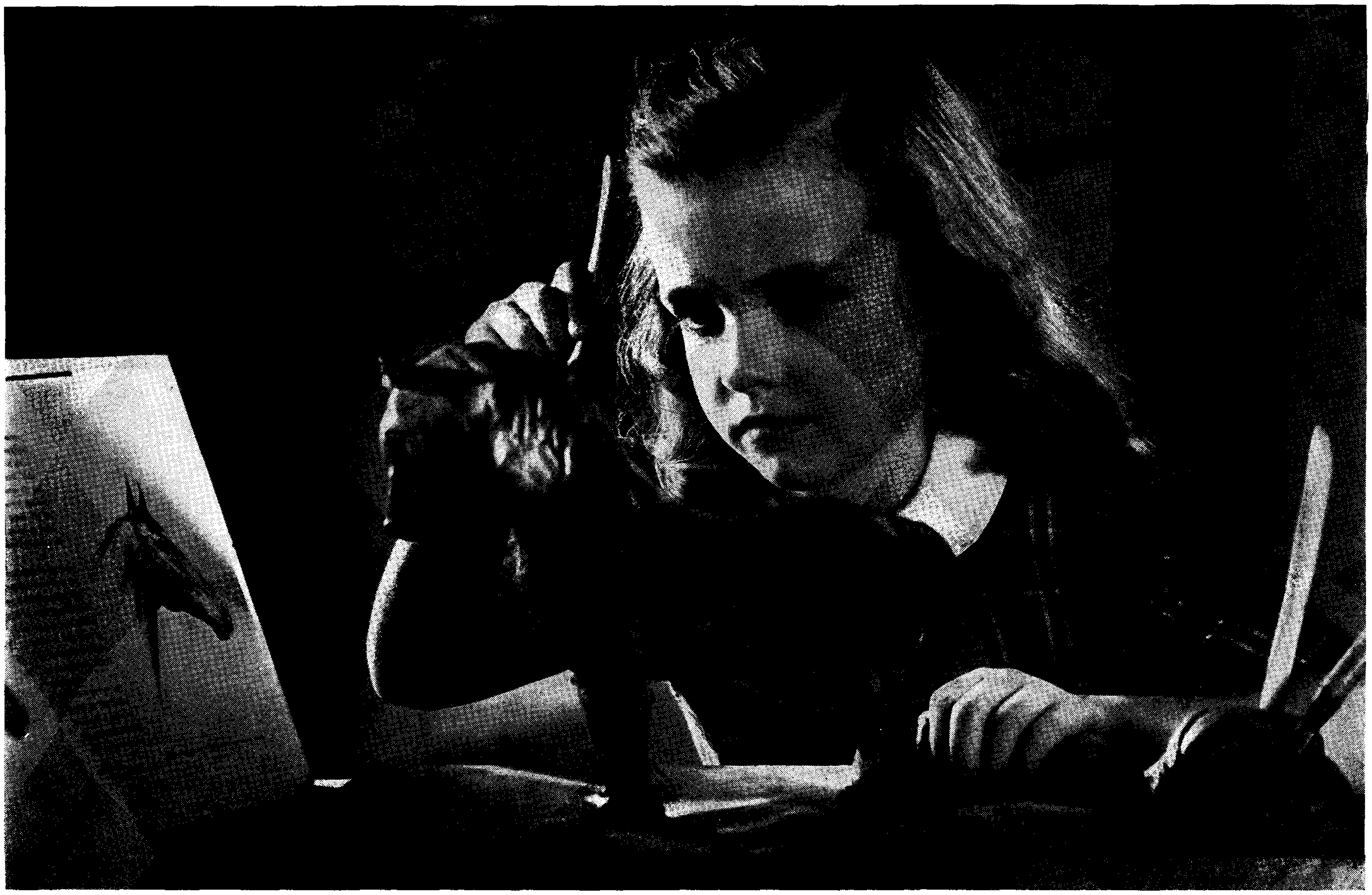
Food Fights for Freedom! Food wasted robs the war effort of manpower. Conserve food . . . help shorten the war . . . save lives of fighting men. **OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . Toledo, Ohio—manufacturers of containers that give "a lift to living."**

Duraglas*
A name that helps you see what you buy!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A child models in Clay, Pliant as her Young and Eager mind.

So will her Character be Shaped To face the Challenge of Tomorrow!



We see her then—a Woman whose Warmth of Heart shows in her Smile— a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

HOW FORTUNATE she is, this little American girl! How rich is her dowry of freedom and health and education. For her and millions of our youngsters every effort is made so they can inherit a better, more hopeful world tomorrow.

Devoted parents and teachers are helping to shape that world—are preparing our children to face their future serene and confident and *smiling!*

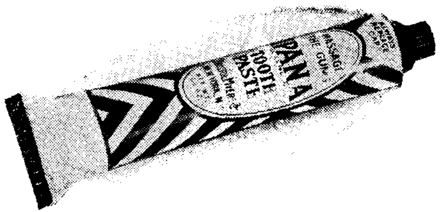
Yes, *smiling.* For even the smiles of America's children have the best of care. Today, in thousands of classrooms our youth is being taught a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that today's soft foods rob our gums of needed work and exercise. They know that sensitive gums often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush —*see your dentist.* He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft foods. And like many modern dentists, he may quite validly suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Notice the tingle as circulation quickens in the tissues—helping your gums to healthier firmness—helping you to brighter teeth, and a more appealing, more sparkling smile!



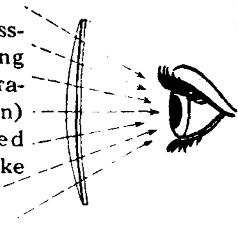
Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

TREAT YOUR EYES TO THE
"SAFETY ZONE"
with
COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

Here's what happens when you wear *inferior* sun glasses...

Inferior sun glasses let annoying and harmful ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays strike the eyes.

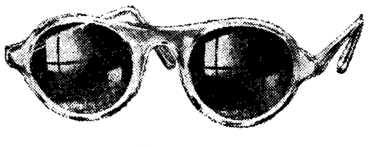


Here's what happens when you wear Cool-*Ray* Sun Glasses...

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, by absorbing ultra-violet and infra-red rays, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone."

SAFETY
ZONE

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses admit plenty of "seeing rays," and keep eyes cool and comfortable.
Civilian supply is limited—but your dealer may be able to supply you. $1.95 up.



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Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical
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World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Products

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Collier's

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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

FROM the South Pacific come several G.I. letters to tell us that that part of the world is lush with signs reading: "Mrs. Roosevelt Slept Here," and Pfc. Aldrich L. Smith advises us from New Guinea that his suggestion that Army and Marine patrols be equipped with hand organs has not been answered by the War Department. It is Mr. Smith's opinion that if hurdy-gurdies be played along the jungle trails, "the Nippkies will come tumbling out of their trees and other hideaways, doffing their hats and holding out their hands for pennies, just as nature intended that they should."

AS YOU probably know, this column's favorite think columnist is Professor Leonardo Bryan of the Havana (Cuba) Post. Professor Bryan specializes in the activities of British West Indians. He also philosophizes a bit, and it is from these latter excursions that we seem to benefit most. And yet sometimes the professor gets a bit deep for us. We ask you to join with us in consideration of one of his more recent observations: "At this stage of our evolutionary cycle, there exists no uniformity of criterions in our reciprocal precepts, our actions or our examples, as these conditions are subject to our individual and collective co-preparations."

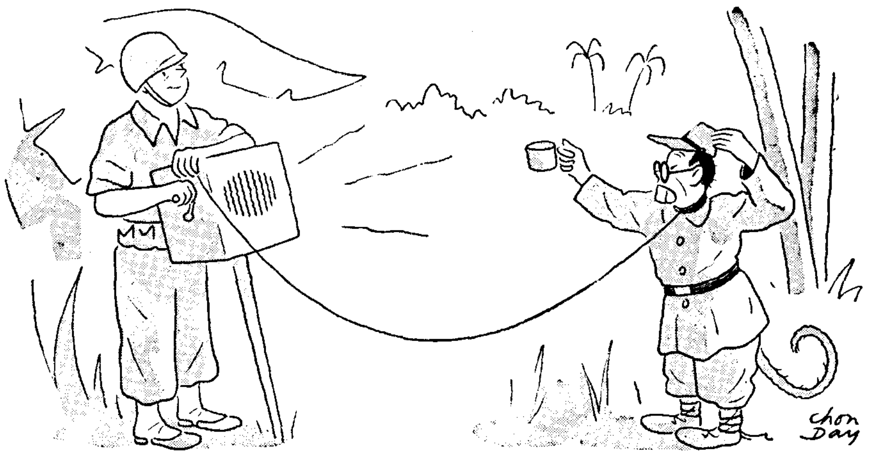
WHEN a large number of people get together and talk like that, as frequently happens in Havana and Washington, something's bound to give. From our nation's capital, for example, we've just received a brochure called The Penetrator. It starts off with a piece called Our Discretionary Future, and the first paragraph demands that Congress take a "high molding attitude." This will be necessary, it goes on, because: "Our future is discretionary because, without discretion, our future may become indiscreet, lacking thoughtful continuity, in other words, tend to be unsatisfactory." This is known as writing with rubbers on. The only adequate answer is in the immortal words of Octavus Roy Cohen's Florian Slappey: "Says which?"

ALTHOUGH not generally known, Mr. Abe Goldberg's grandfather has been pretty sick. Mr. Goldberg of Corsicana, Texas, says that the nurse took Grandpa's temperature three times a day for fifteen days. On the sixteenth day, the old gentleman dashed the thermometer against the wall and yelled, "I don't believe these damned things are doing me a bit of good. Gotta try something else." Mr. Goldberg says that the only reason he tells us about his grandfather is that it reminded him of all the ex-New Dealers he's meeting these days.

ANYWAY, we went calling the other night and were having a drink in the kitchen when our host's six-year-old daughter came in. She surveyed us carefully, then said, "Would you like for me to sing a song? I won't sing if you don't want me to, but I would very much like to sing." So we sang a duet.

AND we've just read a formal request written by a young Army captain who

(Continued on page 48)



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THIS WEEK
AUGUST 12, 1944

SHORT STORIES

ELSIE TAYE
All the Other Things. A wife finds her rightful place in her husband's town. Page 12

F/O CHARLES O. GORHAM
A Child Shall Lead. A Nazi hero becomes prisoner to the spirit of a very young patriot. Page 15

RICHARD ENGLISH
Melody in G.I. Back in civvies, Ding-Dong Williams "jams it" into a melody of love. Page 20

NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS
Old Butch. Mother's red rooster helps Father triumph over the neighbo
Page 5

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

A Kind of Love Story, *by* Zachary Gold. Page 50

SERIAL STORY

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Danger in Paradise. The third of four parts. Page 17

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY
The 100 Hours. A foothold becomes, painfully but gloriously, a beachhead. Page 11

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Arctic Rendezvous. Russian pilots in Alaska develop a taste for American life. Page 13

STANISLAW MIKOLAJCZYK as told to GEORGE CREEL
The Case for Poland. Poland's Premier tells what his people are fighting for. Page 14

FRANK D. MORRIS
Battle at Saipan. How we got our first big bite of Jap homeland. Page 16

AARON DAVIDSON
The Batter Half. The ladies have taken the soft out of softball. Page 18

STANLEY FRANK
A Princess Gets 'Em Jobs. Viola Ilma rehabilitates problem kids—with work. Page 21

KYLE CRICHTON
The Man Stands Firm! Bill Davis, WLB boss, has made of mediation a fine art. Page 22

ARTHUR DALEY
"They're Off!" at Goshen. Harness racing's derby—the Hambletonian! Page 23

GEORGE DE ZAYAS
Busy Little Bees. Gerald Twombl streamlined bee culture. Page 24

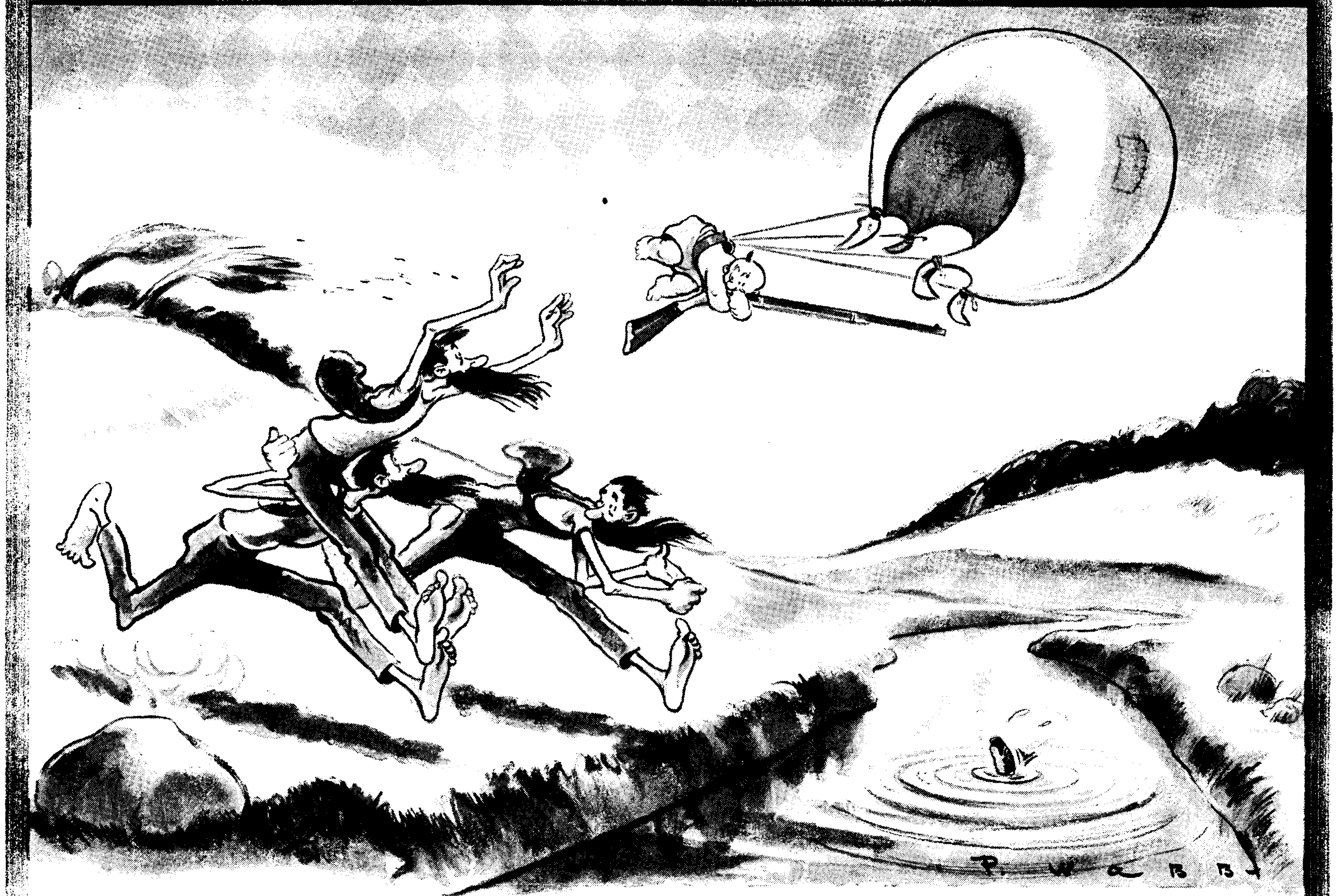
HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH
Want a Buffalo? You can have a real bison—for free! Page 28

RUTH CARSON
It's a Party. Too many cooks do not spoil the broth! Page 70

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6
THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 8
ABBREVIATIONS TEST. Page 34
WING TALK. Page 39
DAVID WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Page 42
FRANK D. MORRIS
Cigarette Money. Page 46
EDITORIALS. Page 82
COVER TONI FRISSELL

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



"Ketch the bed-sheet, Luke . . . comp'ny's acomin' for dinner."

NO CATCH...TO "PLUG-CHEK'S" GAS SAVING!

Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service can help save gas wasted by faulty, dirty or improper plugs. In actual tests by the American Automobile Association this spark plug service resulted in increased gas mileage up to 12%! Today some car owners get better results from "hotter" spark plugs than those which originally came with their car. This is particularly true because gas rationing so radically cuts the speeds and miles you drive. "Plug-Chek" will quickly show you whether your present plugs are operating "too hot" or "too cold" or just right. Get a "Plug-Chek" today!

Tune in AUTO-LITE'S GREAT RADIO SHOW
"Everything For The Boys"
Featuring men and women at the fighting fronts
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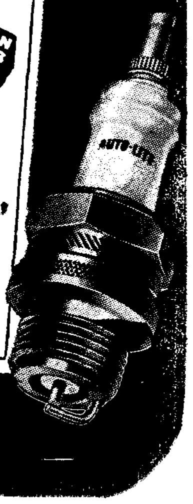

The wife who buys an "also ran"... may make a Squirmer of her man!

WAIT FOR Jockey – REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the underwear that put an end to Squirming

The urge to accept a substitute may be mighty strong after you've hunted high and low for Jockey Underwear. But remember that *nothing* can match Jockey's famous, patented Y-front construction that provides complete, "no squirm" comfort . . . the smooth, seamless support pouch . . . the design that keeps needless bulk out of the crotch area . . . the convenience of the angled, no-gap opening . . . and the comfortable seat which helps to give firm, unfailing support. A new shipment of Jockey Underwear should arrive at your dealer's before long. Call again soon!

Go Long on War Bonds!

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NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

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THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR
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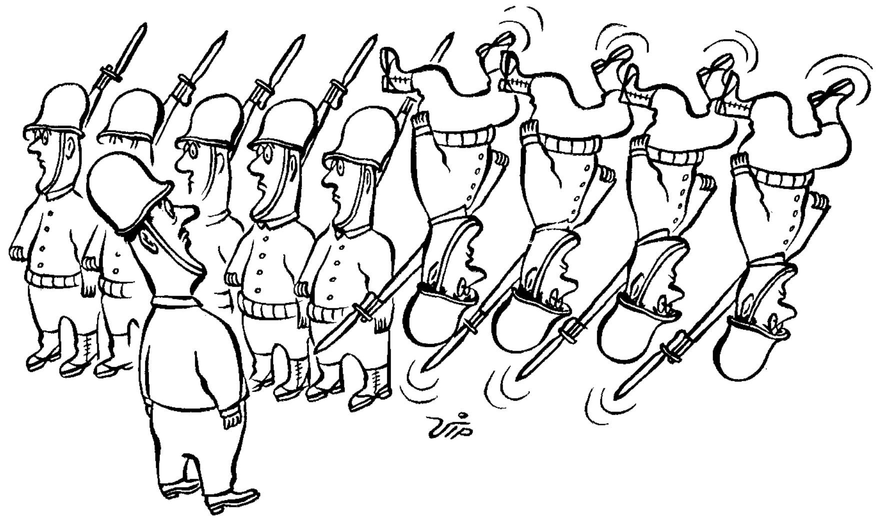
NO GAP OPENING
WAISTBAND KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Among the human ailments that are so rare they have never been named is an optical defect in which one eye, although seeing stationary objects right side up, makes moving objects appear upside down.

Probably the only mountain in the world from which all borders of a continental country may be seen is Irazu, an 11,500-foot peak situated in the center of the 23,000 square miles of Costa Rica. This summit is also the one point in the Western Hemisphere from which both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans are visible.

Chinese troops fighting in Burma under General Stilwell bury each dead Jap with his feet exposed so their daily reports on the number killed, if suspected of exaggeration, may be verified by an American officer.

A Californian has collected and developed 1,000 dwarf trees which have a valuation of $100,000 and form one of the largest collections of such botanical miniatures outside of Japan. Planted in three inches of soil in small bowls, these trees comprise more than 50 species, including even the California redwood; and they range in height from 15 to 36 inches, in age from 20 to 600 years, and in value from $25 to $25,000.

Twice within the past two centuries, a conquering army has marched through the streets of Berlin—the Russian troops of Catherine the Great in 1760 and the Old Guards of Napoleon in 1806.—*By Ernest Reisman, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

No spot on this earth has ever been twice in the same location in space owing to this planet's three motions: Its rotation on its axis, its revolution around the sun, and its movement toward the constellation Lyra at the rate of 378,000,000 miles a year.

Since 1001 A.D., no treasure has been more carefully guarded than the Crown of St. Stephen, Hungary's symbol of sovereignty and independence. Although it has been hidden many times through the centuries from looting invaders, such action was not deemed necessary by the Hungarians when the Nazis entered their country. So the job of keeping the crown safe was taken over by members of the Gestapo, who carried it away to an unknown destination.

Cundiyo, New Mexico, is the only town in the United States in which every inhabitant bears the same family name, which is Vigil. All male members of the 25 families are direct descendants of a Mexican who settled there several generations ago, and no outside man has since been permitted to join the community.

The direct casualties of this war will not approach in number the indirect casualties —the civilians who die of disease or starvation and the children who would otherwise have been born. Today, in the warring and invaded countries alone, the number of these "unborn babies" is estimated to have already reached at least 10,000,000.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York City has the world's largest collection of motion-picture films, which comprises 17,800 reels, or about 10,000 more than are owned by the Library of Congress, in Washington, D. C.

Although Britain's midget submarines are 40 feet long, less than 30 inches of their superstructure is visible when they are traveling on the surface. Furthermore, these subs have only one place in their hull where a member of the crew, which consists of one enlisted man and three officers, may stand upright.

The largest sum of money reported lost in this war through a disaster to an American naval vessel was the $400,000 payroll in the vaults of the U.S.S. Chicago when it sank off Guadalcanal in January, 1943.

As reconnaissance photographs in color reveal so much more than those in black and white, Allied airmen now use color film in their continuous-strip cameras, even though it requires three hours to develop, or 12 times as long as a black-and-white negative.

Of all the absurd predictions about immediate postwar America, none is more fallacious than the prophecy of a "helicopter in every family." Most helicopters require the co-ordination of five controls and are, therefore, far more difficult to fly than airplanes. They can be flown today only by experienced, professional pilots who have also had intensive training in helicopter operation. Simplified controls for general use may not be introduced for as long as ten years.

The U.S. Army now has about 325 Negro chaplains—six times as many as in the first World War. . . . Within one month after fertilization, the human egg increases 50 times in size and 8,000 times in weight. . . . Petroleum products constitute in tonnage half of the supplies shipped overseas today by the United States to its Armed Forces and Allies. . . .

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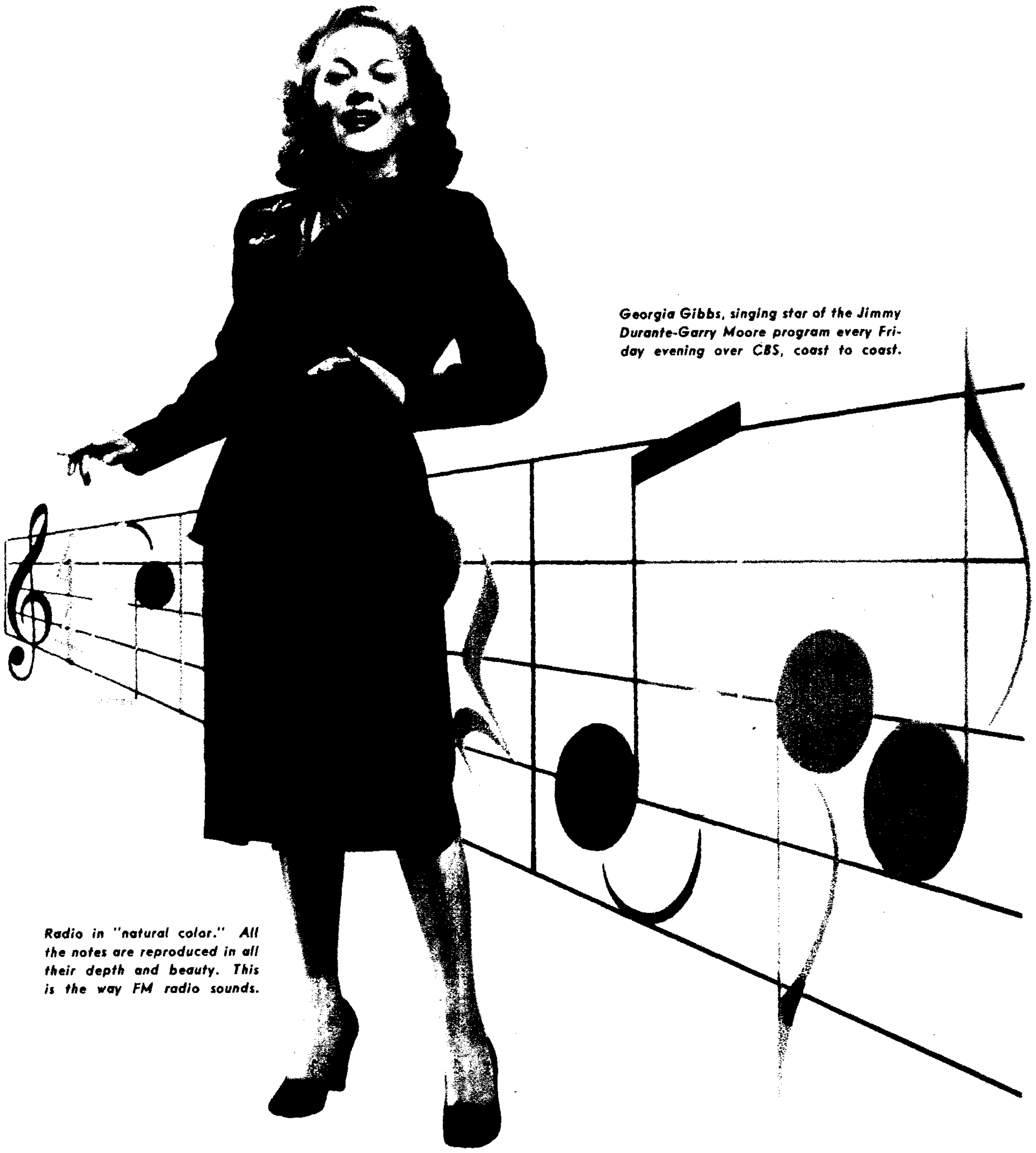
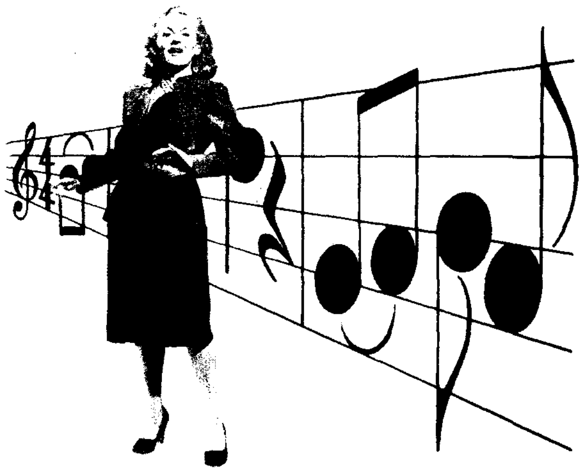


Georgia Gibbs, singing star of the Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore program every Friday evening over CBS, coast to coast.

Radio in "natural color." All the notes are reproduced in all their depth and beauty. This is the way FM radio sounds.



Radio in "black and white." Something is missing. This is the way conventional radio sounds.

It's Georgia Gibbs "in person"—on an FM "NATURAL COLOR" radio!

The difference between General Electric FM and conventional radio is a *fundamental* difference.

Conventional radio, because of inherent limitations, can bring you only one-third the complete tonal range. The delicate overtones that give music its life and color are lost.

But FM radio reproduces the entire tonal range with perfect clarity, and in all its original beauty! The highest high notes, the lowest low notes, are clear and true and just as Georgia Gibbs sings them or the band plays them!

General Electric built the first FM radio receivers used by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of FM, in perfecting this new kind of broadcasting. General Electric has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any other manufacturer. And General Electric operates its own FM radio station.

No other manufacturer will offer you, after Victory, so much experience in the field of FM radio! And, when Frequency Modulation sets are available, you will hear special programs, planned for FM alone — exciting and popular programs that you won't get otherwise!

FREE: "YOUR COMING RADIO—*as Forecast by General Electric*" — 28 full-color pages of facts about the newest in radios: radio-phonographs, the self-charging portable with its own rechargeable battery, and television! A post-card brings it free. Address Section 3-D, *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

- *Buy more War Bonds — and hold on to those you have*

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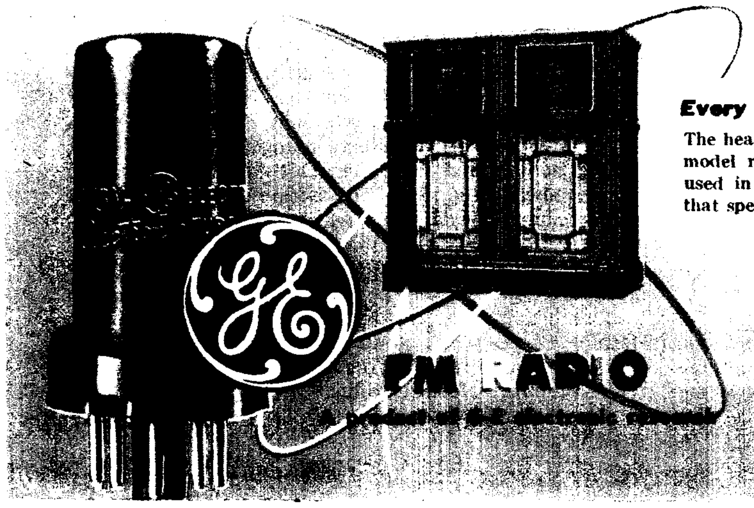
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-C9



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.

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WHERE PERFORMANCE REALLY COUNTS...

The "MARS", world's largest seaplane taking off from Hawaiian waters for California.

Dependable ...CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

ARE ON ACTIVE DUTY!

As engines increase in horsepower, and the size and carrying capacity of aircraft goes up, spark plugs become more and more a determining factor in performance and dependability. Champion Aircraft Spark Plugs, like their automotive counterparts for thirty-four years, have earned an outstanding reputation for *dependability* based solely on their performance on active duty with all branches of our armed forces. Today, because engine economy and dependability are paramount, you owe it to yourself to have spark plugs checked and cleaned at regular intervals to replace old, worn-out and wasteful inefficient spark plugs with new Champions.

Finish The Fight With War Bonds
Buy More Than Before NOW!

TO SAVE
GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK
PLUGS CLEAN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

The Week's Work

Major Corey Ford

CHARLES OLD

Captain Charles Prout

Richard English

W. N. ROSENFELD

MAJOR COREY FORD, longtime Collier's writer (see Arctic Rendezvous, p. 13, by Ford and MacBain) came into the office today—a little tired, he said, after a nonstop flight from India. He and Captain Alastair MacBain, his writing partner, had landed in New York an hour earlier. They had scarcely slept during the trip. You can't do much reclining in the little metal bucket seats in warplanes.

Major Ford's chief concern at present is to serve the Army Air Forces, but the editors hope that he will find time to write us a few pieces about what he saw in India and in China. What he didn't see, he tells us, was rice, chop suey and curry. "I am fond of these dishes but I had rice only twice in the three months I was in the area, and curry once when I was the dinner guest of Lord Louis Mountbatten. I heard about places where you could get Chinese rice and dysentery simultaneously, but avoided them."

Major Ford disclaims any adventures. "Everything was very routine," he said, "unless you count the time our plane caught fire over the Atlantic—that was on the trip out—but it was just a small fire in the cockpit. They put it out in ten minutes. It was cold up there, anyway, and the fire warmed us up some."

Both Ford and MacBain lost weight. "If MacBain turns sideways you can't see him at all," Ford reported. Then he excused himself to go home and sleep.

IN THIS issue you'll find two firsthand reports from Collier's war correspondents on opposite sides of the world—Battle at Saipan (p. 16), by Frank D. Morris, our Pacific representative, and an action narrative from a Normandy beachhead by W. B. Courtney, who makes London his headquarters.

Staff Writer Frank Gervasi is scheduled to leave this country soon, to take up where he left off in his job of reporting brilliantly on the action in Italy.

Thus Collier's continues its policy of on-the-spot coverage by men capable of more than mere reporting. Through their articles, they bring order and understanding out of the confusion of day-to-day news.

RICHARD ENGLISH (Melody in G.I., p. 20) tells us that his fiction-writing career is all Collier's fault. It developed this way: "I was living in Hollywood, writing for fan magazines. You know those stories: Ann Sheridan Tells You How to Dress on $19 a Week. Then Rudy Vallee's dog bit me, and a beautiful friendship sprang up when I didn't sue. Vallee gave me a job as 'Western representative.' A few years later I talked my way into a studio as a writer at $50 a week, and it took me two years to get up to a salary where I could afford to quit with dignity.

"This came after I sold Collier's my first fiction story. On the day I got the check for the story, I went in and announced that I had become a magazine writer and was no longer interested in the picture business. This still holds true. I have sold Collier's some 35 stories since then.

"I spent several months in South America and am now taking a crack at stories with Latin backgrounds. I was married recently to Kay Whitehead of Beverly Hills. She is tall, lovely and redheaded, and will very shortly have a mind of her own."

CAPTAIN CHARLES PROUT, who authored the series of Abbreviation Tests (Test No. 7 is on page 34), keeps threatening to write a full-length article. But he says his duties with the 100th Infantry Division at Fort Bragg leave him very little spare time. "I've worked out a sort of system, though. I write on week ends, and then Dot—my wife—types up the final manuscripts during the week while I'm at work. This way, maybe I'll have something substantial to send you before long. The pride and joy of the nonmilitary part of my existence is the fact that Dot and I have been able to find a whole house in which to live in an overcrowded Army town like Fayetteville, North Carolina." . . . A. P.

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"It's more than a car—it's my job"

PASSENGER: "Seems natural to be riding in a Plymouth. Got one myself back home and I'm counting on it to outlast the war. It's a great car."

TAXI DRIVER: "I'll say — and it's more than a great car to me. It's *my job!* Without a car that keeps right on going and doesn't cost much to run, I'd be out of luck. Maybe you've noticed how many Plymouth cabs there are in every city. Cars really have to take it in this business — and Plymouths are built to *stand up.*"

Back of Plymouth's rugged endurance is Plymouth engineering and manufacturing of a *quality* car. That's why three million pre-war Plymouths are still on the highways . . . while Plymouth *quality* is going into Corsair landing gears, parts for Helldiver wings, General Sherman tanks, Bofors guns, and many other weapons. A great dealer service organization represents Plymouth. Handy to you is the expert service the best car needs to keep it running for the duration.

PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Love from Mary Lou

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In factory laboratory and road tests . . .

On thousands of taxicabs and passenger cars from coast-to-coast . . .

Today's great new General Tire has *proved* conclusively that it delivers the same kind of *extra* mileage, safety and performance for which car owners gladly have paid more money for 30 years.

The tread is General's Silent-Grip design . . . famous for long, even wear and quick, safe stops.

The body has General's same cooler running, extra strong cords . . . made in General's own mills, as always.

The construction is General's pre-war Top-Quality . . . combined with Government-specified synthetic rubber, compounded by General's special formula to meet General's long mileage standards.

And, it is built by General's quality-skilled craftsmen who have never known anything but the best.

Of course, you must save your present tires and have them recapped, if possible. But, when you are issued a precious new-tire certificate . . . get the most from it. Get General's proved *Top-Quality* . . . from your General Tire Dealer.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 12, 1944

THE 100 Hours

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

A desperate period of crisis when American courage turned a Normandy beachhead into a European invasion front is described by Collier's war correspondent

GENERAL MONTGOMERY later said we had "held on by an eyelid." For nearly a hundred hours, from a U. S. Navy vessel close inshore off Normandy, I watched how American boys clawed and battled that "eyelid" into a good fist- and foothold; I had a grandstand view of what must forever be valued gloriously in American military annals.

Imagine what it would have meant if, from a roof in Boston, you had watched the Battle of Bunker Hill; or from a window on Brooklyn Heights, you had seen Washington's escape from Long Island; from a treetop in Pennsylvania, had witnessed the clash of the Blue and the Gray over Gettysburg's fields. This was such an incomparable and solemn opportunity.

The scenario for this drama was written a long time ago. It was written on the night of September 13th and the morning of September 14th in the year 1814 on board a British man-o'-war, off Baltimore, Maryland, by a young attorney named Francis Scott Key.

It is being acted by young and true Americans of a complexity of races that Key could not reasonably have foreseen and on a scale that neither he nor any other man of his time could have conceived. Only the valor of these Americans would have been no surprise to the author of our national anthem. Their blood gave new meaning to every word and verse of his message. Before this "dawn's early light," 130 years after Key's adventure, we, too, had our night of anxiety—a night of great sounds in the air and over the horizon and of grave apprehensions for the morrow.

Like him, we kept vigil at the ship's rail to see what the "morning's first beam" would disclose. Through weeks of ugly anticipations and wild conjectures, G.I.s and Tommies alike had steeled themselves for a vicious reception. The Luftwaffe, we told one another as we waited, was saving up for the invasion and would hurl their all upon us—including radio-controlled glider bombs, dive bombs and heaven only knew what.

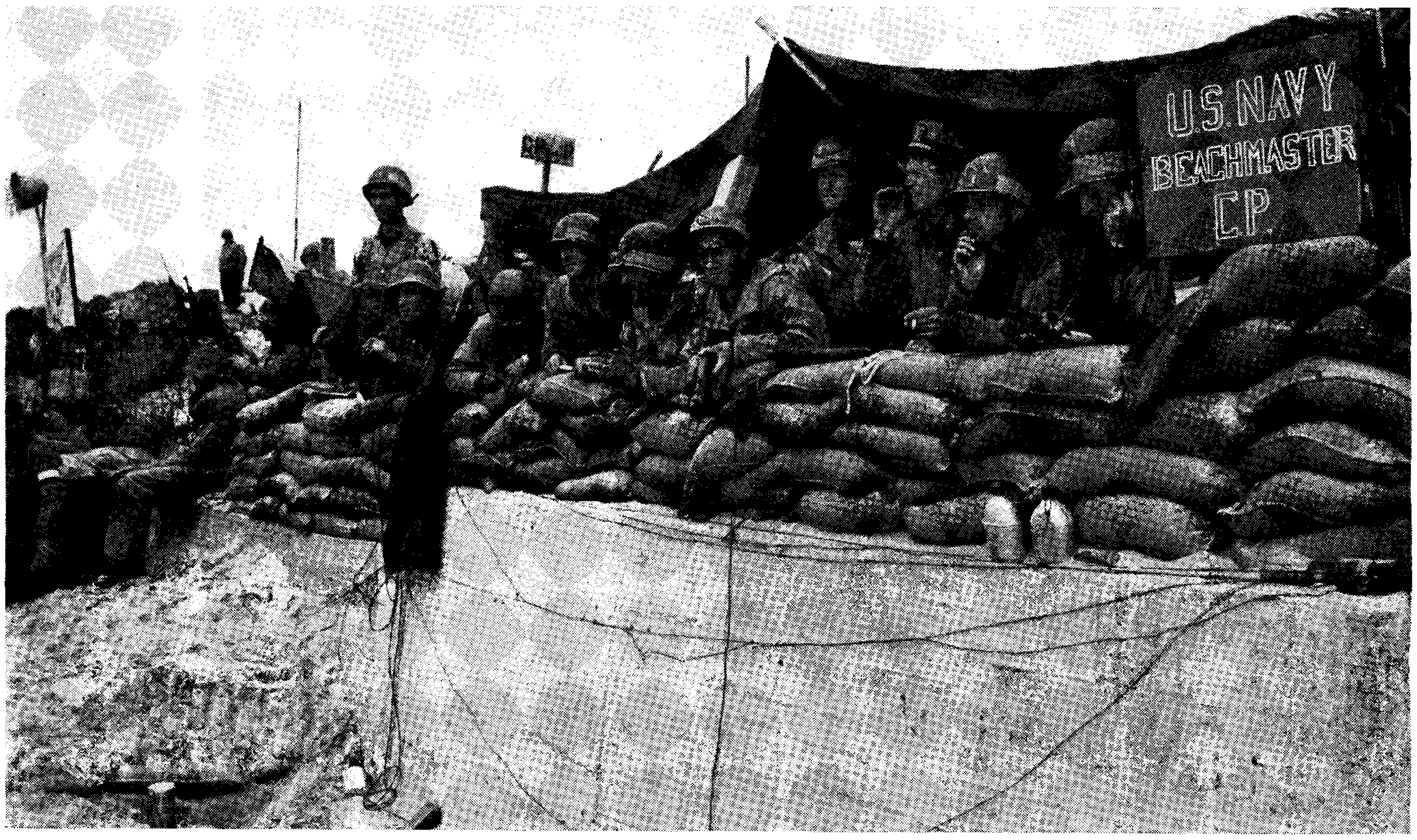
Perils of the Imagination

So likewise would scores of E- and U-boats shower huge rockets upon us. Mines embedded in the sea would be released by electric switches and leap to the surface and blow our whole fleet to kingdom come. You heard various means by which these things would be accomplished, none agreeable. Poison or fi[illegible] gas or both would drench us. We were instructed how to shuck our life belts and swim under flaming surfaces. I shall always believe that the highest expression of courage in this invasion was the finding of strength enough in one's legs to walk aboard the vessels that were to carry us across to the expected perils.

But save for one sharp plane attack and some distant surface firing, the night failed to live up to our dreads. The sun came out, strong and burning, as we ran past Cape Barfleur and entered the Bay of the Seine. Many of the kids turned away from the railings and stretched out on the deck, taking off their shoes and opening their shirts to the warmth.

The wits told one another this was like a

(Continued on page 53)



Navy Beachmaster Command Post, above, issued all orders to ships lying offshore on what to send in next

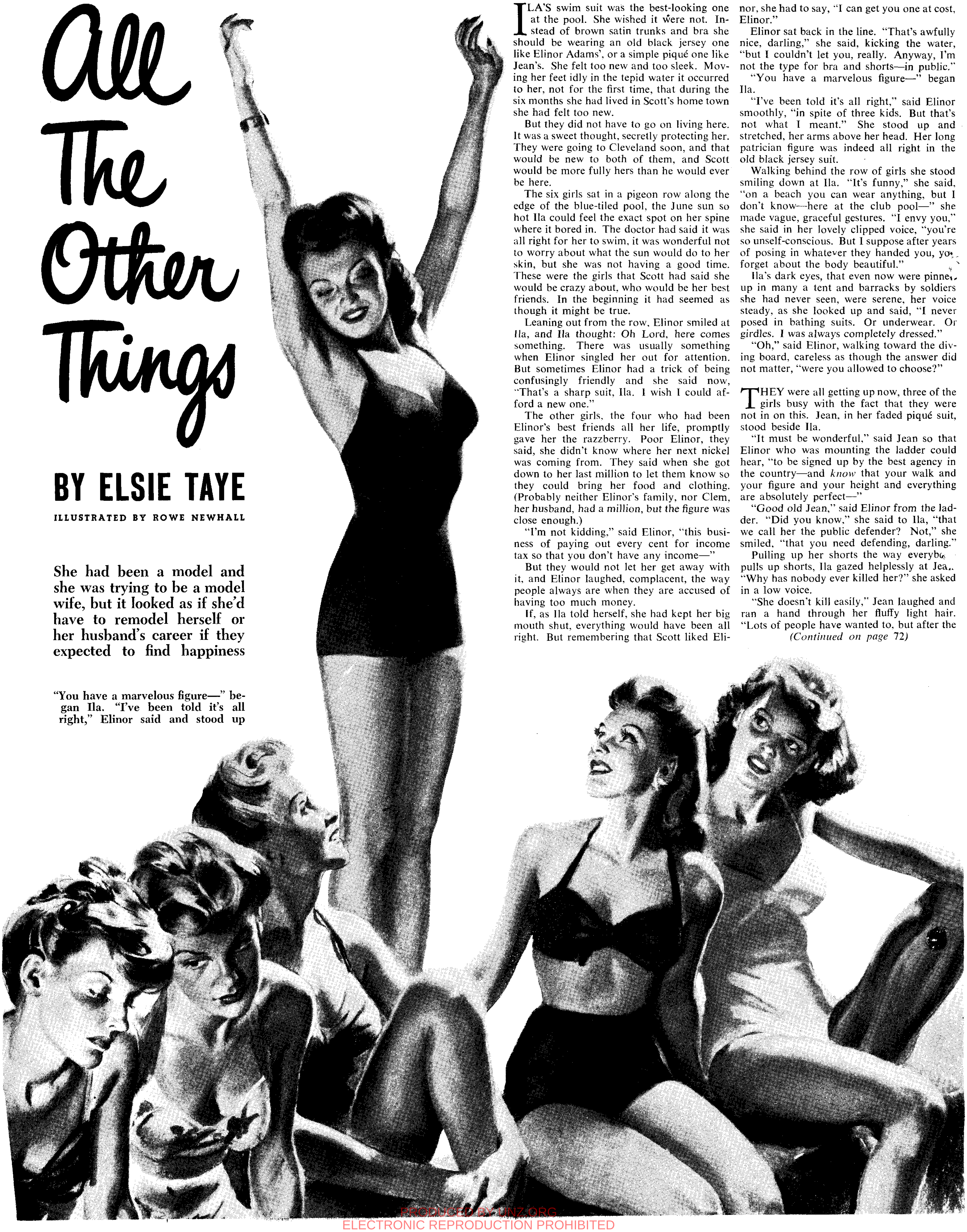
A young engineer, packing the Army's new, deadly flame thrower, makes ready to hit the beaches of Normandy

All The Other Things

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

She had been a model and she was trying to be a model wife, but it looked as if she'd have to remodel herself or her husband's career if they expected to find happiness



"You have a marvelous figure—" began Ila. "I've been told it's all right," Elinor said and stood up

ILA'S swim suit was the best-looking one at the pool. She wished it were not. Instead of brown satin trunks and bra she should be wearing an old black jersey one like Elinor Adams', or a simple piqué one like Jean's. She felt too new and too sleek. Moving her feet idly in the tepid water it occurred to her, not for the first time, that during the six months she had lived in Scott's home town she had felt too new.

But they did not have to go on living here. It was a sweet thought, secretly protecting her. They were going to Cleveland soon, and that would be new to both of them, and Scott would be more fully hers than he would ever be here.

The six girls sat in a pigeon row along the edge of the blue-tiled pool, the June sun so hot Ila could feel the exact spot on her spine where it bored in. The doctor had said it was all right for her to swim, it was wonderful not to worry about what the sun would do to her skin, but she was not having a good time. These were the girls that Scott had said she would be crazy about, who would be her best friends. In the beginning it had seemed as though it might be true.

Leaning out from the row, Elinor smiled at Ila, and Ila thought: Oh Lord, here comes something. There was usually something when Elinor singled her out for attention. But sometimes Elinor had a trick of being confusingly friendly and she said now, "That's a sharp suit, Ila. I wish I could afford a new one."

The other girls, the four who had been Elinor's best friends all her life, promptly gave her the razzberry. Poor Elinor, they said, she didn't know where her next nickel was coming from. They said when she got down to her last million to let them know so they could bring her food and clothing. (Probably neither Elinor's family, nor Clem, her husband, had a million, but the figure was close enough.)

"I'm not kidding," said Elinor, "this business of paying out every cent for income tax so that you don't have any income—"

But they would not let her get away with it, and Elinor laughed, complacent, the way people always are when they are accused of having too much money.

If, as Ila told herself, she had kept her big mouth shut, everything would have been all right. But remembering that Scott liked Elinor, she had to say, "I can get you one at cost, Elinor."

Elinor sat back in the line. "That's awfully nice, darling," she said, kicking the water, "but I couldn't let you, really. Anyway, I'm not the type for bra and shorts—in public."

"You have a marvelous figure—" began Ila.

"I've been told it's all right," said Elinor smoothly, "in spite of three kids. But that's not what I meant." She stood up and stretched, her arms above her head. Her long patrician figure was indeed all right in the old black jersey suit.

Walking behind the row of girls she stood smiling down at Ila. "It's funny," she said, "on a beach you can wear anything, but I don't know—here at the club pool—" she made vague, graceful gestures. "I envy you," she said in her lovely clipped voice, "you're so unself-conscious. But I suppose after years of posing in whatever they handed you, you forget about the body beautiful."

Ila's dark eyes, that even now were pinned up in many a tent and barracks by soldiers she had never seen, were serene, her voice steady, as she looked up and said, "I never posed in bathing suits. Or underwear. Or girdles. I was always completely dressed."

"Oh," said Elinor, walking toward the diving board, careless as though the answer did not matter, "were you allowed to choose?"

THEY were all getting up now, three of the girls busy with the fact that they were not in on this. Jean, in her faded piqué suit, stood beside Ila.

"It must be wonderful," said Jean so that Elinor who was mounting the ladder could hear, "to be signed up by the best agency in the country—and *know* that your walk and your figure and your height and everything are absolutely perfect—"

"Good old Jean," said Elinor from the ladder. "Did you know," she said to Ila, "that we call her the public defender? Not," she smiled, "that you need defending, darling."

Pulling up her shorts the way everybody pulls up shorts, Ila gazed helplessly at Jean. "Why has nobody ever killed her?" she asked in a low voice.

"She doesn't kill easily," Jean laughed and ran a hand through her fluffy light hair. "Lots of people have wanted to, but after the

(Continued on page 72)

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PHOTOGRAPHS, U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

ARCTIC RENDEZVOUS

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Pilot heroes of the Soviet Union say "Okey dokey" at American song sessions, learn about slot machines before they fly Lend-Lease planes from Alaska to Siberia

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA: He is very young and very courteous, as he adjusts the tiny Russian flying insignia on the collar of his blue tunic, and he stood politely beside his plane on the Alaska field while the control-tower officer delivered a meticulous lecture.

The officer, fresh from training school in the States and a stickler for rule-book procedure, pointed out that the Russian pilot had neglected to get proper instructions from the tower before landing, had come in at too low an altitude, had cut the corner of his base leg. What kind of flier did he think he was, the officer concluded stiffly. The young Russian lifted his eyes, and there was the faintest gleam of amusement in them. "I shoot down twelve Nazis," mildly. "You?"

They all speak politely, with a slow, grave, almost sad smile. Most of them are still fuzzy-cheeked, towheaded, looking like any Middle West farm boy; all but their eyes. Their glacier-blue eyes are not like a boy's eyes. You look at their eyes, and you are reminded that only a few days ago, thousands of miles away, these same pilots were engaging Messerschmitts in vivid dogfights. This mission to Alaska to pick up the Lend-Lease planes which we are supplying the Soviet government is a coveted reward for gallantry in battle; a temporary furlough from the front.

Flying the forbidding terrain of Siberia, battling Alaska's williwaws and ice and fog, comes under the head of a vacation for the Russian ferry pilots. For a few days they can shop in American stores, play American slot machines, shoot American pool. . . .

Today the skies over Alaska are filled with the roar of our combat planes, bound over the top of the world to Russia. Day after day in undiminishing numbers, says Undersecretary of War Patterson, Lend-Lease aircraft are being air-ferried from the States to be delivered to the Soviets for use against Germany.

How many ships have traveled this short arctic airway across Alaska's *interior* is a military secret; but it is no secret that delivery by air can be made in days, whereas delivery by water might take weeks or months. And it is no secret that the weight of these aerial reinforcements has helped tip the balance against the Nazis in more than one crucial battle on the Russian front.

You see the Russian ferry pilots wandering in little groups of three or four down the main street of Fairbanks, their black, skin-tight leather boots creaking a little as they walk, their blue uniform pants flaring. Native Alaskans turn and stare after them; they are still a colorful international novelty, even in this fast-changing part of the world.

They purchase Alaska souvenirs with big old-fashioned American two-dollar bills; in the last war, our soldiers passed them out in Russia, and for twenty-five years the frugal Russians have been saving them, waiting for a chance to spend them.

(Continued on page 49)

Above: The manual of instructions is a puzzler to these Russian ferry pilots until the girl interpreter explains. Below: The ferry pilot and his American instructor get along handsomely. Here the Russian receives some pointers while watching a plane take off

THE CASE FOR *Poland*

By Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Prime Minister of Poland *as told to* George Creel

A leader of the government abroad explains its viewpoint in the Polish-Russian dispute

KEYSTONE

An organizer of the Peasant Party, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk was elected to Parliament in 1930 and rose to leadership of the liberal movement. Enlisting as a private at the time of the German invasion in 1939, he fled to Hungary after Poland's collapse and was interned. Managing to escape, he reached London and joined the Polish government as a member of the National Council. Elevated to a cabinet post, he was named prime minister after the tragic death of General Wladyslaw Sikorski in a plane crash on July 4, 1943. No other Pole is better qualified to speak for his people and his country

A FULL explanation of the dispute between Poland and Russia goes back through the centuries and has to do with kings and czars.

But, before discussing the broad issues, may I take up certain anti-Polish charges that muddy the wells of public opinion here in your country? It may be that I exaggerate their effect, but I have found that it does not pay to ignore false report. Lies, left unanswered, soon take on the look of truth.

What would be amusing, but for its ugly implications, is a fairly general drive against the Polish government in London as "undemocratic," a setup so feudal and reactionary, in fact, that it is completely unrepresentative of the Polish people. My own case proves it false to the point of absurdity. Surely a government is not medieval or aristocratic when its prime minister is the son of a coal miner, a product of the public schools and a worker in factories and fields throughout the greater part of his adult life! My entrance into politics was as a spokesman for the Peasant Party, drawn from agriculture and labor.

Of the cabinet of thirteen, two others also represent the Peasant Party. One is a small farmer and one, like myself, the son of a miner. The Socialist Party has three members—a farm worker, a miner and a lawyer who specialized as the counsel for labor unions. The National Liberal Party has two members—one a professor, born on a little farm, and the other, a newspaperman, son of a storekeeper. A professor and a journalist, both with humble beginnings, represent the National Democratic Party. Only three—a career diplomat, a professor of military history and a professor of economics—have no party affiliation of any kind, but no one of them is wealthy or nobly born. Would you say that such a cabinet was feudal and aristocratic?

To stigmatize the Polish government in London as an "*emigré* government" is as unfair as it is dishonest. It is in exile by order of the Polish people. Its authority derives from Poland, its leadership is accepted by Poland, and correspondence of thought and action is complete down to minute details. In Poland, a patriotic coalition has welded all parties into phalanx formation. All act as one, and their representatives compose the National Council that sits with the president and the cabinet.

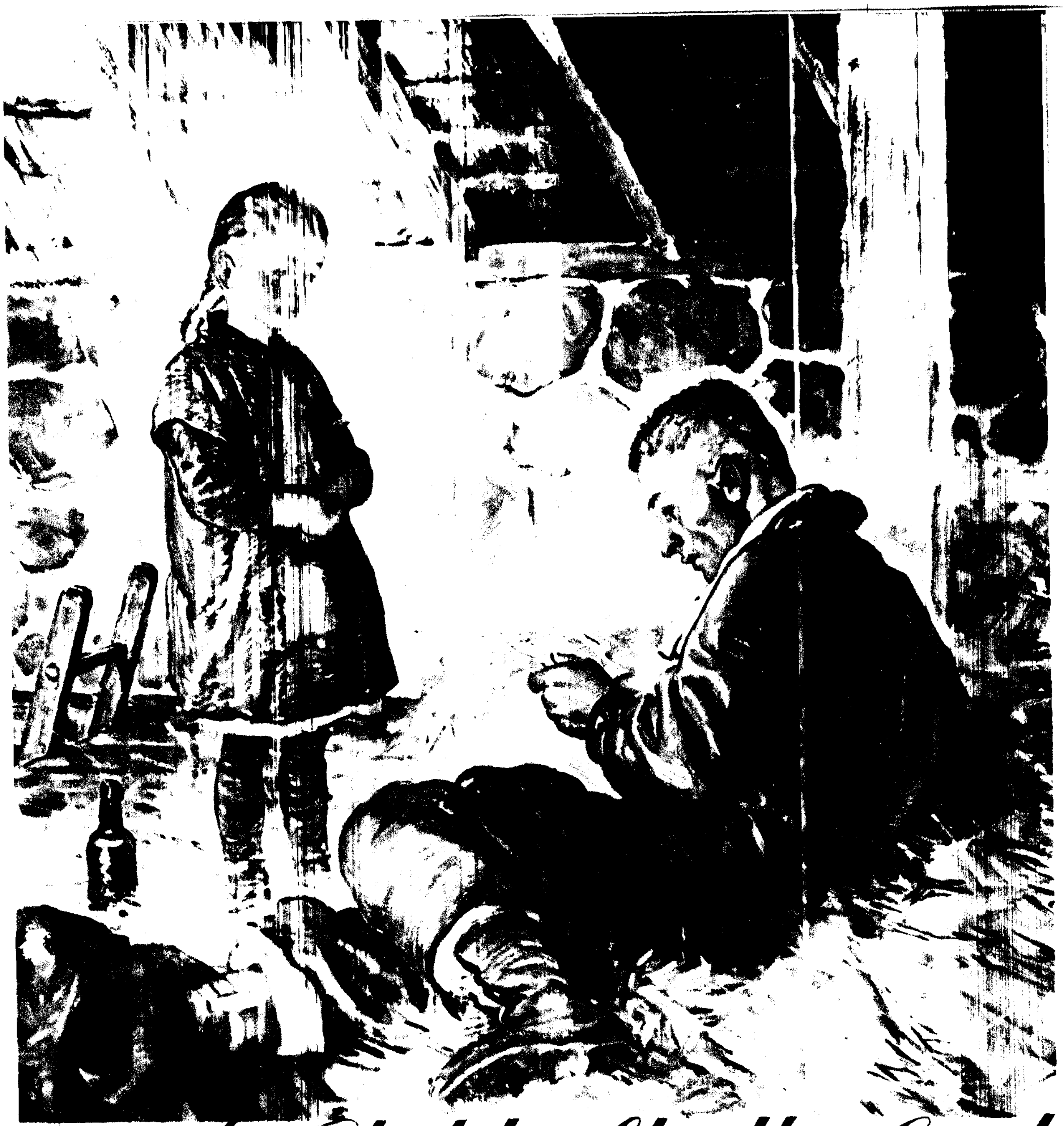
A delegate from the London government, with the rank of a deputy prime minister, is in Poland as the accredited and authoritative contact with the people. Do not think for a moment that the popular will has no expression or that there is no organized public opinion. Under the direction of the delegate, or the plenipotentiary as we call him, underground administrations have been set up in every province, city, town and village. If the Germans were expelled tomorrow, competent Polish officials, properly elected, could take over at once.

Another libel that needs to be answered is that Poland still holds fast to racial and religious prejudice. Here again the answer is a matter of record. In our government and in our armies, both at home and abroad, Poles of all creeds fight side by side with never a hint of division. Not the least effort of the underground has been to save our public, educational and religious leaders from the extermination that was Hitler's declared purpose. It is a task that has been discharged without discrimination. Go into our woods, mountains and cellars, where we hide them, and you will find no lack of rabbis, rabbinical students, and famous scholars, authors and scientists of Jewish blood.

Two of our national heroes, shrined in the heart of every Pole, are Samuel Zygielbojm and Michael Klepfisz. The first led Jewish battalions in the heroic defense of Warsaw and helped to organize the underground

(*Continued on page 42*)

Soldiers of the Carpathian brigade—a part of the 75,000 Poles now fighting in the Mediterranean theater—marching through the streets of an Italian village



Jacqueline handed the letter to him and he carefully opened it and inclined his head to take full advantage of the light

A Child Shall Lead

BY CHARLES O. [illegible] AM

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

They were deadly enemies—the airman and the little girl—but she did not understand. and he could not explain

THIS was the young German's first visit to Brittany in six years, his first to the soil of France in more than four. The air over France, Belgium and Holland was familiar to him, for during these last months all of the sky over Europe had been his province, but he had not touched French earth since that day in 1939 when they had bundled him out of school in Paris, with scarcely time to say goodby to the friends acquired during his ten-year stay in the Republic.

He lay flat on his back, and when the mist cleared from his eyes he could see the sky. very blue, with cirrus clouds drawn out in thin white strings, miles high, cloudlets formed of ice crystals, signaling bad weather in a day or two. High and off to the right, he could see a formation of Fortresses heading toward the Reich, flying close, at altitude, and making vapor trails. The German pursuit lurked just out of range, and as he watched the bombers he saw first one, then a second 190 peel off and dive toward the formation, winking white flashes as they thundered out of the attack, firing twenty millimeters.

When he tried to move he realized that his ankle was broken. He rested on a low, grassy bank, and he guessed that he had been dragged at least part way across the plowed field which reached away to the right, stopping at a dirt road lined with military poplars. He fumbled with the heavy webbing of his harness and finally operated the release box, so that the shoulder straps fell away. His parachute, torn and smeared with mud from the field, was caught by a momentary gust of wind and blew away from him, to disappear beyond the ridge on which he lay. When he attempted to rise again the hurt in his ankle sickened him, and he sank back to the grass.

He was dressed in flying clothing, the anonymous padded suit, boots and helmet of the high-altitude airman, and he unstrapped his captured English helmet to mop the sweat from his forehead. It was May, and not too warm, but the pain of his injury and his heavy clothing encouraged perspiration, so that his face was beaded and his skin, beneath the lamb's wool padding, was moist and warm. He was twenty-two years old, and his fine blond hair, had it not been close cropped in accordance with military regulations, would have been embarrassingly curly. His eyes were a good clear gray and he was well put together, his shoulders and hips, even beneath his flying suit, suggesting that he was a better-than-average athlete. His hands, though, hidden by three layers of glove, were his best point. They were thin and strong, and when he peeled off the gloves and rummaged through his hip pocket for the first-aid kit they seemed to operate with an efficiency and precision almost separate from the man himself. Pilot's hands, trained to musician-like skill.

He found the morphine syrette and broke the tip, holding it between his teeth. Then he pulled up his trousers leg and painfully moved his injured leg, sinking the needle well into the flesh and squeezing all of the contents into his body. With the needle he pinned the spent tube to the breast of his flying jacket, over the heart—warning to a surgeon that the drug had been administered. Then, exhausted, and sweating so that his eyes smarted with salt, he dropped back to the grassy slope, his head resting in a slight, comfortable declivity, his eyes still opened, watching the sky and the high cloud, the beautifully groomed poplars just showing in one corner of his field of vision.

The sun was warm and from the fields on the other side of the road the fresh smell of newly turned earth blew toward him. In a few minutes the pain in his ankle subsided. Drowsily he opened the collar of his flying jacket and realized dimly as he opened his throat to the sun that he had again forgotten his identity disks. No matter, a patrol would be along presently and pick him up. There would be some explaining to do, but at least, he told himself, he would soon be in a bed.

A motor convoy sped along the tree-lined road, raising a cloud of dust, outriders on motorbikes swaying dangerously as they cut around the more slowly moving half-tracks. Hardly knowing why, he settled closer to the earth and was not seen. He was too drowsy to cry out, and the drug, combining with the warm, almost liquid Breton sun, discouraged his efforts to form a plan of action. His ankle hurt no longer and his body fitted comfortably into the pocket of grass. As he fell asleep he dreamed of nothing more exciting than the hospital bed which he hoped soon to occupy.

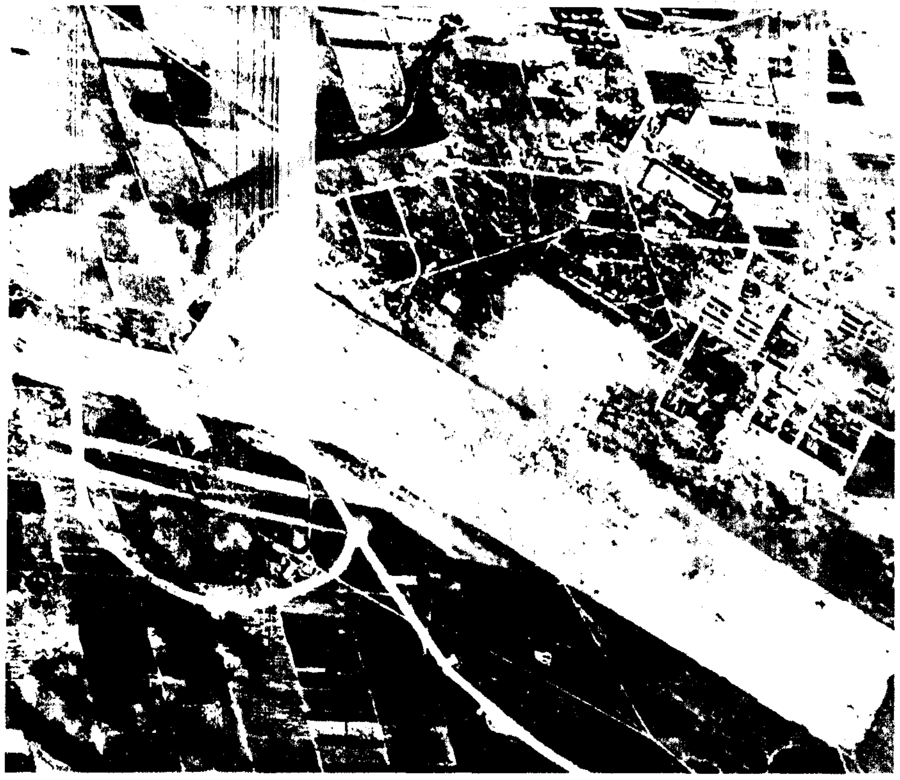
WHEN he opened his eyes several hours later they met a blackness as absolute as the blackness of death. A sweetish, familiar smell was in his nostrils, and when he reached out cautiously his hand touched a substance which he divined, after a moment's thought, to be hay. His ankle ached intolerably, but when he explored the leg with his fingers he discovered that the fractured bone had been set and bound with splints and bandages. He imagined that he must be in some sort of field hospital, or emergency dressing station, though he could not understand why an emergency station should have been set up in that part of France. The morphine had left him groggy and faintly nauseated, but, even so, he was hungry and his throat was parched.

As he peered into the velvety darkness he realized that the shelter which he occupied—cell, hospital ward, whatever it might be—had been carefully blacked out. The smell of hay was overpowering, and as he vainly attempted to pierce the darkness he began to be frightened. He began to speak in his own language, then decided that it would be safer to call out in French. But when he attempted to frame the words, he found that his lips and throat were too dry and, having raised himself upon his elbows in order to focus his eyes on the objects which would not take shape in the black, he sank back into the hay. His head ached a little now and he was painfully conscious of his injured ankle.

He must have dozed again, for he came full awake with a start when he realized that there was light in his prison. The gleam seemed to come from somewhere beneath him, and, as the rays penetrated to the corners, he saw that he was in the hayloft of a barn. The top rung of a ladder showed in silhouette a few feet from where he rested on the loosely tossed hay. The light became brighter and he realized that someone was ascending the ladder, bearing a lantern. He watched the top rungs with a kind of fascination, although all of his fear had departed the moment that the light appeared.

A yellowish circle of light widened on the roof to show the heavy timbers which supported it, and a small hand appeared on the top rung of the ladder, followed immediately by a round, golden head, showing oddly above the platform of the loft. For a moment he thought that his visitor was a young girl, but when he looked again he perceived that

(Continued on page 76)



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Our guns and bombs hit everything but this—Aslito Airport

Battle at Saipan

By Frank D. Morris

RADIOED FROM HONOLULU

Saipan is the first purely Japanese island, complete with Nip civilian towns, to fall to the U. S. A. The cost was high. But Saipan is one third closer to Tokyo than Pearl Harbor is to San Francisco. A Collier's correspondent who was there tells the early high spots

WITH a Fifth Fleet Task Force off Saipan: The bombardment chart, spread out in front of the cruiser's gunnery officer, looked like a real-estate prospectus. Neat little squares checkerboarded the island area where there were choice beach-front sites with riparian rights, mountainside lots offering a sweeping view of the Pacific, and elevated level tracts where a man could build a bungalow and putter around a Victory Garden. The gunnery officer, however, had no such illusion about this potential homeowners' paradise. His sales talk stressed, not building, but destroying.

"See this area? One-four-seven? The Japs have coastal defense guns there and we're going to knock hell out of them. There's a warehouse here somewhere near the airfield. That's it in one-six-two. We will set that afire and then work on the other targets assigned us."

It was a half-hour before dawn. We saw the patches of purple, mottled hills and the valleys of Saipan as our light cruiser steamed along the southeastern coast. The flagship of a bombardment support group, our ship led the parade of cruisers, battleships and destroyers as we moved in to serenade the sleeping Jap islanders with the unmuted symphony of our fourteen 6- and 5-inch naval guns. The rear admiral who was the conductor of our orchestra had mounted his flag bridge podium and now he was raising his baton, a pair of long-range binoculars.

The Fifth Fleet, of which this command was an important but small fraction, was really sticking its sunburned neck out this time. It was the most ambitious operation to date in the Pacific War, this invasion of Saipan, an enemy stronghold in the Marianas Islands only twelve hundred-odd miles from Japan proper, and flanked by plenty of other Jap sea and air bases.

Saipan, you must bear in mind, is the first hunk of Japanese homeland that we've tackled. Its streets and its people are as Nip as Nagasaki. The women wear those long kimonos and thick wooden sandals. Garapan, the capital, features a half-mile of geisha houses for the amusement of the wealthier Japanese gentlemen. Behind the sheer cliffs of Saipan are plenty of Shinto temples.

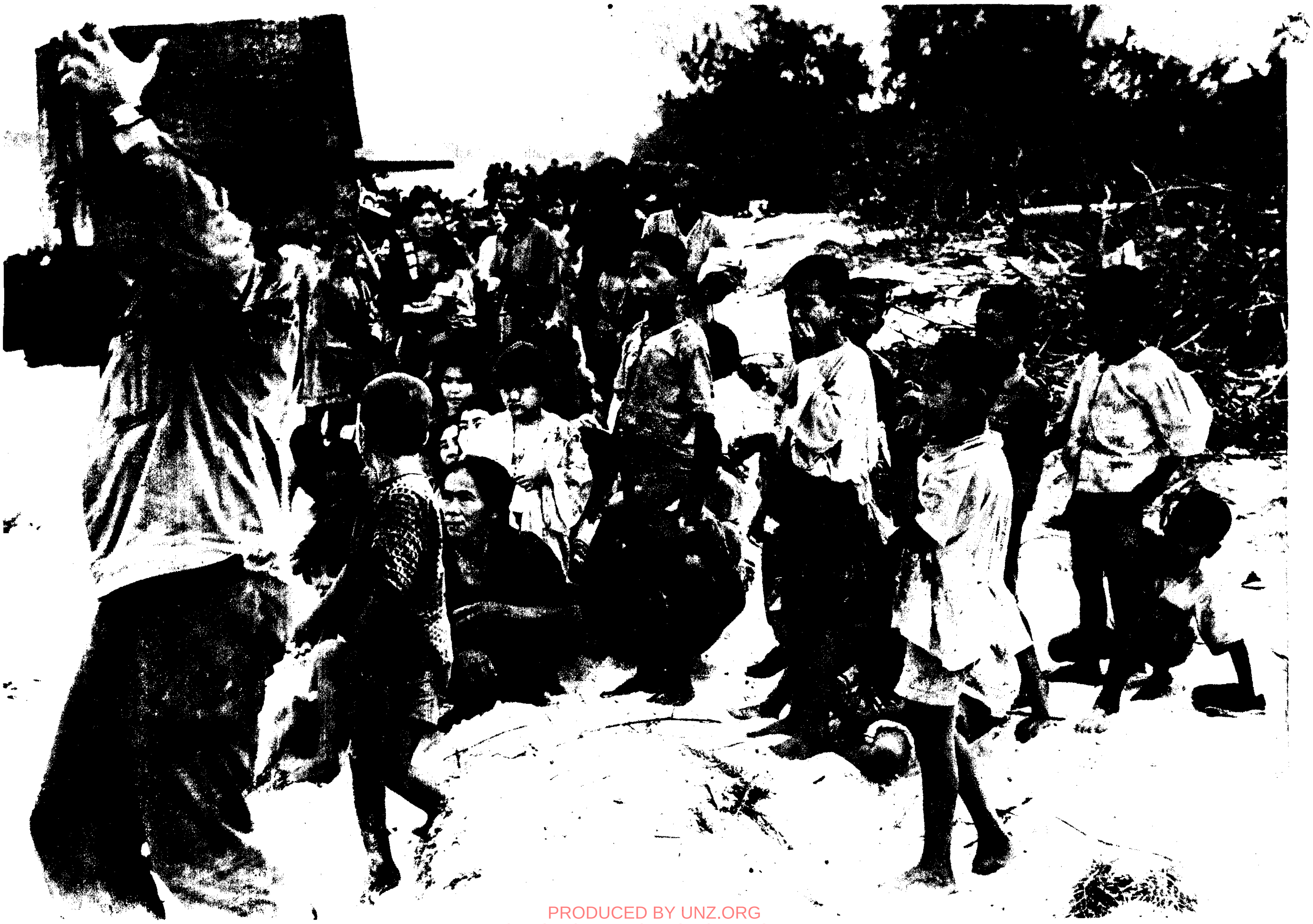
The entire Marianas group has been *verboten* to the white race since Japan seized the islands in 1914. They had been German, and, before that, Spanish. After the war, Versailles deeded the Marianas over to Japan as a "mandate." Since that time, perhaps five white persons have been permitted to visit Saipan. Two of those were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Price, writers.

Most of the non-Japanese element are native Chamorros and Kanakas, who look and have customs like the Filipinos. Tokyo emigrated all the Japanese it could to the Marianas, and, in 1938, about 50,000 had been sent there to live. When the Willard Prices left Saipan, they estimated that the natives

(Continued on page 66)

Among these civilian prisoners are the first Japs taken on Saipan. They shuffled down a "surrender road" to give themselves up to our Marines

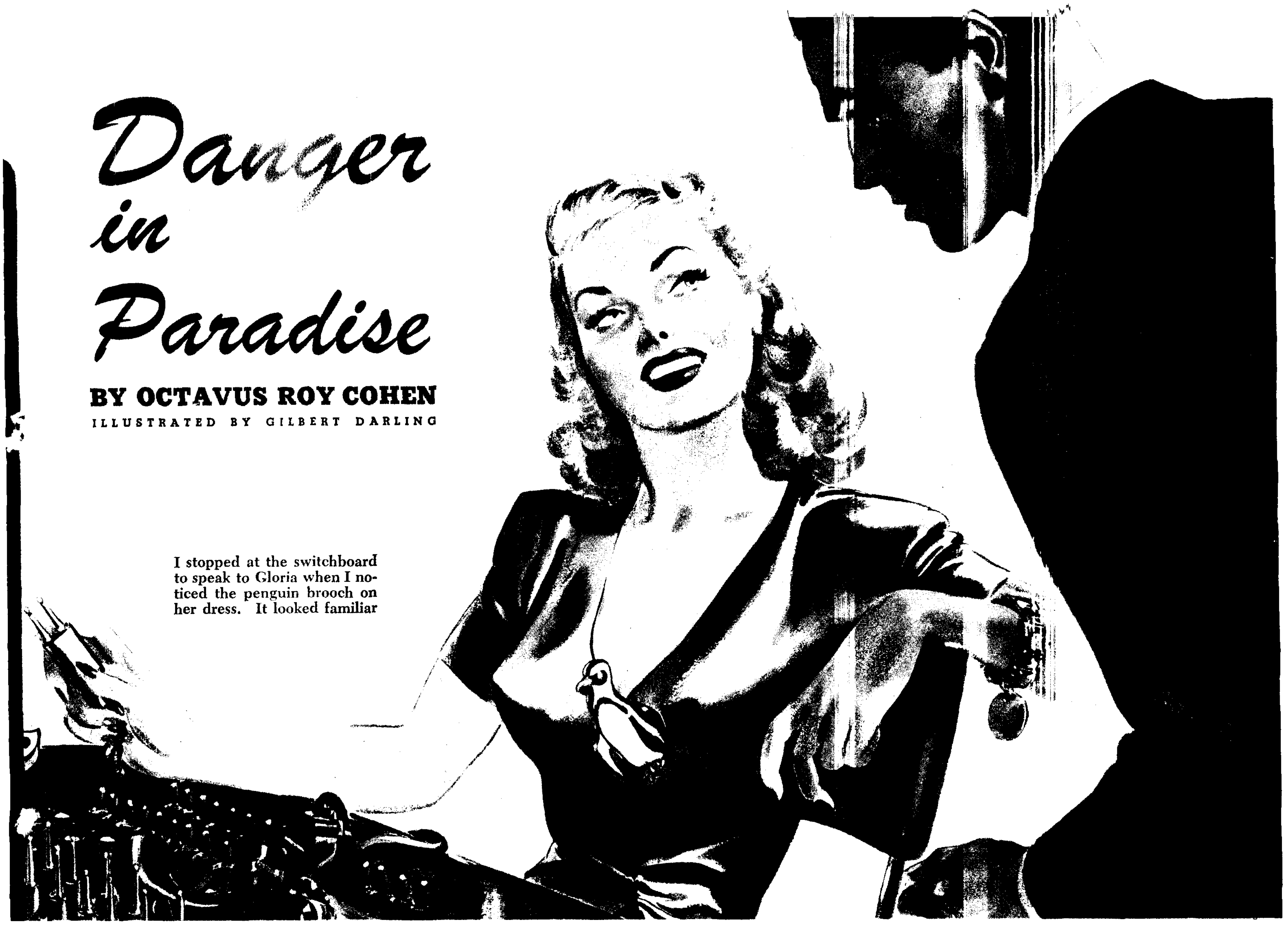
U.S. MARINE CORPS—INTERNATIONAL



Danger in Paradise

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



I stopped at the switchboard to speak to Gloria when I noticed the penguin brooch on her dress. It looked familiar

The Story: In Cuba, a casual acquaintance who is known as BENIGNO gives IRIS RANDALL, a radio singer, a box of cigars to deliver to his friend PEDRO HERNANDEZ in New York. IRIS buys another box and, back in New York, gives it to JIMMY DRAKE, who loves her. That night CLAUDE WILLIAMS, an ex-convict, murders AL BRENNER, a night-club owner, in IRIS' apartment and steals HERNANDEZ' cigars. IRIS buys a third box and delivers it to HERNANDEZ. A little later, MARGIE BRETT, switchboard girl at the photographic studio where JIMMY works, is shot to death in his office, and IRIS is knocked out, by someone who steals JIMMY'S cigars. DAN CROWLEY, an F.B.I. agent, takes over, and learns that HERNANDEZ is a German laying the ground for postwar trade. "CURLY" ELLIS, a gambler, calls on JIMMY and tells him that HOWARD LAWTON, who also works for the studio, killed MARGIE BRETT, that LAWTON knows CLAUDE WILLIAMS, that LAWTON and BENIGNO and HERNANDEZ are friends. . . . WALLY CARRINGTON, head of the business, sends for JIMMY. He asks a few questions. Then: "I'd like to meet HERNANDEZ," he says quietly.

III

INSTINCTIVELY, I wanted to ask Wally Carrington why he wanted to meet Hernandez. But that hardly seemed in line. I did stall, however. I said, "That might be a little awkward, Wally."

"Why?"

"Hernandez and I don't play in the same league."

"I still want to meet him."

"Maybe Iris . . ."

"I'd rather it be you. If you don't mind."

He had me looping. I said, "I'll try. I can't promise results."

I went back to my office. I had a brainful of chaos. I didn't understand Wally's request, and I didn't like the way he had made it. As though it was terribly important. As though there might be something brewing between himself and Hernandez.

I gave Pedro a call. His voice failed to bring me a thrill. It was warm and pleasant and I hated it. But even after I identified myself, the buttery smoothness stayed there. I told him that my boss was anxious to meet him. I asked whether it would be possible for us to get together.

He said instantly that it would. He sounded as though he thought it was a wonderful idea. That was another one I couldn't peg. I wondered what Dan Crowley would think about this, but I didn't have time to find out. We made an appointment to meet in Hernandez' tower suite at a big Park Avenue hotel. Cocktails. I reported to Wally via telephone. He seemed pleased. I leaned back in my chair and tried to figure it out. I was still groping for the answer when Wally showed up. We were beating the gun . . . but Wally seemed impatient and so we went.

Pedro had on a maroon-and-white dressing gown when he opened the door for us. It made him look very handsome and picturesque. I tried not to let him see that I still didn't like him, and never would. I didn't want him to look straight into my eyes, because I had an idea that maybe some of the things Crowley had hinted about him might show.

I introduced Hernandez to Wally. They shook hands. We all sat down. He had dry Martinis all fixed, and he passed them around. I ate my olive and then tossed off the drink. Pedro sipped his. Wally's was untouched.

Hernandez radiated cordiality. But, behind it, I fancied that I detected both interest and surprise. With the emphasis on the surprise. We talked glibly about nothing at all. Then Wally smiled at me. It was a forced smile and definitely on the humorless side. He said, "There's no reason for you to stay, Jimmy."

I'm not very smart, but there are some hints I can get. Right away quick. I got this one. I said I was sorry to go—which was half true, at that. Neither tried to stop me. I was being shoved out.

I tried to make a graceful exit. I walked toward the elevator bank, treading lightly on thick carpeting which gave off no sound.

All the way down to the street level, all the way home, and for a long time after that, I wondered what it was all about.

I was still wondering when six o'clock rolled around. Then I started getting ready for a bath and a shave.

I had a date with Iris at seven and I wasn't going to let an acute attack of bewilderment make me late.

MY EVENING with Iris was a success, if you can call getting nowhere successful. She was as sweet as usual, which is to say that she was sweeter than any other girl in the world. I took her to a nice, quiet restaurant where I was sure she wouldn't be recognized, and she was recognized right away. Two elderly people came over and asked her to autograph their menus. Then—feeling a social obligation—they sat for a while and chatted about the old home town. That's the hell of being in love with someone who is on the threshold of being a celebrity.

We talked about her radio program. She said she had been working hard, and I believed her. But I was all for it. Hard work had done wonders in restoring her to normalcy. I asked her to be sure to get me a ticket for Monday night, and she promised not to forget. I didn't ask whether Dan Crowley would be there. I knew doggone well he would.

After dinner I asked what she'd like to do. I kept my fingers crossed. She said she'd like to go to her apartment and spend a quiet evening. I uncrossed my fingers. We walked to her place, went in, turned on just enough lights to make it respectable but intimate, sat alongside each other on the couch and settled down to the business of relaxing. And then, in spite of anything either of us could do, we got back to the inevitable. We started talking about murder.

I told her about Wally Carrington and Pedro Hernandez. She looked bewildered, which made it unanimous. She said, "I don't get it, Jimmy. Why should Wally be interested in Hernandez?"

"That's what I've been asking myself. I frame the question all kinds of different ways. The answer is still that I don't know." We tossed it back and forth for a while and then gave it up as hopeless.

But now that we were on the way, there was another subject I wanted to discuss. I needed a hunk of feminine instinct. I made my customary subtle approach. I said, "Look, Iris—am I, or am I not, fascinating?"

"You're terrific."

"I mean more than terrific. I'm trying to find out for sure whether I'm the type that a strange girl would go for without warning."

"Yes. If she was very strange."

I said, "Ha-ha," in a sarcastic manner and started telling her about Gloria Sherman. I said, "This could be a play to make you jealous and send you tumbling into my arms. But it isn't. If I were doing that, I wouldn't select Gloria."

"You could look farther and do worse."

"I don't want to do worse. I'm merely a bewildered male. I'm a seeker after truth. I can't quite go for the idea that I'm irresistible."

She said, "You're the modest type, Jimmy."

I made an impolite Bronx noise. I said, "That isn't the answer. It couldn't be. It happened too suddenly."

"First-sight stuff?"

"Maybe . . . But I think different. What's more, I believe the smart thing to do is to

(*Continued on page 27*)

Bubbles Donahue, a fine hitter and fielder of Chicago awaits a fat pitch to drive over the fence. Dorothy Pitts, of the Jax, does the catching

Freda Savona, Captain, Shortstop

Caroline Tobin, Outfielder

Hazel Gill, Short Field

Hazel Mermilliod, Pitcher, Outfielder

Olympia Savona at bat. On the Jax team she plays short field, the tenth position on the team. She's a long-ball hitter and has one of the best throwing arms in her league

THE BATTER HALF

THE man got down off his brewery truck, opened the cellar doors of a New Orleans saloon and set two rails in place down the steps. Then he picked the barrels of beer up from the truck and carried them, grunting, to the rails and let them roll into the cellar where they caromed off thick mats and rolled over the concrete floor. He was just picking up his rails after the job was done when he heard a roar from within. He waddled in, puffing like a beached whale.

"The Jax score?" he asked.

Customers nodded and put their fingers to their lips. They were listening to the play-by-play account from Detroit, where the softball championship was being played.

"Nina pitching?" the giant asked. Heads nodded sagely.

"Then we're in!" shouted the brewery driver. "She'll shut 'em out." He didn't see the reproving stares.

Of course, Nina did. She's the star pitcher of the New Orleans Jax Brewers. Her full name is Nina Korgan. Her friends call her "Tiger," which is certainly no index to her femininity.

Olympia Savona, Pitcher, Utility

Edith Daul, Second Base

Mickey Cheron, Pitcher, Outfielder

Dorothy Lechner, Catcher

Lottie Jackson, Pitcher

Bertha Hebert, Outfielder

Dorothy Walker, Third Base

Mary Pembo, First Base

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

By Aaron Davidson

Softball is rapidly becoming one of the nation's great sports. The ladies—bless 'em!—have practically taken over the game, and here is how the champs operate

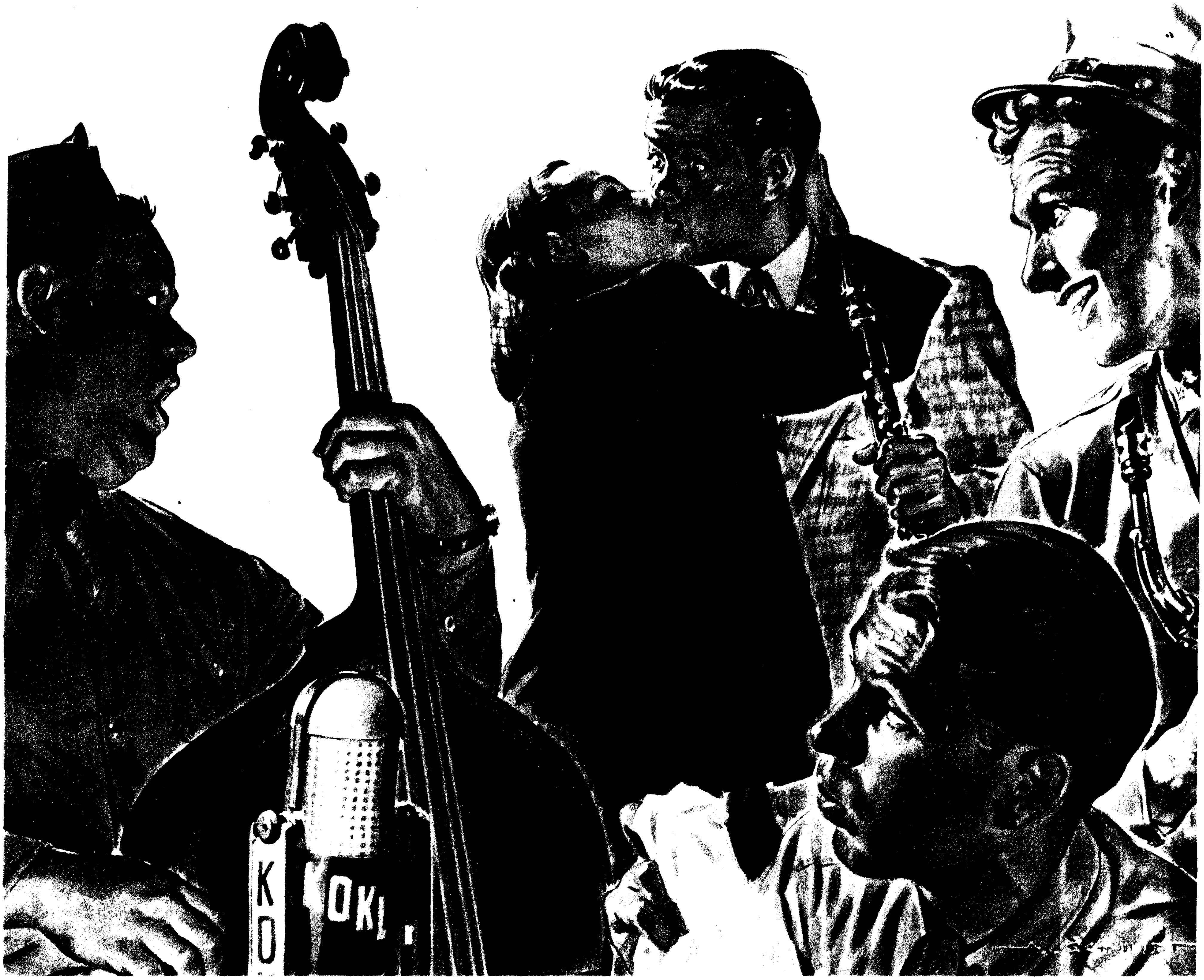
Mrs. June Camos gets last-minute instructions from the Jax coach before batting. She's light—103 pounds —and fast. She's considered one of the best ground coverers in the field. The fans hold her in high esteem

Nina is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 180 pounds, two items which do not inspire the protective spirit in the male. She's 26, and is acknowledged to be the star female pitcher of the country, two items which inspire sports reporters to greater deeds—on their typewriters.

But then, nearly all of the gals on the Jax team are stars. The group was organized in 1939 with New Orleans femmes. But when the brewing company discovered that New Orleans didn't have quite enough female Babe Ruths and Walter Johnsons, they began to scout out of town. They still have a few Louisianians on it. Mrs. Lillian Theard, mother of two grown daughters, is one. She's a fly snagger par excellence and can club a ball out of the park.

The Savona sisters—Freda and Olympia are not natives of the Gulf port, but they are favorites of the fans. Freda has been team captain for five years and is rated by many as the best all-around softball player in America. Olympia plays short field. She has a terrific whip to first and has robbed many a batter of a sure single.

(Continued on page 41)



"Oh, Ding-Dong," Tessie sobbed. "Ding-Dong, honey!" She was kissing him then, tears streaking her lovely face

Melody IN G.I.

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

The Army was through with Ding-Dong Williams but he wasn't through with the Army. Once again his hot licks get him into hot water—with overtones of romance

OKLAHOMA CITY may have its good points but Mr. Ding-Dong Williams, late of the United States Army, knew it only as the tragic scene that marked his return to civilian life.

The command car roared up to the bus station and Colonel Bailey personally threw open the door. "All right, Williams," he said brusquely, "you can get a bus to the Coast from this spot."

"If you'd just think it over," Mr. Williams began bleakly, "I—"

Not from accident did Colonel Blunder Gus Bailey have the harsh, corrugated face and roar of an overtaxed cement mixer. He glared, thrusting his bulbous nose and bristly gray mustaches right in Ding-Dong's face.

"Don't start that again," he roared. "I've told you before, this is total war! The Army can't handle Hitler, Hirohito and you at the same time. I can't be expected to command Fort Copeland with a garrison kept awake all night by you and your jam sessions."

In the sweltering sun Mr. Williams' eyes, never too bright, took on a glaze. His entire Army career had been one long misunderstanding involving brass hats, guardhouses, post bands and a recent stay in the psycho ward. Not once had the Army made an effort to understand that when you are the greatest hot man of your time you naturally run more toward soul than discipline.

"What'll I tell people?" he asked drearily. "I can't just go around sayin' I laid an egg in the Army. It's got no dignity."

"Tell 'em you're going to do your part on the outside!" Slamming the door, Colonel Bailey favored him with a parting glare. "Just remember, Williams, all the Army asks of you is to keep your distance!"

BY DUSK Ding-Dong realized what with all the neon lights coming on and the hot-dog stands filling with khaki, that his bus was late. He looked forlornly up and down the street, with its garish picture shows and crowded restaurants. At this moment, out at the Fort, Privates Fatso Kaplan, No Name McNavin and all the other hot men in the post band were right then lining up for seconds. It brought a lump in his throat, remembering the boys who had formed the Sad Sacks, Ding-Dong's own little group of clambake artistes. Now, suddenly, his eyes brightened. One last thing he could do for his Sad Sacks. A certain radio station had been spoiling their lives too long. He would take a few minutes out to fix that.

Station KOKL's chief announcer, H. Gordon Gray, glowed at the first sight of his caller. He was a big burly man with graying hair and all the thundering assurance of a self-made war analyst, and he bore right down on Mr. Williams.

"Ha," H. Gordon Gray boomed, "something I can do, old man?"

Mr. Williams nodded. "Your Milkman's Serenade is a real stinkeroo," he said gravely. "Who do I tell?"

(Continued on page 62)

A [illegible] GETS 'EM JOBS

By Stanley Frank

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

Viola Ilma was a big girl before she learned that not everyone offers baths to casual acquaintances nor entertains Bedouin tribes for week ends. After being an actress and an editor, she's now conducting a job agency for reform-school graduates

THE princess fondled the cheap overcoat and gazed affectionately at the youth who had laid the gift at her feet. "From whom," she inquired gently, "did you swipe it?"

"Keep your nose clean," the thin kid with the restless eyes answered blandly. "That jerk Tony gets out of reform school next week. He needs a coat. Give this to him."

"The coat probably was hotter than a stolen military secret," the princess confides. "I don't know for sure, but I suspect Willie, who gave it to me, is the runner for a dope ring. All I know is that Willie was thinking of Tony and ready to give him more help than so-called respectable society, which double-crossed Tony in the first place."

This princess who can speak the tough language of the underworld is not a quaint character out of a Damon Runyon fable. She is the genuine article, a hereditary Abyssinian princess, but she is better known as Viola Ilma, and her solution of the problem of underprivileged kids in a jam—slang for juvenile delinquency—is as realistic as the business end of a nightstick, which is not an abstract simile of some of her "kids."

Miss Ilma holds court at the Vocational Foundation, a unique project in New York City which she founded eight years ago. The Foundation doesn't go in for fancy methods or searching theories. It has one simple purpose: To get jobs for boys and girls who have gone wrong, as soon as they are released from reformatories.

"A boy wants a job that will give him security, and a girl wants clothes that will help her meet decent people," she says. "The lack of these things got them into trouble originally and can be more decisive than ever, after they have done time. The first two or three days after they get out is the critical period for these kids. If you give them a 'See me next week' brush-off, they'll go back to crime and vice, where they can find understanding companionship."

The Foundation is nothing more than a free job-placement bureau and it has given many thousands of boys and girls a fresh start. Since Pearl Harbor alone, the Foundation, operating on a budget of $30,000 raised by private subscriptions, handled 1,400 cases. Alumni are being placed in industry and labor.

Three hundred old grads in the Armed Forces, who receive little or no other mail, correspond regularly with people Miss Ilma has recruited to write to them. Sergeant George, Pfc. Cecil and Chief Gunner's Mate Bill have Mrs. Roosevelt for their pen pal.

Not all the kids Miss Ilma tries to rehabilitate take to the treatment. She occasionally receives letters written on Sing Sing stationery and there are always Willies who succumb to the temptation of quick, easy money. Yet only so few of the boys and girls who go to the lady they call Vi play return engagements in penal institutions that they have established an extraordinary batting average in the delinquency league.

The unconventional characters she encounters every day are no shock to this attractive young woman of thirty-four, who is as American as a War Bond rally at a ball game. She was reared in a mad, surrealistic world that conditioned her in advance to any deviation from the normal. Her father, a Moslem and a thirteenth child, met her mother, who came from a German Jewish family in New York, while they were students at Heidelberg University. Her father's father was a Swiss engineer who married an Arabian girl (an orthodox Moslem) then went to Abyssinia as a Quaker missionary. There he became King Theodore's chief engineer and, in return for services rendered, was given the title of prince for himself and his descendants.

His son, Viola's father, was detoured from engineering, when Oscar Hammerstein heard him sing at Frankfort, into a stage career which brought him considerable fame as a partner of Irene Bordoni, Lenore Ulric and Blanche Yurka. Viola believes her interest in the underprivileged is the sublimation of her own misfortune. She was born with one leg two inches shorter than the other, but roller skating on the sidewalks of New York effected virtually a complete cure by the time she was six.

Viola was well into her teens before she realized that some prosaic people worked in offices from nine to five, sat on chairs instead of the floor while eating, avoided elaborate costumes at home and didn't invite casual acquaintances to take baths at all odd hours. The Ilma household was like something out of a farce by George S. Kaufman. A horde of strangers from Brazil would descend upon the house, remain for a month and be supplanted by a Bedouin tribe of distant relatives from the Near East.

Establishing her own identity in those surroundings was a tough trick, but Viola did it by playing with Thomas Mitchell in Cloudy With Showers for a year on Broadway, by losing $50,000 of someone else's money on a magazine, and by organizing the American Youth Congress in 1934. She was promptly kicked out when the first meeting turned into a political brawl. Unbowed and only slightly bloodied, she founded the Voice of Youth, a monthly paper.

The Vocational Foundation got started as the result of a lecture given in 1936 by Austin McCormick, then New York's Commissioner of Correction. After hearing him, Viola, who had no training in social work, had one issue of the paper written entirely by boys in reformatories. The result was astonishing, both to her and to penologists. Some of the boys who had contributed to that issue came to see her when they were paroled, and Vi got them jobs. The word spread around, and pretty soon she discovered she had acquired an employment bureau.

Although she maintains that all delinquents are sensitive and insecure because of poor home conditions, she knows when to roll up her sleeves and take off her velvet gloves.

Jimmy, fresh out of reform school, walked into Vi's office one day with a cheap gold watch in his hand.

"See this?" he demanded. "I bought it for five bucks in one of them auction clip joints. It's a phony. The damn' thing don't go."

Miss Ilma asked what he intended to do about it.

"I got me a deal. I'll raffle off a hundred chances on the watch at a dime a throw and I'll make five bucks on the investment."

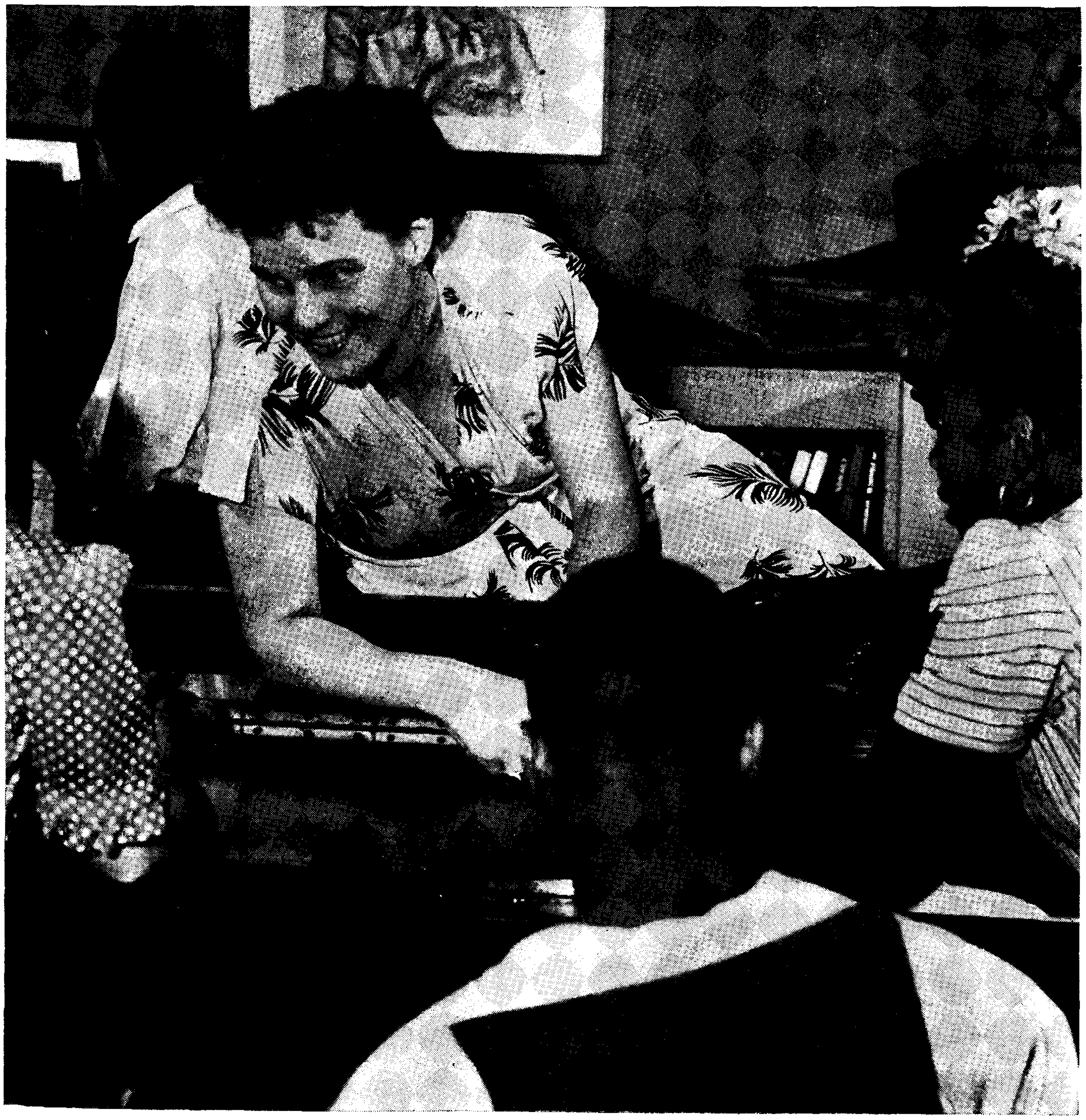
"It's your tough luck if you were a sucker," Vi said. "But only a lousy, no-good so-and-so cheats his friends."

"So what?" Jimmy sneered. "I don't get stuck for five fish."

"Get out of here," she said coldly. "I don't like yellowbellies who can't take a beating like a man."

Jimmy accepted Vi's denunciation as a challenge. He went through with the raffle, but he presently discovered he wanted Vi's approval more than he needed the five bucks. So he bought back the watch with his profit. It was his last venture in larceny. ★★★

Viola Ilma's ex-problem kids have wholesome fun at the weekly meetings she holds for them at her home



The Man Stands Firm!

About Bill Davis who, as boss of the War Labor Board, does a job of horse-trading despite bleats, catcalls and flying missiles

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN-PIX

SITTING on the hottest volcano in Washington is a little man with a turned-up nose, cherubic cheeks and the general expression of a Billiken. This is W. H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board, and if medals were given for civilian wounds he would be plastered with Purple Hearts. His board has handled 150,000 wage cases and 6,750 dispute cases between industry and labor, and only eighteen have had to be sent to the White House for final action, the most famous being the coal strike of last year and the Montgomery Ward case of this spring.

Tension in Washington is high in all offices, but the War Labor Board is the only agency that operates along the general lines of a fire department. Every case it handles is an emergency. Either a strike is going on or one is threatened. Unless it is settled immediately, valuable production is lost. Figuratively speaking, members of WLB sleep in their clothes, ready at a moment's notice to slide down a greased pole into action.

"Amid a chorus of bleats, catcalls and flying missiles," adds the chairman sadly.

It is difficult to get accustomed to the idea that the man who does all this is in private life a patent attorney. Above everything else, the War Labor Board deals with personalities, with human relationships. Labor wants more money and the right to organize; management resists. Tempers rise, sometimes picket lines form and fists fly. Davis and the WLB have to arbitrate the differences.

The board is made up of four members representing labor, four representing industry, and four protecting the rights of the public. In almost every case, there is unanimous action in WLB. In the eighteen cases that eventually went to the White House, there was only one dissenting vote within the board. In the Montgomery Ward case, the board (*labor, industry and public members*) voted *unanimously* for action by the White House.

A patent lawyer seems the last man who would be fitted for such work. In that profession, a typical court action has all the physical allure of an abacus. The lawyers are trained in science as well as in law and they leap glibly around among electronics and radio beams. A patent has been infringed, millions are at stake, and the technical points are argued with all the delicacy of a trepanning operation.

"But you're wrong in *thinking* there is no human side," says Mr. Davis. "The secret is to make the case so plain that the judges, who have had no technical training, will understand the issues. In all my career, I can think of only two cases in which I consider that a misjustice was done. The courts are wonderful."

An Old New England Heritage

Davis comes of an old Maine family, with eight brothers and sisters. His father was a mining engineer who once ran the Katahdin Iron Works in Maine in the days when charcoal furnaces were used to "cook" iron. Forced out by the coming of the Bessemer process, his father took the family to Middlesboro, Kentucky, near Cumberland Gap, where he tried coal mining and real estate.

The panic and depression of the '90s ruined this venture, and young Will Davis found himself running a newsstand at the Middlesboro Hotel. By dint of rather strenuous endeavor, he managed to get his college degree at George Washington University Law School in Washington, and this should naturally have given him the toughness of a self-made man, but it didn't.

"Not even working with patents did that," he says.

If he hadn't taken up law, Will Davis might have been a physicist, a calling which still interests him greatly. He is a pretty good amateur ornithologist, loves to walk, ride horses and sail the Sound near his summer place at Fairfield, Connecticut. What got him into public work was his experience in the first World War when he went down to Washington with the War Department's Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic.

"I turned down a commission but was head of my division and had colonels and generals all over the place. If I wanted a pack of cigarettes, I had to send out a major."

The next call came in early New Deal days when he became part of NRA. Those were sad times, and he found himself in a hotel in Washington with many of his old pals of first World War days. They thought the bottom had dropped out of the world and were a gloomy group.

"It's just another kind of war," said Davis. "You're not going to give up before you start, are you?"

General Hugh "Ironpants" Johnson was banging around trying to get order out of chaos, and Davis was given the job of getting up codes for various industries, none of which was ever completed. Johnson then made him Compliance Director for NRA.

"That was like being curator of snakes in Ireland," says Davis. "There just wasn't any compliance about anything."

When Governor Lehman was looking around for a head of the New York State Board of Mediation in 1937, he prevailed upon Davis to take the job, but on the promise that if it took too much of his time he could quit. He was having a lot of fun with it when his wife complained. She wasn't seeing anything of him at all.

"But I don't mind it," Davis protested. "It's sort of a recreation."

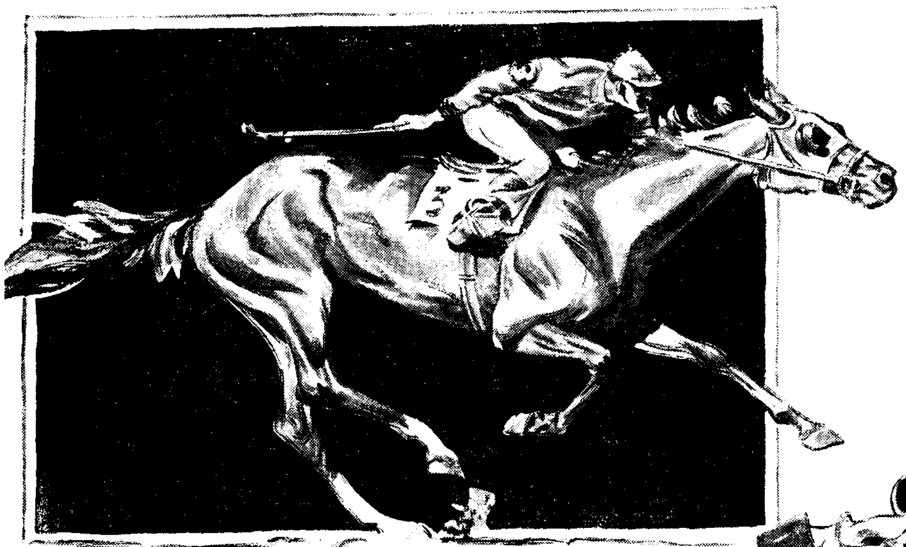
"I'm your recreation," Mrs. Davis

(*Continued on page* 81)

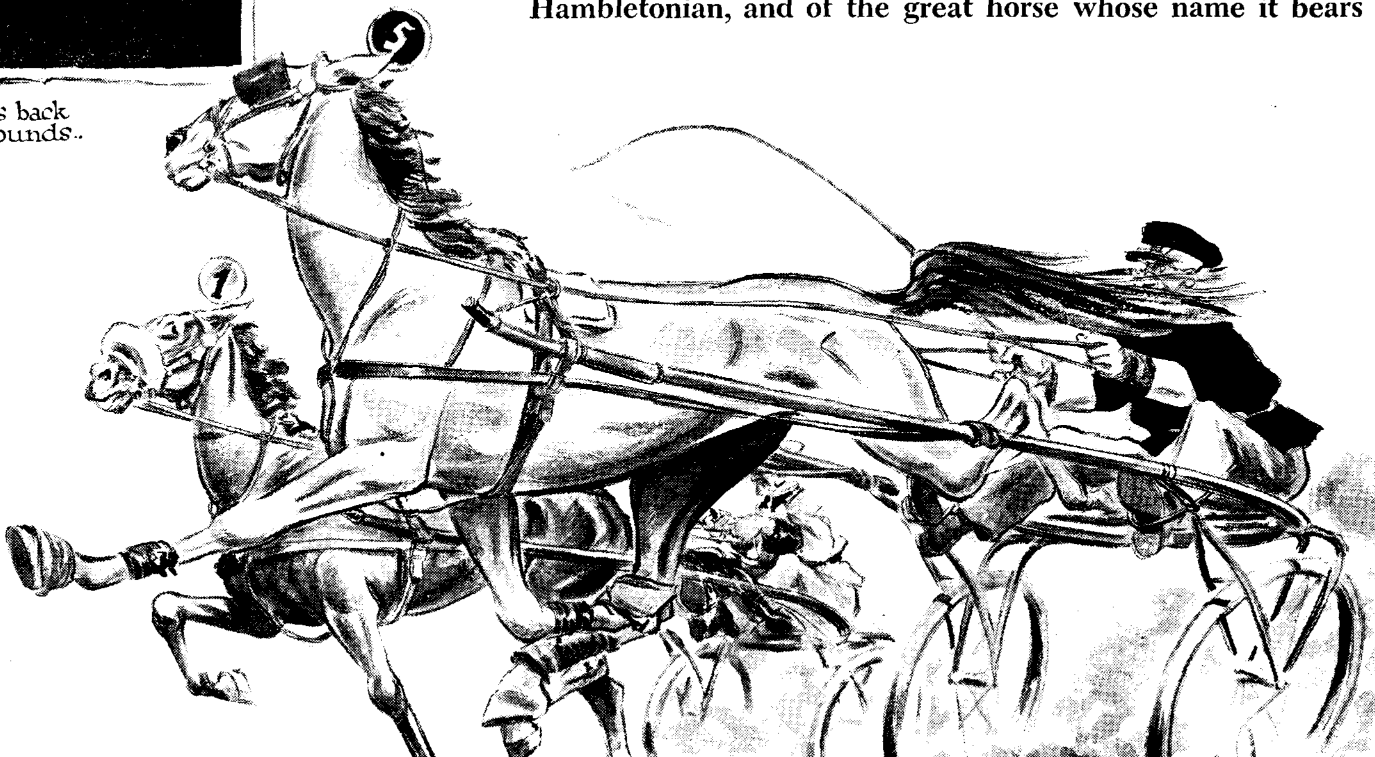
"They're Off!"

AT GOSHEN • By Arthur Daley

Here's the story of the world's most famous harness race, the Hambletonian, and of the great horse whose name it bears



....A running horse with a jockey on his back proceeds in a series of leaps and bounds..



SHE had once been a handsome mare, with the rich, full beauty that only generations of good breeding can produce. But when Charles Kent, a horse breeder, first saw her nearly a hundred years ago, she was pulling a fish wagon along a country road in Orange County, New York, with a forlorn look in her soft eyes and her once sleek coat rough and matted.

Kent bought her from the fish peddler for $50 and thereafter used her exclusively for breeding purposes; she is still known among horsemen as the Charles Kent Mare. Early in 1849, Kent sold her for $135 to Jonas Seely, a farmer near Chester, New York; and Seely, in turn, sold her a few months later to William Rysdyk, a neighbor, for $125.

The mare had a foal at foot when she became the property of Rysdyk—a scrawny little bay that had been named Hambletonian. Why the name was chosen is unknown. The colt had been sired by Abdallah, one of the great trotting horses of the period, but didn't seem to amount to much, although Rysdyk had an idea that eventually he might make a good work horse. But today Hambletonian's name is borne by the most famous of all harness races, a bronze plaque set into a granite boulder marks the spot on the Jonas Seely farm where he was dropped, and in the town of Chester, on what was once the William Rysdyk farm, stands a monument to his memory—a thirty-foot granite shaft inscribed:

HAMBLETONIAN
THE GREAT PROGENITOR
OF
TROTTERS

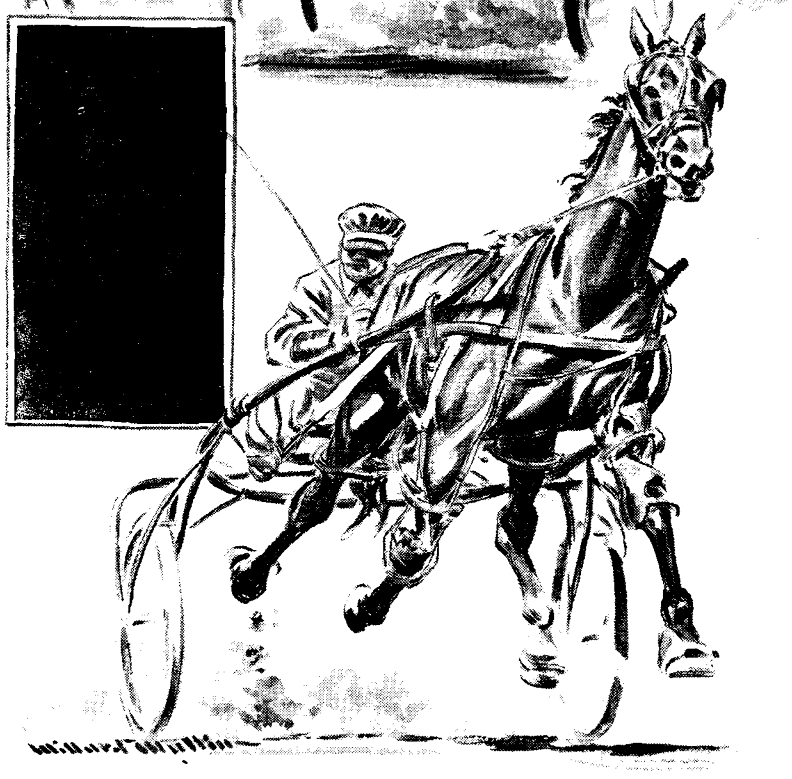
BORN MAY 5, 1849
DIED MARCH 27, 1876

Hambletonian became the most illustrious trotting horse of all time; his blood flows in the veins of almost every trotter in the United States. No record breaker himself, his best recorded time for the mile was 2:48, a very ordinary performance and nearly a minute slower than the present world's record of 1:55¼ held by Greyhound. But Hambletonian is an equine immortal because of the blazing competitive spirit, the rippling muscles, and the sheer power which he has transmitted to his descendants.

Before the big bay stallion died, he had sired 1,333 foals, earning for William Rysdyk $186,715 in stud fees. Today the United States Trotting Association has on its register the names and records of some 225,000 horses, trotters and pacers. Almost without exception, they spring from four main breeding lines—Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Henry Clay, and Justin Morgan. Inbreeding has mingled them in many instances, but the dominant strain, the line which produces the fastest horses and the greatest sires, is that of Hambletonian.

In 1924, the trotting men of the United States and Canada decided that their sport needed a major stake race which would be to harness racing what the Kentucky Derby is to running horses. They needed a name for the race, and that was simple. It could have only one name—Hambletonian. The Kentucky Derby is borrowed from the English Derby, and most of the other major American turf classics are likewise copies of famous English racing fixtures. But the Hambletonian is as American as applejack. There's nothing like it anywhere else in the world.

The organization of the race was completed late in 1924, when yearlings were nominated, and was limited to trotters, as it still is. It was trotted for the first time in the summer of 1926 for a purse of $73,451.32, the largest the race has ever drawn. Naturally, the purse varies each year according to the number of entries. It dropped to an all-time low of $25,846.44 in the depression year of 1934 but, since then, has climbed steadily. In 1943, despite the war, it was $42,298, while the pari-mutuel handle was the biggest in the history of the race. When the Hambletonian is held for the nineteenth time on August 9th of this year, it is expected that the purse will exceed $45,000.



Last year, because of wartime restrictions on gasoline and pleasure driving, the race was transferred to the Empire City track at Yonkers, New York. This year it will return to its original home at Good Time Park, at Goshen, New York, just off the main highway to the Catskill Mountains and six or seven miles from Hambletonian's birthplace. The track over which the famous race will be trotted is triangular in shape, the long straightaway or base of the triangle lying against grandstands seating about 18,000.

Ordinarily Goshen is a peaceful little town of some 5,000 inhabitants, but on Hambletonian Day it becomes a cheerful madhouse. The race itself is one of the most colorful in American sport, with scores of flashing sulkies, drivers in caps and jackets of rainbow hues, and the dozens of sleek, powerful horses. And the thrill of competition is multiplied two- or threefold, for like all harness races, the Hambletonian is run in one-mile heats, best two out of three. The third heat is eliminated if one horse wins two straight.

Harness racing is a sport that the city man knows of principally by hearsay. He will probably be surprised to learn that, in the last year before the war, 597 tracks in the United States and Canada held regular meetings, at which 4,649 races were paced or trotted for purses aggregating $1,617,382.

Actually, the racing of horses attached to vehicles is one of the elemental sports; it stems directly from the chariot races of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was kept alive through the ages because, until the railroad and the automobile came along, the horse-drawn vehicle was the only method of locomotion on land for millions. From the practice of horse owners racing one another down the country roads came regular race meetings, and from the old-time buggy sprang the trim racing carriage of today—the sulky.

Every horse that competes in a harness race is either a pacer or a trotter, with a style of movement distinct from any other and possessing a rhythm and smoothness that can be attained by no other gait. A running horse with a jockey on its back proceeds at full gallop, which is a series of leaps or bounds. The trot is a smooth-flowing progress in which the horse's legs move in diagonal pairs. In a fast trot, all four feet are off the ground twice during each stride. In a pace, the horse's legs move in lateral pairs, the horse being supported alternately by the right and left legs.

Originally both the trot and the pace were artificial gaits in which the horse had to be trained from birth. But the precise breeding of modern times produces natural trotters or pacers, and little or no training is required. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

Busy Little Bees

BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

In the old days, the bee flitted from flower to flower under his own steam. Today, he does most of his long-distance flitting in a truck

GERALD TWOMBLY went into the bee business about twenty-five years ago because he read in a magazine article that an alert, up-to-the-minute beekeeper should be able to make $28 profit per hive per year. He has thought every year that he might reach that figure, but he never has. However, he's not complaining; his bees have done very well for him and are still doing well. He owns a nice orange grove and has fingers in several other enterprises, and he's president of the Orange Empire Honey Producers, a co-operative organization of bee owners who keep their little pets on the move the year round, taking them where the blossoms are thickest so they can live up to their reputation for industry.

Beekeepers have always done this, more or less, but Twombly and his associates have streamlined the business; with modern transportation, their bees travel far and fast. Twombly operates five thousand colonies, or hives, and a fleet of four trucks and two scout cars. Home grounds of the Twombly bees are a mile and a half east of Fullerton, some forty miles on a beeline from Los Angeles. But they're seldom home. Twombly moves them several times a year to keep them producing honey.

From the first of April to the first of May, the orange trees are in bloom in southern California, and Twombly's bees are buzzing around in the groves of Riverside County. Soon after May 1st, the sage comes in bloom in Ventura County, and Twombly and his bees are on hand to sip the nectar from the first blossom.

About the middle of June, the bees are moved into the Mojave Desert to catch the buckwheat in bloom, and in July they work on the alfalfa in the Antelope Valley. Early in August, the bees are trucked into the almond groves and wild-flower patches around Paso Robles, and there they usually remain until the orange trees bloom again. In the Paso Robles area, the almond growers pay Twombly a dollar a hive rental, because the bees are the best means known of pollenizing almond trees.

Before the bees are moved, Twombly sends out his scout cars to find suitable locations, and to get permission from the landowners to set up the hives. Then he equips his workmen—he employs about five beemen all year on a monthly-basis average of $250 each—with bee helmets, gloves and smokepots, and they get the bees ready for the trip. At sundown they smoke each hive and then load it onto a truck.

Gerald Twombly inspecting a hive in the sage fields of Mint Canyon, Calif. Below: A bee yard in the Mojave Desert, where the bees work on the wild flowers. At the right is a Joshua tree

Twombly says that, contrary to general belief, the smoke doesn't stun the bees. It simply upsets them, and when a bee is upset he rushes at once into his hive and eats all the honey he can hold. When they're thus distended, they can't swish their back ends around to use their stings, and so for the time being are harmless.

Each of Twombly's trucks will carry 200 hives. All traveling is done at night, when the bees are supposed to be asleep. If moved in the daytime, they would swarm angrily about the hive, anxious to get out and get to work. When the bee yard is reached, the hives are set down, and atop of each is placed a second story, or "super," as the beemen call them.

It is in this super that the worker bees deposit the surplus honey, which is drawn off by the owner of the hive and sold. Last year, Twombly's bees produced 300 tons of honey, which was marketed in bulk under various names according to the blossom from which it was produced. It brought around fourteen cents a pound. A beekeeper can get by as long as the wholesale price of honey doesn't go lower than five cents a pound.

Like most large-scale producers of honey, Twombly maintains his own queen yard, where he raises all the queens necessary to keep his five thousand hives in top production. There is one queen to a hive, and she lays all the eggs needed to maintain the population of the colony—from 1,000 to 3,000 a day.

A Private Cell for Every Bee

If let alone, the working bees will prepare in advance three sorts of cells: large ones for queens, smaller ones for drones, and still smaller ones for the workers. The queen then deposits an egg in each of the cells, and when the larvae appear, they are fed by the worker bees with a mixture of pollen, honey and water, with the addition of a secretion from certain glands of the working bees.

This goes on for about five days, when the larvae refuse all food, and are then sealed up in the cells, to appear later as full-fledged bees and take their places in the colony. The eggs are all the same, and apparently differences in diet determine whether the bee is to become a queen, a worker or a drone. The working bees are females whose generative organs are so undeveloped that they rarely produce eggs. The drones are all males, useless except for breeding purposes.

Twombly and other modern beekeepers produce the large queen cells of wax in their queen yards, and in each one install a larva from one to three days old. Long rows of the queen cells are then inserted in a hive which has been deprived of its queen. The working bees complete the construction of the cells and feed the larvae the royal jelly necessary to produce queens. The day before the queens are to emerge from the cells, Twombly's niece, Miss Mary-Lou Ross, who is in charge of the queen yard, takes the queen cells to particular hives in which the old queens have been killed. Into each of these hives, she puts one cell.

When the queen is born, she is immediately surrounded by a retinue of ten to fifteen working bees, who feed her, comb her and accompany her wherever she goes.

Three or four days after the queen has been born, she emerges from the hive and flies high into the air, followed by the drones or male bees, and mates with the one that manages to reach her. The whole business is too much for the lucky drone, and he dies. All the other drones, when they return, are shoved out of the hive by the worker bees, and so starve to death.

The queen, meanwhile, has returned to the hive and started furiously laying eggs. Ordinarily, a queen will live from one to four years, but Twombly believes in putting a new queen in each hive every year to keep his stock or bloodline fresh.

Each of Twombly's hives or colonies contains from 10,000 to 100,000 bees. In the summertime, when blossoms are heavy and there is more work than even the bees can accomplish, the worker bees literally work themselves to death in from four to five weeks. In the wintertime, when there aren't so many blooms, the life span of the worker is increased to three or four months. When these industrious little chaps have filled a super, it is replaced by another and sent to the Twombly honey plant on his ranch near Fullerton.

With an electrically heated knife, an expert workman uncaps the honeycomb on each tray and places it in a centrifugal drum, which neatly extracts the honey and leaves the comb undamaged. The comb is returned to the bees for refilling, while the extracted honey is run off into large vats, where it is settled and then strained to remove all wax. It is then shipped to market in five-gallon tins.

Twombly uses the Caucasian or dark Russian bee, although other honey producers favor the Italian or yellow bee. The result is about the same whichever stings you, and Twombly says it is a lot of nonsense to think you can become immune to bee stings; he's no more immune today than when he first set foot in a bee yard. But he's never stung more than three or four times a day now, because he knows how to protect himself and how to handle the bees. ★★★

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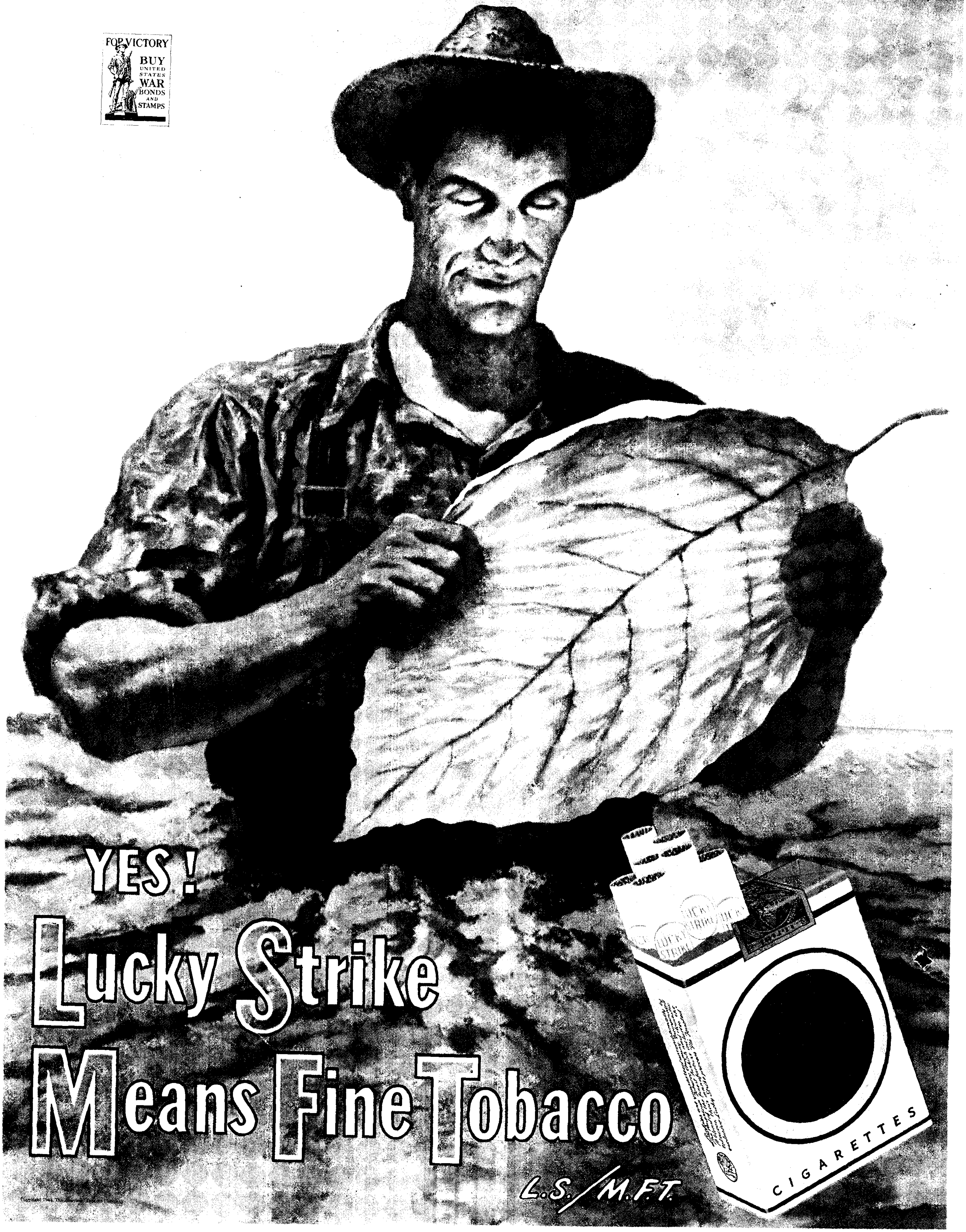
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Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 17

figure that it isn't my masculine appeal. If it isn't—what is it?"

She looked at me steadily. She said, "Maybe we're both off the beam, Jimmy. So many strange things have been happening that there's more than an even chance we would fail to recognize the standard biological urge when it happened."

I agreed that she had a point, though I said I didn't think it was a very good one. I said, "Howard Lawton hired her."

"So what? That's part of his routine work."

"But I can't help feeling she's still something more than a voluptuous blonde. And I need advice."

She took her time about giving it. Then she said, "How would it do to string along with her? I don't mean to pretend that you've fallen. You can hit a halfway mark."

"What will that get me?"

"Who knows? If you're wrong, it won't get you anything. If you're right, you might learn things."

I said, "Couldn't you be jealous a little bit?"

"Of course I could. In fact, I will. I'll start eating my heart out, as of now."

"Good." Of course I didn't think it was good at all. She had given me excellent advice, but I refused to be elated. After all, this was some gal she was sending me after, and she was doing it without a qualm.

I went into the kitchen and poured myself a good stiff drink of tomato juice. I took it straight. I returned to the couch and tried talking generalities. At the end of the evening we were still palsy-walsy and I was feeling lousy. I told her good night and went walking in the park. The first touch of spring was in the air and I passed a dozen couples who knew it. I tried to think of Iris and myself that way, but my imagination threw me down. "Jimmy," I said to myself, "you may be a ball of fire to Gloria, but to Iris you're a dud. You better go home and start hating yourself." So I went home and started hating myself, and was doing a swell job of it when I fell asleep. In the morning I picked up where I had left off the night before. Love is like that.

Starting that morning I threw myself into an orgy of business. I never worked so hard in my life. I became so sweet to customers that they tangled in my hair. I cleaned up old correspondence. I straightened out my personal files. I took Gloria out dancing and tried to play it her way. We both had a wonderful time except me.

WAR BONDS
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AIR-MAIL SPECIAL
OUT-OF-TOWN
4TH CLASS
4TH CLASS
COLIN ALLEN

COLLIER'S "Are you sure there's no writing inside?" COLIN ALLEN

ON THURSDAY afternoon I went to meet a client at a Park Avenue cocktail bar. He was a good two-fisted drinker of the old school. He had plans for running the war, not to mention the United States government. I let him understand that I thought he was two degrees above the genius rating. That pleased him so much that he figured he might as well give Carrington more of his work. I was feeling noble and virtuous when I got up and helped him through a revolving door which seemed to bother him.

There were two doors to that particular cocktail bar. As we went out of one, I saw two men entering the other. I immediately forgot about my latest success. I didn't like what I saw, and didn't understand it.

The two men were Wally Carrington and Pedro Hernandez.

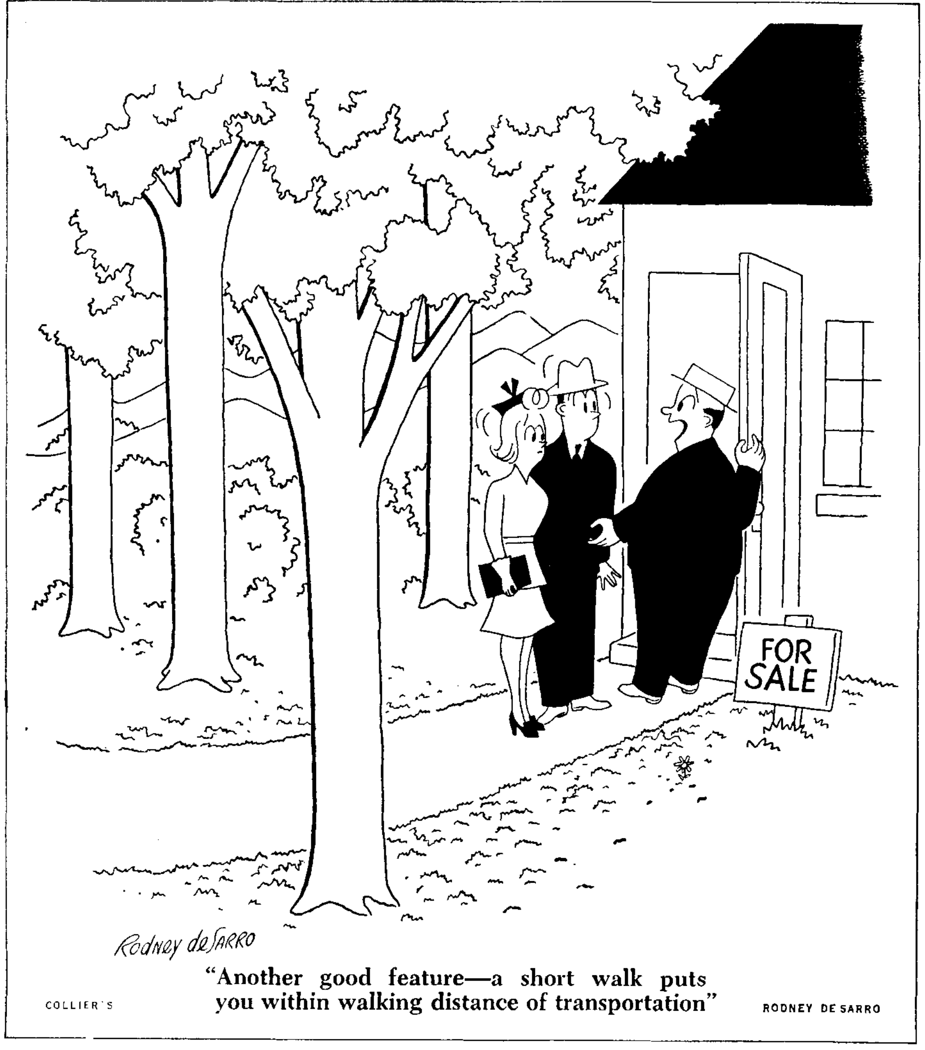
I got rid of my slightly inebriated client by turning him over to some friends of his who seemed bent on making this a large evening. He seemed heartbroken that I refused to join them. They gave me a tentative itinerary of their proposed evening, and I promised to join them somewhere if I could get away. Then I said goodby and forgot all about them.

Back at the studio, I went into a huddle with myself. Wally and Hernandez. Twice. Not so good—knowing what I knew about Hernandez. Maybe it was the cigars that they had a common interest in? I felt disloyal, but I didn't know what else to think. I worked for Wally, but that wasn't important. What was important was that I liked him. He was a friend. He was a man whose patriotism I would have banked on. I knew he had made a pitch for the Army. It added up all wrong, but there still seemed only one thing to do.

I telephoned the F.B.I. and asked for Dan Crowley. When they told me—polite as pie—that he wasn't there and probably wouldn't be until very late that night, I felt relieved. I'd spill tomorrow, but that wasn't right now, and I was glad to have additional thinking time. I knew my conclusions would be precisely what they were at the moment, but a breather is always welcome to a man who finds himself being shoved around by circumstance. . . .

The following morning Crowley was still not available. They inquired whether anyone else would do, and I said no.

My work that day was slightly less efficient than it had been twenty-four hours before. The wild zeal had forsaken me. I was a moody gent with love on the brain and mysterious things to think about.



COLLIER'S "Another good feature—a short walk puts you within walking distance of transportation" RODNEY DE SARRO

AT THREE-THIRTY I drifted up to Wally Carrington's office. He had on an oxford gray suit, a white shirt and an unostentatious tie. He looked busy and worried. He glanced at me and said hello and then went right on dictating to Penny Atkins, his lovely blond secretary.

I dropped into a club chair and watched them both. I tried to think of things like Penny's legs, which were very beautiful, but the mood wasn't on me. I figured I must be getting old. I sat quietly until after Wally finished his dictation. But the session hadn't ended. Penny produced an armful of stuff which she placed on Wally's desk.

There was some correspondence which had to be checked. There were some fashion shots which required his okay. There were a few strictly personal matters: His tailor had called up to postpone a fitting. She gave him two keys to his car, he having lost one and assigned her the job of getting a new one made. She produced a little package and unwrapped it.

"I just got this back from Tiffany," she said. "They say the clasp is all right now."

"This" was a jade cigarette case. It belonged to Sonia—Wally's wife—and was part of a genuine jade set. It was an exquisite thing, delicately carved and like no other cigarette case in the world. I remembered the last time I had seen it. The clasp had been broken. Now it was fixed, and Sonia would be happy. It was her favorite.

Wally dropped it into his pocket. He thanked Penny for attending to it so promptly. He said he'd give it to Sonia right away. He asked whether there was anything else to be done, and Penny said emphatically that there was. She pulled out a fresh sheaf of papers which had to do with his summer place in Connecticut. The caretaker, it seemed, wasn't having an easy time getting preliminary things done—the help situation being what it was. There was a notice from the golf club that it had suspended for the duration because of the shortage of gas and members. There were a dozen other things, in none of which did Wally seem to display more than an academic interest.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't concentrating on his work. Just going through the motions. I knew him well enough to realize that his mind was elsewhere. I'd have given a pretty to know where.

He finished with Penny. She swept a lot of things into her arms and went downstairs. Wally looked at me. He looked like a man in a hurry. He asked me what I wanted, and I said, "It isn't important. Tomorrow will do just as well."

He said that tomorrow would suit him much better. He picked his hat and topcoat off the rack. He said he'd be seeing me. I followed him downstairs and as far as the front door. That left me at Gloria Sherman's desk. She gave me her very best smile and made a couple of casual remarks in the very intimate way she had of making casual remarks. I went back to my office. It seemed as though I was always going back to my office.

There was plenty to be done. There were the usual interruptions. One of them nice. That was a call from Iris. She sounded happy, and I made an effort to sound the same way.

AT SIX o'clock Gloria plugged in her connections for the night. She poked her head in my office and announced that she had been invited back to Hal White's private cubbyhole for a drink, and why didn't I join them. I said, "I'll take chocolate," and for some reason she thought that was funny.

I took my time. I was still taking it when the phone rang. It rang in the reception room, since my line wasn't kept open at night. I went to it and lifted the receiver. The voice that snapped out at me didn't sound playful. It said, "Carrington?"

"Yes."

"Who's talking?"

"Drake. Sales manager."

"This is Max Gold."

I said, "Hello, Lieutenant. What's on your mind?"

"Plenty." I could tell from the way he said it that he wasn't kidding. "What you doing?"

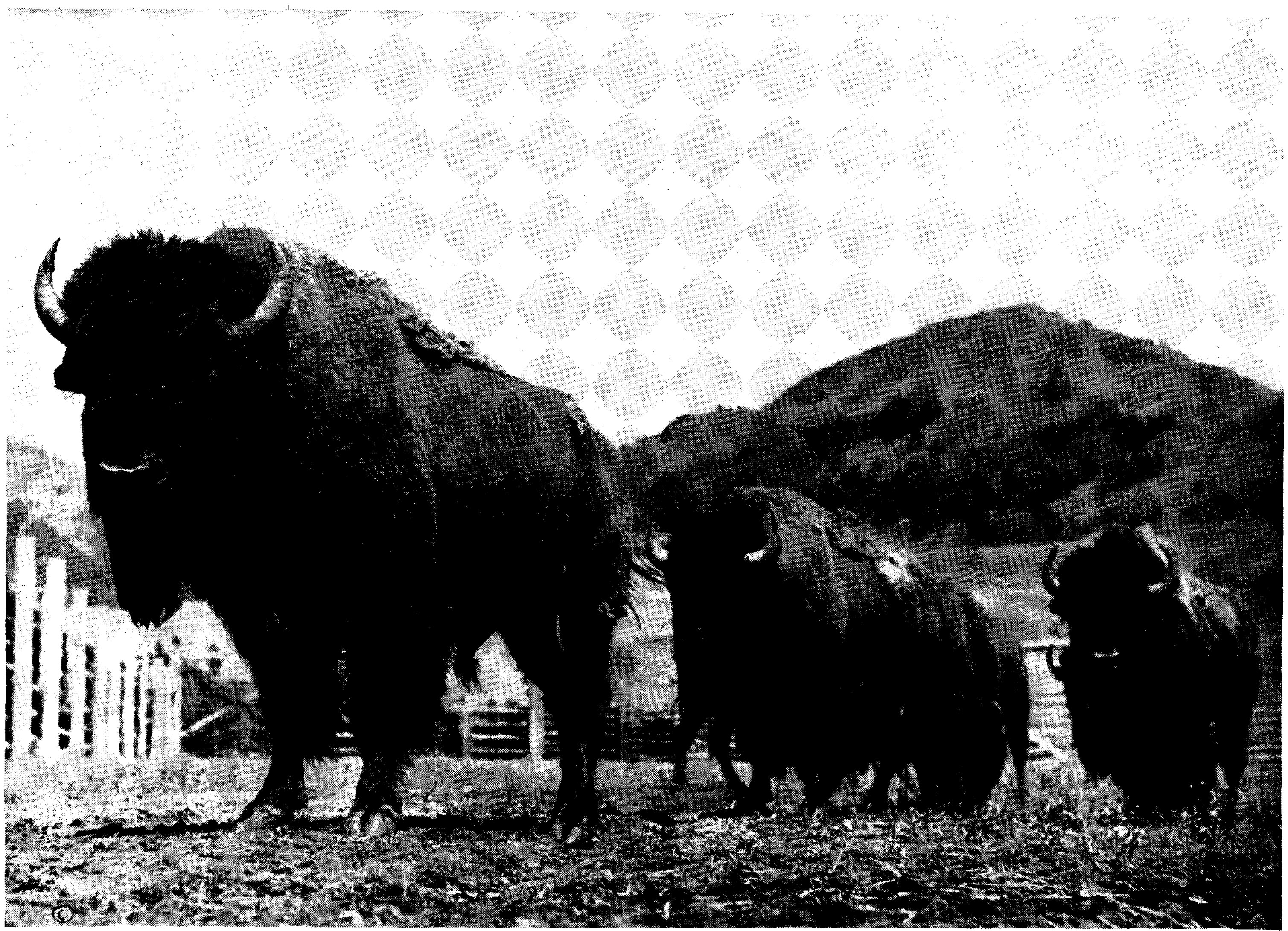
"Nothing."

"I want to see you. Right away."

He gave me an address on the West Side. He said he was in apartment 18-A. He asked me how long it would take me to get there. I said, "Right away. What's up?"

He said, "A hell of a mess, Drake. Your boss, Wally Carrington, is here. He has just been murdered.". . .

The distance from the studio to the apartment house from which Max Gold had called



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WANT A Buffalo?

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

MAYBE you don't know it, maybe you don't even care, but it is possible for you to own an American bison, commonly and erroneously called a buffalo. Just make the proper application to Edmund B. Rogers, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming. If he finds everything okay, he'll send you, C.O.D., a healthy, year-and-a-half-old animal from the park herd. He gives away several every year and would give away more if people could be induced to take them.

You have to qualify as a recipient. You must agree to pay shipping costs, about $150. Then you'll have to provide a good home, something like fifteen to twenty acres of private park or a good stretch of Western range land, enclosed in a stout fence not less than seven feet high. And where do you think you're going to get the materials to build such a fence?

Finally, you must have a letter from the game commissioner of your state, saying that he has no objection to your owning a buffalo, because if the animal gets loose and starts rampaging around (as it probably will), the business becomes the commissioner's headache.

Mr. Rogers would like to get rid of a few bison because they are being considerably overproduced. There are about 6,000 of them in the United States, and approximately 18,000 in Canada. They're protected from hunters and, if let alone, would double in numbers every six years or so. The Yellowstone herd, probably the largest in the United States, is maintained at an average level of about 900 animals. If allowed to multiply unchecked, they would soon overrun the park, and thousands would die of epidemics due to overcrowding. Last year, when the herd had to be reduced by about 400 head, the park authorities were able to give away only three. The remaining 397 were slaughtered and the meat was given to the Indians.

In addition to the herds in Yellowstone and other national parks, there are now between six and eight hundred privately owned bison in the United States. Most of them belong to ranchmen, who like to see a few of the big animals around just for old times' sake.

In all correspondence about the animals, the Yellowstone authorities emphasize that the buffalo does not make a good pet, that he has a disposition ranging from uncertain to vile, that kindness will not tame him, and that it is not advisable to keep him in the pasture with the family cow—at least, not if you want to keep the cow. ★★★

me wasn't great. Just a few blocks. But I flagged a cruising taxi and hopped in. I didn't want time to think.

We pulled up in front of the building. It was fairly new, quite tall, quite narrow and made of yellow brick. I don't know what I expected to see outside, but whatever it was, I didn't see it. There were cars parked all along the street. Some of them might have been police cars or they might not have been. In front of the building there was just a blank space. Everything normal. Nothing to indicate that somebody had been murdered in apartment 18-A.

That's the thing that gets me about New York apartment houses. You can live your own life. You can die your own death. Nobody knows or gives a damn.

THE doorman looked at me as I walked into the lobby. Or maybe he didn't. The door of an elevator opened and four people got out. They shoved past me and started going somewhere. There was a standing lamp with a new, white shade. There was a couch near it. You could sit on that couch while you were waiting for your date to come downstairs, after she had neglected to invite you up. A man was sitting on it now. He had on a neat blue suit. He had broad shoulders, big hands and big feet. He wore a silly little bow tie. I pegged him for a detective, but I wasn't even sure about that.

There were three doors on the eighteenth floor. They were inscribed A, B and C in the order named. They were all closed, and all uncommunicative. I heard a radio going behind the door which was lettered with a B. A soap opera. Lizzie Zilch was facing her daily problem.

I sounded the buzzer of apartment A, and the door snapped open. Quick—like that. Ernie Robinson of homicide must have been waiting. He gave me a warm grin and said, "Hello." He waved me down the long, wide foyer toward the huge living room which spanned the east end of the building. I went in and saw Max Gold.

I saw other things, too. Things that I had become much too accustomed to. Pictures being taken, a young lad with a stern face making measurements, the fingerprint boys doing their daily dusting.

The furniture was nice. Not expensive, but nice. The decorative scheme was pleasantly feminine. There was heavy gray carpeting on the floor, and in the middle of it lay the body of Wally Carrington. Beside him was a pair of glasses. His glasses. The medical examiner was stuffing things back into his Boston bag. He looked tired of it all. He made notes in a book, grunted something at Max Gold and ambled out.

Lieutenant Gold didn't look happy. His black eyes were brighter than usual; his body looked more solid, more compact, more powerful. He gave me a bleak glance and said, "What do you know about this?"

I said, "I don't know anything. Is he dead?"

"Stiff. Plugged one time, but good."

I walked over and stared down at Wally. Even in death he looked handsome. I felt choked up. If I had been a woman, I'd have started bawling. As it was, all I could do was stand there feeling sunk and miserable and bewildered.

Gold whipped a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and shoved them at me. I took one mechanically. He said, "How long have you worked for Carrington?"

"Going on seven years."

"You know him well? Personally, I mean."

I nodded. "I knew him as intimately as anybody could. I've been entertained at his home here and in Connecticut. I've been on numerous trips with him."

"Like him?"

"Yes." That wasn't very fulsome, but it was the truth. It didn't seem to need decoration.

"Was he a chaser?"

"Carrington?"

"Yeah."

"Of course not."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I know the man. I've seen him for years surrounded by beautiful girls, some of whom could easily have been talked into line. He didn't do that talking. No, he wasn't a chaser."

"Nobody knows for sure about a guy," grunted Max. "He stakes out something private and keeps his mouth shut."

I said, "Look: I know this is routine with you, but with me it's different. Talking about Wally Carrington that way—when he's lying there . . . it seems indecent."

"I didn't figure to step on your toes, sonny. But it shapes up that maybe he played around a little."

I WAITED. But not long. Gold said, "Think hard on this one. You ever hear of a woman named Mary Bishop?"

I took my time about answering. The name simply didn't register, but I wanted to be sure. I said, "No."

"Try again. You're all cluttered up with women where you work. She maybe worked there sometime. Maybe she was a model. Maybe you heard Carrington mention her."

I said, "I'm pretty good at names. I don't believe I ever heard the name Mary Bishop."

Max sighed. "That's always how it is. You get a lead. You think you know somebody that maybe knows something. And what happens: He doesn't even recognize the name." His keen eyes held mine. "You wouldn't be holding out on me, would you?"

"No." I tried a question of my own: "Why are you asking me about her?"

"Because this is where she lives. It's her apartment. She's got a one-year lease with five months to go, and the rent is paid in advance, right up to October first. It happens that way lots of times when a gent with dough stakes a girl out somewhere. Normal people pay their rent each month when it comes due. She paid hers one year in advance. In cash."

I asked, "Where is she?"

"That's what we're trying to find out. Nobody around here seems to know her. The descriptions I've gotten would fit a thousand women. They don't mean a thing. We've picked up a slew of fingerprints but if they don't fit anything in our criminal file, or at F.B.I. in Washington—and they probably won't—where are we?"

I said I didn't know. He seemed to welcome the note of sympathy in my voice.

He said, "This is a hell of a racket I'm in. You're always fighting your way through a fog. Minute you start seeing clear you[illegible] off on something else. There ain't any end to it." He looked down at Wally's body and then up at me. "That's a funny thing about this Mary Bishop. She lived here, but she didn't."

"I don't get it."

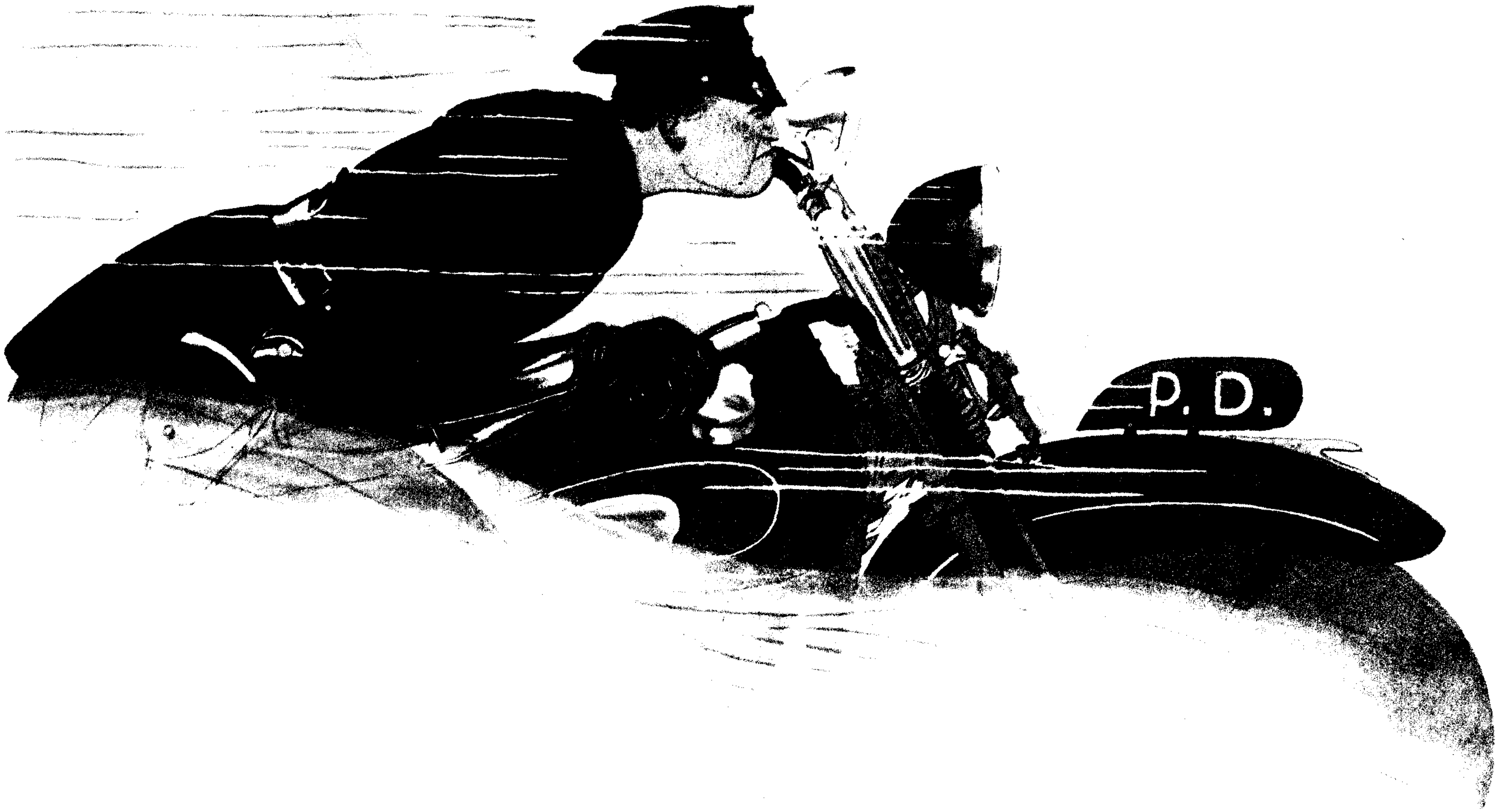
"This place shapes up like a love nest. Cozy and intimate, but not really lived in," he said.

"How can you tell?"

"Not enough clothes. Not enough stuff in the kitchen. Not enough of anything. Except maybe liquor. There's quite a bunch of that, and all pretty good. Anyway, I'm betting she didn't really live here. And that makes it tougher."

"Why?"

"Because if she didn't live here, she must



...BESIDES YOU'D GET A TICKET DRIVING 400 AN HOUR!

FRANKLY, you wouldn't want your car to go that fast. BUT . . .

If and when car engines are produced that approach this kind of performance, Texaco will be ready with the gasoline for them...*a gasoline that is more than a match for your motor.*

For example, in our Research laboratories, Texaco scientists have produced super-fuel concentrates with power ratings *four times that of the 100-octane* gasoline used by our fighting planes.

These concentrates require super-engines to utilize their power. They are too powerful to be used efficiently in any existing engine. But they do assure you of this:

Come what may in motor car design, Texaco has the motor fuel "know how" to match it. For the fine engines coming in the future...Texaco will have an even finer gasoline.

Right now fighting fuels come first. But when the war ends we can promise you a greater Sky Chief gasoline that will surpass anything you've dreamed about in smoothness, pick-up and power.

May that day come soon.

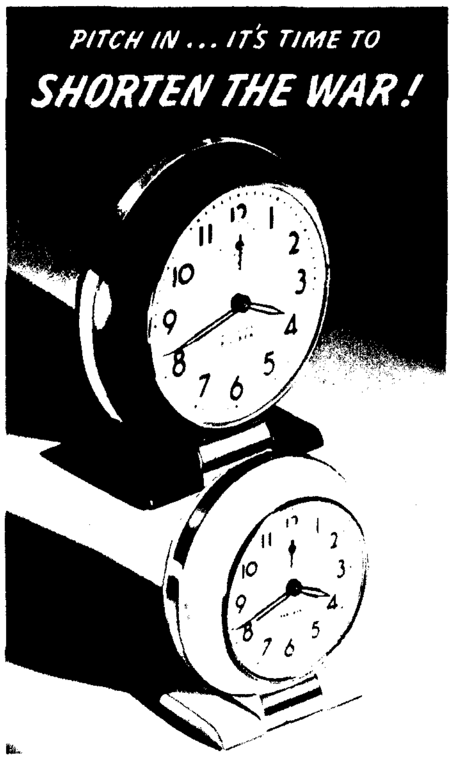
THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO

REG. T.M.

COMING A BETTER Sky Chief GASOLINE

. . . more than a match for your motor!


PITCH IN ... IT'S TIME TO
SHORTEN THE WAR!

Better than a pin-up to keep a soldier's chin up

Folks beloved by men who fight
Are folks back home who write and write
Nothing boosts a lad's morale
More than a note from a home town pal

What would he like to hear about?
His setter dog; that whopping trout;
Who leads the league in the pennant race;
And any news of a gal named Grace

For the little things he longs to hear
To you he turns a hopeful ear
So send a V Mail off tonight
You'll help him win, *sit down and write!*

—*Big Ben*

Big Ben, Baby Ben, and other Westclox electric and spring-wound clocks are not available until further notice. That's because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois.
Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

live somewhere else. There's nothing here she'd need to come back for. And if she shot him, we ain't likely to see her around. I'm asking the super and the doormen and the elevator boys who knew her to keep their eyes peeled. It won't get me anything."

"You think Carrington was keeping this Mary Bishop, and that she shot him?"

"Sure. What's wrong with that?"

"Practically everything," I said.

"Keep going, sonny."

"First, I can't be convinced that Carrington was playing around with any girl. Not this sort of way. Second, if he had been, someone at the studio would have suspected it."

"How do you know they didn't?"

"There isn't much privacy in a place like ours. Gossip takes care of that."

"So Carrington ain't dead. So there ain't *no* Mary Bishop. So she never shot *him*. Where does that get us?"

We sat there looking at each other. He said, "Fingerprints! Are we lousy with 'em? If they add up to being just hers and Carrington's, then it'll maybe have to be put down as one of those things. If she was in the habit of entertaining other friends, we might get a lead. Meanwhile, it strikes me that your studio, and the people in it, have been getting themselves all messed up recently."

I agreed that he had a point there. He said, "I'm shooting my mouth off to you because your girl friend is in the middle of it." I suppose I looked startled, because he went on quickly to explain: "What I mean is that whatever is going on ain't finished. Claude Williams is still on the loose. So is whoever killed Margie Brett. So is this Bishop dame. That's why I've trusted you this far. That's why I'm gonna show you something interesting." He got up and started out of the room. He didn't tell me to follow, but I knew that was what he meant. So I followed. At times, I'm real bright.

HE LED me into the bedroom. It was a cozy little spot. Very chintzy. Usual things on the dressing table, but not in quantity. One bottle of perfume. Standard make. He opened the drawers and showed me a half-used box of tissues, another box—also half used—of little cotton pads for dabbing lotions on female faces. There was a comb, a few bobby pins, a box of pancake make-up, a few plain handkerchiefs, an assortment of sheer lingerie. There was one pair of nylon stockings. "She left in a hurry," stated Max dryly, "or she'd have taken those with her."

He closed the drawers. "They mean a lot when you tie 'em up with somebody," he said mournfully. "But not until then. You can't run up and down Fifth Avenue with a slip and brassière in your hand, asking each woman you meet, 'Hey, lady—does this fit you?' We got to have something more specific. Maybe this is it."

He turned around and I turned with him. He pointed to a small photograph in a silver-plated frame which stood on top of a chest of drawers.

I took a good long look. I didn't like what I saw.

It was a picture of Señor Pedro Hernandez!

Max wasn't missing any bets. He let it sink in, and then he said, "Know him?"

I hesitated, but only briefly. Then I said, "Sure, I know him. It's Hernandez."

"Right. The cigar guy, huh? The one Miss Randall brought the cigars in for."

I said, "Yes." I said it absently. I wasn't thinking about Iris or cigars right then. I was remembering the odd happenings of the past few days: Wally's insistence on meeting Hernandez, my chance glimpse of him with Hernandez yesterday, his peculiar inattention just a few hours ago in his office. I heard Gold's voice saying, "What gives?"

I looked at him. I was trying to think on my feet. I wasn't having much success. I didn't say anything.

"Let's have it, Drake." Nothing friendly in Max's voice now. It was hard and sharp. A police voice. "What's on your mind?"

If I'd had one wish then, it would have been for Dan Crowley. This was murder, and I couldn't hold back. Not entirely. My problem was merely how much to tell. I decided to tell as little as I could.

I told Max about Wally and Hernandez. He listened and frowned. He asked, "What's the tie-up?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

Gold said, "I got a theory. I don't think it's very good."

"What is it?"

"Suppose Carrington is supporting this Mary Bishop. Suppose she goes for our South American friend. Carrington could get jealous. There could have been a quarrel . . ."

I shook my head. "You can do better than that, Max. If Mary Bishop was two-timing Carrington with Hernandez, she wouldn't be likely to leave Hernandez' picture out in the open, would she?"

Misery descended on him again. He said, "I wondered if you'd get it. Anyhow, it was worth a try."

I said, "Why did you call me over here?"

"Thought maybe you'd be helpful. Maybe you'd know things. Also there's a more important reason. I got an idea the answer to this is somewhere in your studio. If it ain't now, it will be sooner or later. Lots of people there, and they're all strangers to me. You know them. On account Miss Randall is mixed up in it, you got a personal stake. I thought you'd see what you could find out. It would seem natural for you to gossip about it. You don't need to mention I asked you."

I felt highly flattered. I felt important. I felt worried.

He told me I could go. He said he'd see me at the studio later.

Just before I left the apartment the buzzer sounded and a man walked in. He gave Max a casual sort of salute and said, "Hi, Lieutenant," and Max said, "Okay. What you got for me?"

The pair went into a huddle. They talked for perhaps five minutes. Then Gold walked to the elevator with me. He said, "Wish that lug never had been born."

I knew he was referring to the detective who had just come in.

"He made a preliminary check on Hernandez," explained Gold. "On the basis of what he's found so far, Hernandez has an airtight alibi. What I mean is, it's a hundred to one bet that he wasn't anywhere near this apartment this afternoon."

I didn't enjoy the ride back to the studio. Max hadn't told me to break the news about Wally, but he hadn't told me not to, either. That meant that I was elected.

I needn't have worried. The minute I walked into the reception room, I knew they had heard. People were in that room who didn't belong there: carpenters and painters and handymen and stenographers who had been working overtime.

The first person I saw clearly was Gloria Sherman. She was sitting on the couch in front of the fireplace. A cop was sitting there with her. He was admiring an expanse of well-rounded leg which she was displaying with commendable generosity. The cop was making like a human being. And that was all right with me.

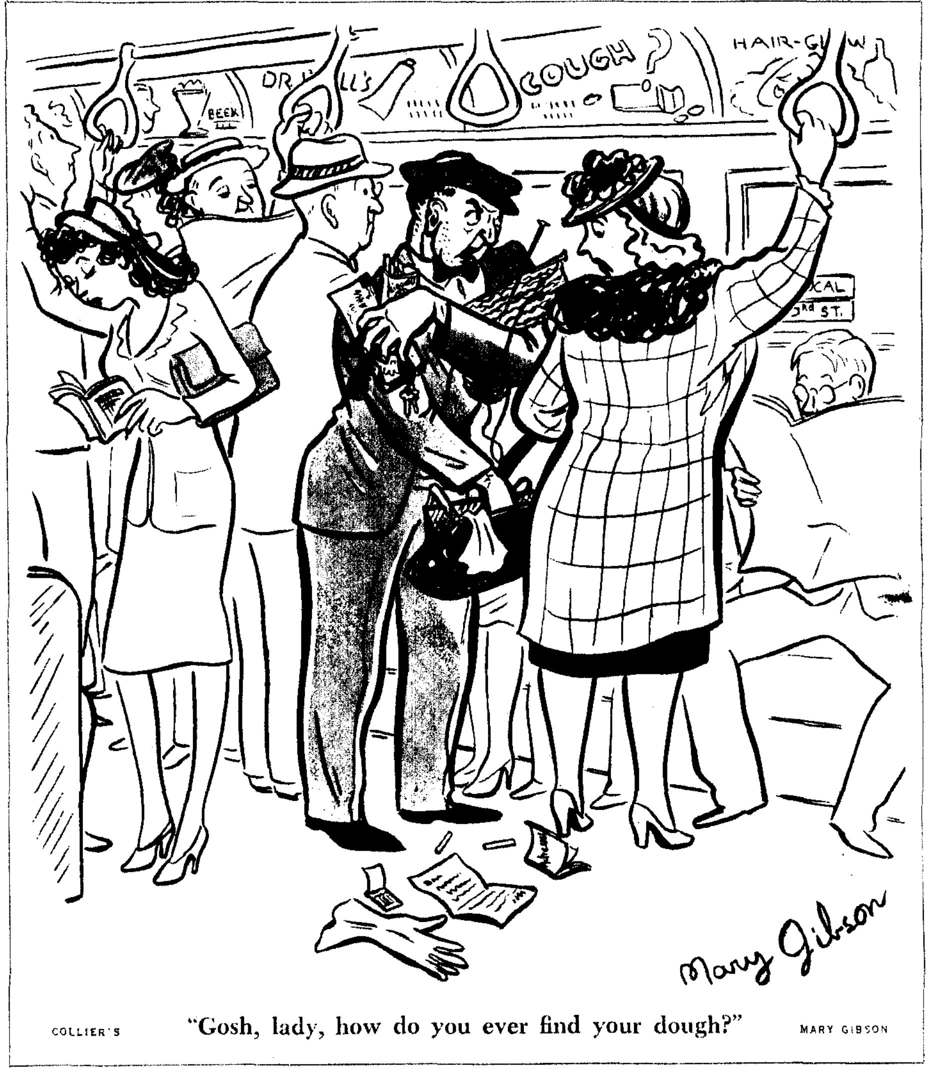
Aside from the potential rendezvous which was cooking on the couch, there was a pall over the studio. A group was standing in the middle of the room. Hal White, chief of the photographic department, was in the middle of it. He was a guy who played hard-boiled, but he wasn't that way at all. He was cursing steadily. He wasn't saying anything: just using profanity as though he could relieve the tension that way. Penny Atkins stood next to him, holding his hand and asking him every so often if he wouldn't like another drink.

THEY didn't know where I had been and I didn't tell them. I walked back to the gallery. Another plain-clothes man was in there, acting like a big shot for the benefit of a half-dozen frightened models. They were all dolled up in cheap creations of which we were supposed to make expensive photographs. The dresses didn't fit, and they were pinned in the back so that the fronts of the girls looked luscious, but the backs grotesque. And all of a sudden they didn't look like beautiful women, but like scared kids.

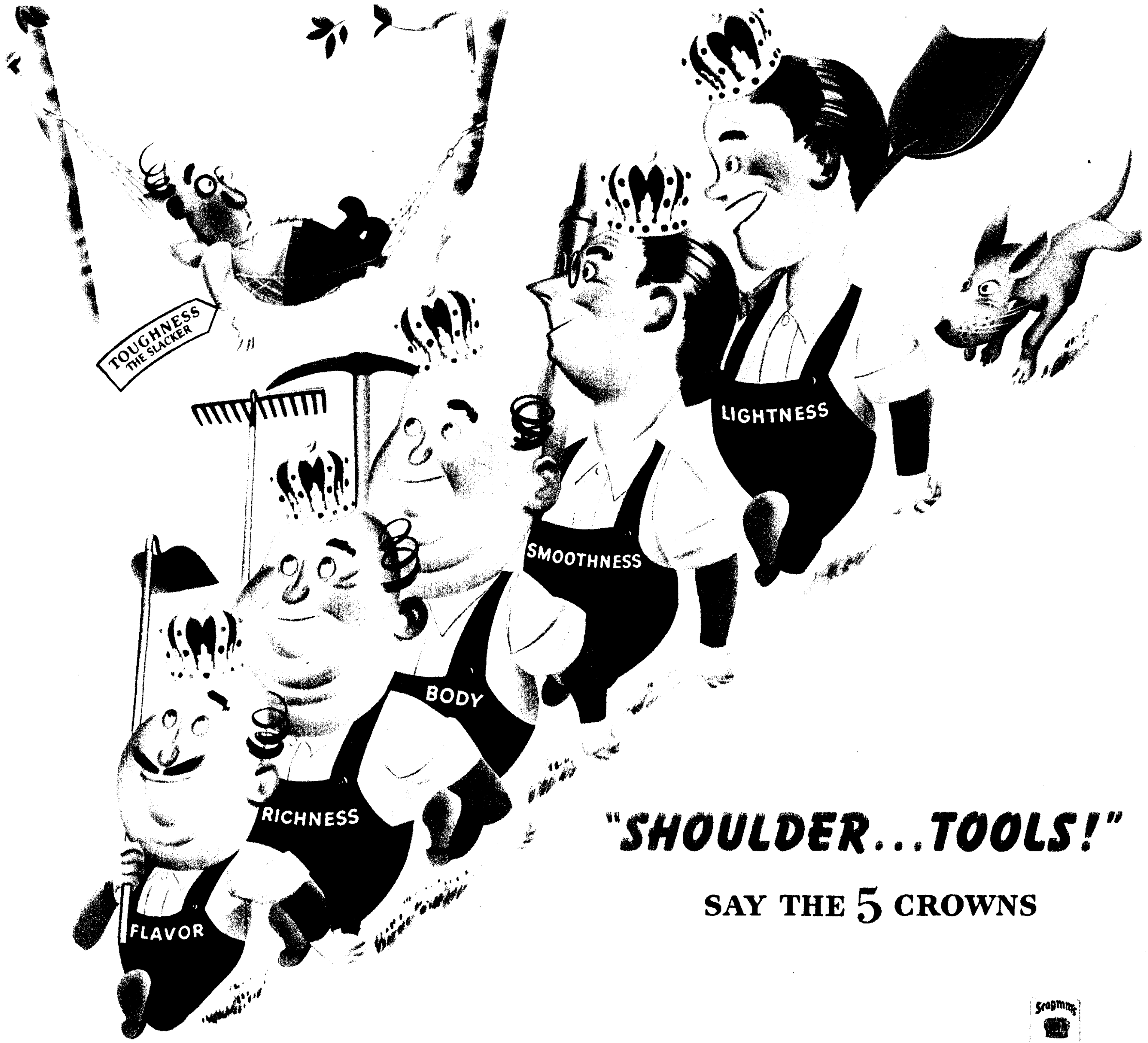
I was beginning to realize something I had always taken for granted: Wally had been loved by his employees. His death was a more incredible thing than Margie's, and hers had been pretty hard to take.

I noticed that other employees were coming back. People who had knocked off some time ago. Their friends had been telephoning, and they were abandoning whatever they had on for the evening. Just to stand around; to see whether they could help.

I circulated around. I went from group to



COLLIER'S "Gosh, lady, how do you ever find your dough?" MARY GIBSON


TOUGHNESS
THE SLACKER
LIGHTNESS
SMOOTHNESS
BODY
RICHNESS
FLAVOR

"SHOULDER...TOOLS!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

We can't all be heroes –
Sink subs or down zeros –
But still we can serve the U.S.

The jobs we don't shirk on,
But steadily work on,
Are vital to Allied success!

For Pre-War Quality . . . Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure*

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TOUGHNESS OUT
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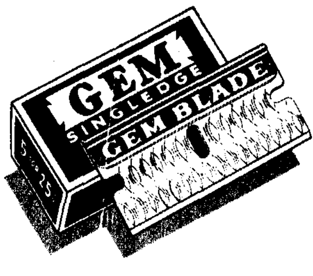
"Darling, I'll go on acting with you forever now that you're rid of your scratchy '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

Ah yes, the lovely ladies *are* particular. They expect your grooming to match theirs. They find it hard to get emotional over the man with "5 o'clock Shadow"!

Hey—wait! There's no reason for you to despair. Just switch to genuine Gem Blades. Gem's the sturdy, thicker blade with the super-keen edge that puts your face at its best and keeps it that way *far longer*. Try Gem.



AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944. American Safety Razor Corp.

group. Nobody had missed me. I asked a question here and a question there.

I chatted briefly with Mollie Hastings, our casting director. I asked whether she had ever heard of a girl named Mary Bishop. She hadn't.

I tried Hal White. The name didn't register with him, either. Penny Atkins volunteered that she had never heard of it. I carted her into a corner and talked about a lot of things that didn't interest me in order to approach something that did, without exciting suspicion. Then I asked her what Wally had been doing during the day. She gave me a detailed report. The usual things, but not in the usual way. He had gone through the motions, but hadn't seemed to have his heart in it. In fact, she said, he hadn't been himself for several days. Something on his mind. No, she didn't have any idea what it was. No, she was certain she had never heard of a girl named Mary Bishop.

I said, "You've been his secretary for more than a year, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Do you write his checks?"

"Yes. The personal ones."

"Any big checks that don't make sense?"

She was a smart kid. Her gray eyes held mine for a moment, and then she asked, "You mean like cash withdrawals that are out of line?"

"That's the idea."

She shook her head. "Nothing like that. I'd remember if there had been. And I check his balance when his monthly statement comes in from the bank. I don't think there's been anything of that kind."

Somebody had sent downstairs to the lunchroom for sandwiches and several pots of coffee. I couldn't eat, but the coffee tasted wonderful. I was on my third cup when Iris walked in.

She looked frightened. She came over to me and gave me both hands. She didn't say anything. It wasn't necessary. I knew somebody had phoned her. I knew she knew. I hoped she wasn't thinking what I was. I was thinking that this seemed to go on forever: that there wasn't any end to it. That the danger was still there.

Back in the accounting department, a model was flinging a fit of hysterics. Two or three women were trying to quiet her down and not having much luck. A couple of delivery boys who normally looked and acted like Dead End Kids moved from room to room. They were quiet and subdued.

About quarter to nine Max Gold came in. He looked harassed. He walked over to where I was standing and said he'd like to talk with me privately. He said, "You can come, too, Miss Randall."

We adjourned to my office. We closed the hall door and Max said, "You tell Miss Randall anything?"

I told him I hadn't. So he did the talking. She let him finish, but occasionally she made a little gesture of bewilderment. When he was through she said, "I can't understand it. . . ."

Max laughed harshly. "*You* can't understand it! Where do you think I am?"

We waited. He said, "I been with Pedro Hernandez. I was sweet. I was tough. I teased him and I pushed him. And what have I got? Nothing."

MORE silence from Iris and me. Gold said unhappily, "Sometimes I wish I had been a fighter, like I started out to be. By now I'd have a couple cauliflower ears, and I'd maybe be walking on my heels. But I wouldn't have to spend my time looking for answers that ain't there."

He was quite melancholy. Melancholy and angry. He looked at us as though it might be our fault. He said, "You wanna know what happened between me and Hernandez?"

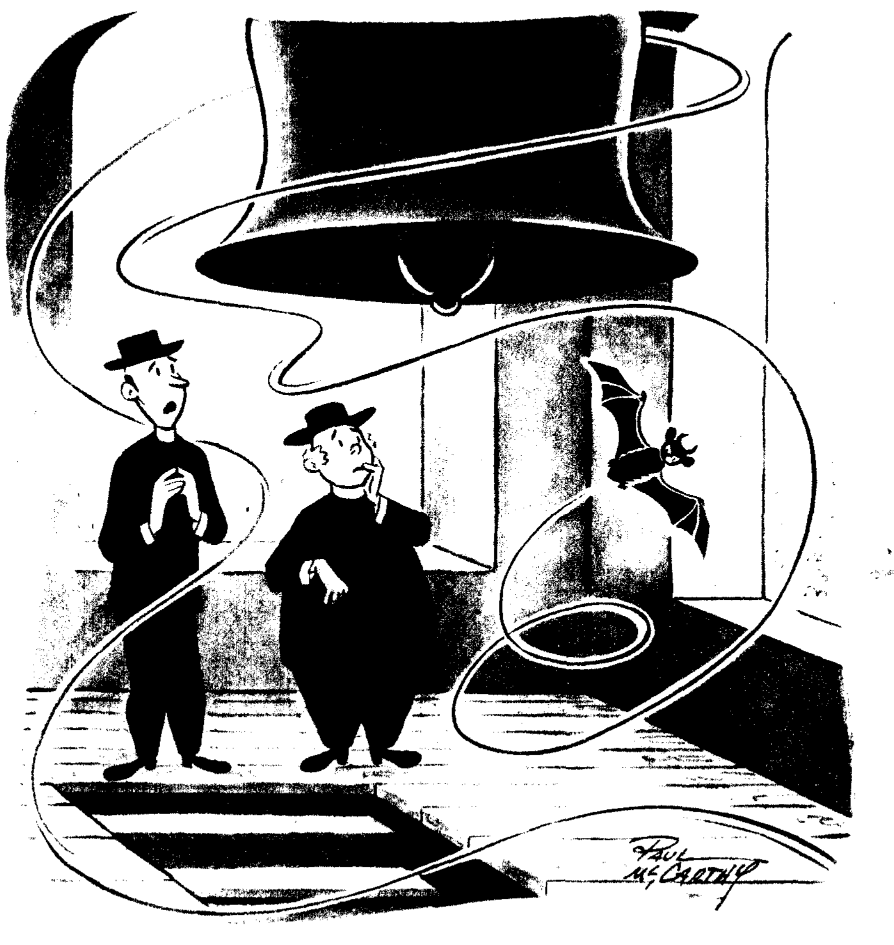
We nodded.

"I got a lot of dope that adds up to nothing. I think I got it straight. He's a keen lad, and he may have been putting something across on me. But I think different.

"In the first place, he's got an alibi that can't be touched. As far as being anywhere near that apartment this afternoon, he just simply wasn't. I've double-checked it.

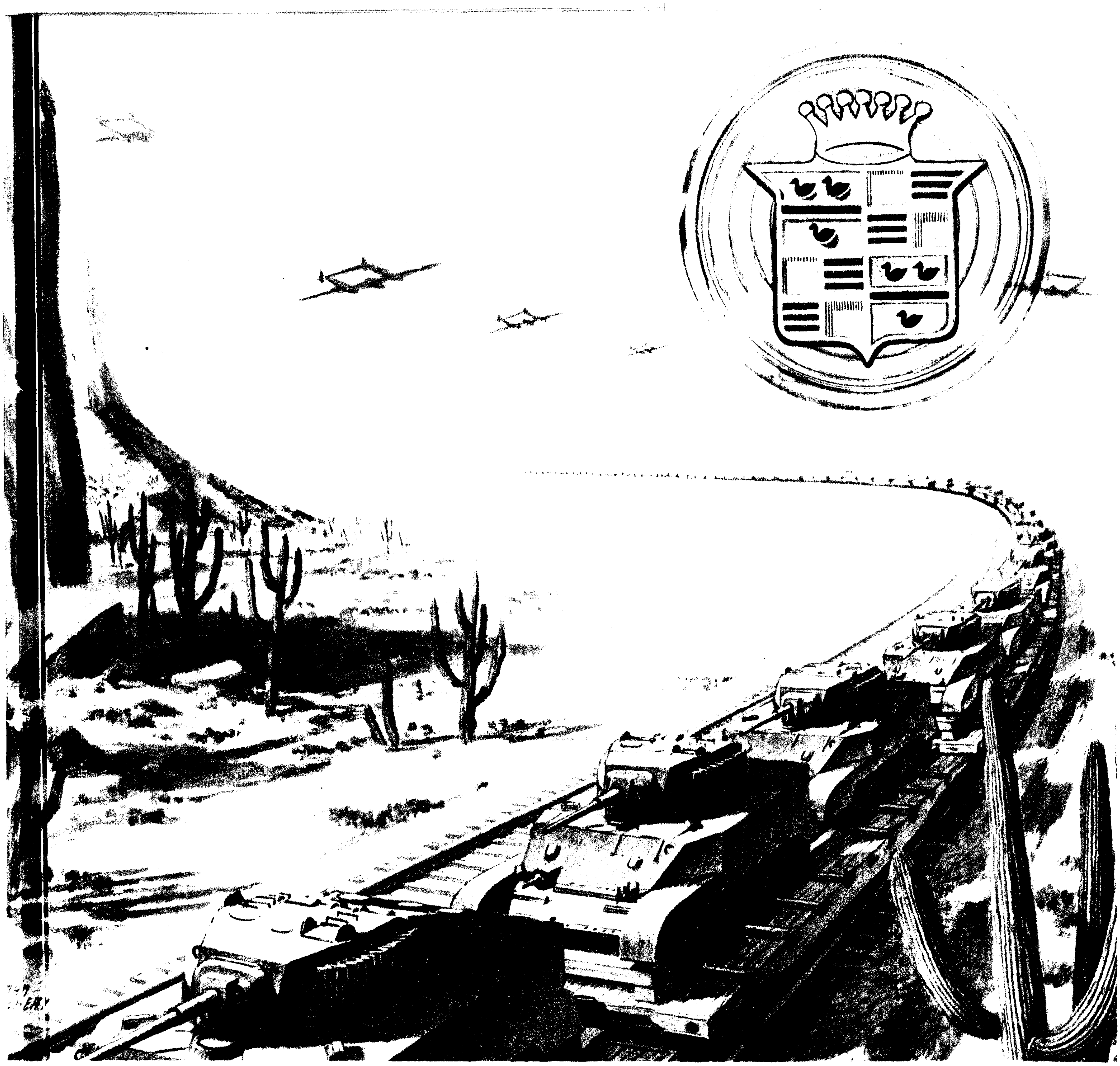
"I asked him about Mary Bishop. He didn't hesitate. He said, sure he knew her. He admitted that they had played house together. When I asked him whether he paid the rent on her apartment, he looked at me as though I might be mentally deficient, which I'm beginning to think maybe I am. He let it be understood that he didn't have to lay it on the line for his women. I don't believe he was kidding.

"He gave me a description of her. It could fit a thousand women. Ten thousand. He



"I don't know what to do. He's been tearing around up here like a you-know-what"

COLLIER'S PAUL McCARTHY



No Wonder the Japs are *Amazed!*

The Japs are reported to have confessed their amazement at America's ability to arm herself. They could not comprehend the ability of a free country to convert its vast facilities to war production in so short a time.

A good example of what they couldn't foresee was the ease and the rapidity with which Army Ordnance, working in cooperation with Cadillac engineers, could adapt the Cadillac V-type, eight-cylinder engine and Hydra-Matic transmission for use in high-speed tanks.

The Allison engine offers yet another example. This famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine was no secret to the enemy. But they did not realize the latent possibilities of putting its precision mechanism into mass production. It did not occur to them, for instance, that Cadillac—so long organized for painstaking production of peacetime quality products—could turn so quickly to *volume* output of so many of the Allison precision-made parts.

Cadillac is proud of the role it has been permitted to play in amazing the enemy. And we're helping with still further surprises for them, too—things that, for sound military reasons, cannot be mentioned at this writing.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

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BOTTLED BY QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
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Return Empty Bottles Promptly
MISSION ORANGE
Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

swore he didn't know a thing about her except that she was fun to be with. He met her casually at a bar. He was introduced to her by a guy who works here—somebody named Howard Lawton."

Iris and I looked at each other. Gold caught the exchange. He could low-rate himself all he wanted, but he still wasn't missing a trick. He said, "That mean anything to you?"

I said, "We know Lawton, of course. He doesn't look like the type who would know a woman like Mary Bishop."

"Repressed, huh?"

"Sort of."

"There ain't no Little Rollos. Anyway, I got around to asking Hernandez about Wally Carrington. Believe it or not, he seemed to be as much in the air as I am."

Max let that sink in. Then he picked up where he had left off. "He told me you introduced him to Wally. He said Carrington wanted to be alone with him. Also that yesterday Carrington invited him for cocktails. He swears he hasn't any idea why. He says it all looked nutsy to him.

"I asked him whether they discussed Mary Bishop, and he said no. He said her name wasn't mentioned. I told him about Wally being murdered in Bishop's apartment. That seemed to come as a shock, which was only natural. Maybe it made him feel uncomfortable—seeing how often he'd been there himself. He claimed that if Mary Bishop knew Wally Carrington, she had never mentioned it to him.

"Hernandez gave her the picture of himself that we found in the bedroom. He says he did it because she wanted it, she being crazy about him. Modest mugg, this Hernandez. He just made the flat statement that she was in love with him, like it was something that happened all the time. So he gave her the picture. He bought the frame himself, because a face like his, it's got to be presented right.

"He says he hasn't heard from Bishop in several days. He hasn't got a picture of her. He helped me search his apartment. He says he doesn't know where she is, and doesn't particularly give a damn. He promised to let me know if she got in touch with him." Max leaned back in his chair and shook his head. "So where am I? I'm here. But I ain't been anywhere. I don't know from nothing."

I said, "Why don't you talk to Howard Lawton?"

"The lad who introduced them?"

"Yes."

"What can I lose? Where is he?"

I SAID I'd try to find him. I looked up his home number in the studio directory and started twirling the dial of my desk phone. Lawton's voice came back to me almost instantly. I said something important was going on in the studio and it'd be a help if he could come right down. He said he would. He seemed a trifle annoyed, just as a man would when he had settled himself for a quiet evening with the idea of forgetting work.

He got to the studio fast enough. The minute he walked into the office, I knew he had heard something. He jerked his head toward the reception room. He said, "They told me about Wally. That's awful."

Max Gold was sizing him up. Routine stuff, and I knew it wouldn't mean a thing. Tall, well-built, prematurely gray, quiet of manner and soft of speech. So what?

Gold said, "It was my suggestion about you being called in, Mr. Lawton. I got to ask you a few questions."

"That's perfectly all right."

"First: What do you know about a woman named Mary Bishop?"

"Who?"

"Mary Bishop."

Lawton did some thinking and then shook his head. He said, "I reckon I've heard the name somewhere, Lieutenant, but I couldn't say for sure."

"She ain't a friend of yours?"

"No."

"Somebody you knew at this studio, maybe?"

"I can't place her."

"Playgirl, perhaps?"

Lawton showed a hint of irritation. He said, "I don't understand what this is all about, Lieutenant."

"Okay. Keep your shirt on. Wally Carrington was killed in the apartment of a dame named Mary Bishop. In her bedroom was the photograph of a handsome gent named Pedro Hernandez. I already talked to Hernandez. He admitted he was playing around with her. He said you introduced them in a bar."

For a few seconds Lawton looked puzzled. Then he smiled. He said, "Oh! Her?"

"Yeah. Her. You remember anything now?"

"I believe I do. I know Hernandez. Not well, but well enough. I have a faint recollection of introducing him to a very attractive girl one day. It was a long time ago."

"Would that be Mary Bishop?"

"I imagine so."

"And you don't remember nothing about her?"

"I'm afraid I don't. I meet so many women . . ."

"What did she look like?"

"I don't reckon I could trust my memory much on that, either, Lieutenant. Probably I'd recognize her if I saw her. I remember the incident only faintly. Hernandez saw her at the bar and got interested. She nodded at me, and I nodded back. Nothing would do but that I must introduce them."

DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 7

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and symbols, and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. corp.
2. elev.
3. D.S.C.
4. naut.
5. deg.
6. c.p.
7. aud.
8. %
9. Jan.
10. SEC
11. Bn.
12. gym.
13. C.O.
14. prem.
15. P.D.
16. pct.
17. AMG
18. bros.
19. dz.
20. assn.
21. collat.
22. bx.
23. guar.
24. ency.
25. CSC

(Answers on page 53)

—Charles Prout

"You ain't seen her since?"

"Not that I remember."

"How about Hernandez. You've seen him, haven't you?"

"Several times."

"You ever talk about this woman?"

"No."

"So you didn't know they was playing?"

"I certainly didn't."

"And you never seen Wally Carrington with her, either?"

"No."

Max Gold looked at me. "That's how it goes," he said hopelessly. "Nobody knows anything. Especially me."

He thanked Lawton and said he wouldn't be needing him any more. Lawton got up and told us good night. He was quite calm and impressive.

But I wasn't entirely satisfied. I knew things that Max Gold didn't know, and I found myself wondering whether Howard Lawton had been telling the whole truth.

Max Gold left the office. He wanted to talk to a lot of people which was something I didn't want to do. I was alone with Iris. I looked at her and shrugged and she did the same.

I said, "I'm going over to see Sonia. She must be having a rotten time. You want to go?"

Iris nodded. I helped her with her coat and let my hands rest on her shoulders a trifle longer than was necessary. Her body was rigid.

We went to the apartment building where the Carringtons lived. It was near Sutton Place. It was a duplex and it had a terrace. You could stand on the terrace and watch East River traffic. Everything from passenger vessels to garbage scows. You couldn't smell the passenger vessels.

The butler let us in. He had an angular body and a long, lean face. He looked sad enough to be an undertaker. He took my things and put them somewhere. He showed us the way to the living room, just as though we hadn't been there before.

It was quite a living room: a combination of Wally's good taste plus Sonia's flare for the dramatic. The room was two stories high, and between two huge windows there was an oil painting of Sonia that was big enough for a circus poster. In the picture she was wearing a rather startling black gown with jade accessories. Same Sonia, only this time on canvas.

A FEW people from the studio were in the room, including Hal White and Penny Atkins. They were sitting around looking uncomfortable. Sonia was on a modernistic lounge in front of the fireplace talking to Penny.

I felt sorry for her. Her sophisticated hair-do, her meticulously applied make-up, her black dress with just a touch of white at the collar . . . none of those things hid the tragedy. Her gray eyes were clouded with grief. She was making a valiant attempt to be hostess and widow at the same time. It wasn't easy, even among intimate friends.

Iris and I joined the group. We shook Sonia's hand and said, "Sorry." Nothing more. Iris sat on the couch, so that Sonia was flanked by Iris on one side and Penny Atkins on the other. It was quite a study in personality, provided one were inclined to study personality at a time like that.

Everything in the place was remindful of Wally. Gadgets and gewgaws from the studio. An envelope stuffed with black-and-whites. An excellent photograph of him staring at us from the top of the piano.

There wasn't much to say. Hal and I stood there looking down at the three women. We were awkward and uncomfortable. Sonia kept on trying to be the hostess. She opened her jade cigarette case and offered it around. Each of us took a cigarette; even Iris, who didn't smoke.

I stood first on one foot and then on the other. There were things I wanted to talk about, but I didn't know where, when or how to begin. I finally decided that the best thing to do was to play it Sonia's way. Aside from showing unmistakably that she had been hit pretty hard, she wasn't putting on any show. I admired her courage. But there was some talking that had to be done, and I figured it might as well be now as later.

I told her what I wanted and asked whether this would be the time. She said "Certainly" and got up. She took me into the library. That was bad, because the library was strictly Wally.

The paneling was dark. The furniture was dark and massive. The reading lamps spread a pale yellow glow over the walls and the crowded bookshelves. The club chair under the biggest lamp was old and worn. It had been Wally's favorite chair. He had protested against changing it, or even having it reupholstered. I avoided it and selected one for myself which was still amazingly comfortable. Sonia sat opposite me. She looked as though she could break any minute—but wouldn't. She said, in her rich, husky voice, "What is it, Jimmy?"

I said, "I don't exactly know how to be-

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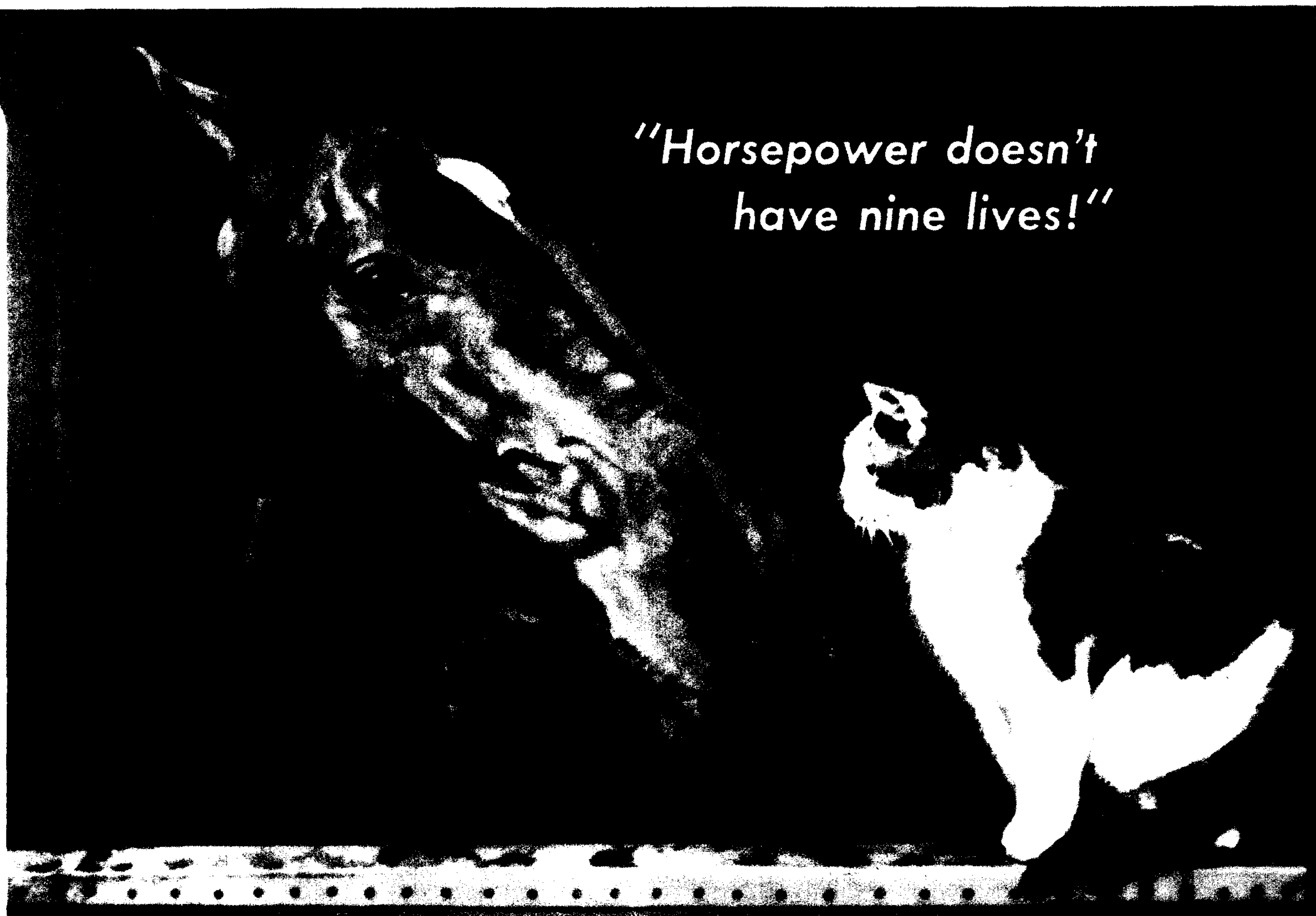

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BROTHER, IF YOU GOTTA PICK NEEDLES OFFA CACTUS TO FIND OUT—SHE LOVES YOU NOT!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL! FUNNY! SHE SAYS SHE DOES...
... ONLY WHEN I TRY AN ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT, BOY! DO I GET BRUSHED OFF—BUT QUICK!
WITH A BREATH LIKE YOURS, WHADDYA EXPECT? STRAIGHT DOPE, CORKY! SO ON YOUR FEET, PAL! REPORT TO YOUR DENTIST!
CORKY SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

gin. I may sound out of line. I don't mean it that way."

"I understand."

"I think Hal White and I were closer to Wally than anybody else in the studio. There's no sense making speeches. That's how it was. All the words in the world couldn't make it any clearer."

She didn't say anything. She didn't have to. I never felt so damned sorry for anyone in my life. I said, "I've been sort of thrown into the middle of a lot of things lately, Sonia. Things I didn't ask for, and don't like. I think those things might be tied up with what happened this afternoon. It would help if I got the answers to a few questions. Do you mind?"

She said softly, "You don't have to apologize."

"Thanks. If I go too far, you can put the brakes on." I lighted a fresh cigarette. I inhaled two or three times to get myself set. Then I said, "Wally has been pretty much up in the air recently. As though he was worried. Has it been that way at home?"

She took her time about answering. Then she said, "In a way, yes. He's been sweeter and more attentive than usual, which is saying a good deal. But he had things on his mind. I knew that this was the busy season, and thought perhaps it was work."

"It wasn't?"

"I don't think so—now."

"Did you ask him?"

"No. I tried to snap him out of it. And I didn't talk about business. I never did, at home."

I said, uncomfortably, "I'd rather take a beating than ask this, but . . ."

Her eyes were steady. Steadier, perhaps, than her voice. She said, "Don't embarrass yourself, Jimmy. I'll answer before you ask. No matter what the circumstances of Wally's death, I am confident that he had nothing to do with a woman named Mary Bishop nor with her apartment."

I applauded mentally. She had handed it to me on a platter and I didn't have to make myself miserable by firing a lot more questions. I said, "There's one more angle. It probably won't make sense to you, but I've got to ask about it. Didn't you used to live in Atlanta, Georgia?"

"I was born and raised there."

"Did you know Howard Lawton in Atlanta?"

ONCE again she went to bat magnificently. She said, "Yes, I knew him. I had known him for a good many years. We belonged to the same country club and moved in the same social circle. But that isn't what you're interested in, is it?"

"Not exactly. I wondered—"

"—whether I knew that he was tried for murder about four years ago? Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Of course I knew it. So did everybody else in Atlanta. He was tried and acquitted. He had a perfect alibi. He couldn't have killed Mr. Robbins. Howard talked to me before he applied for his job at the studio. I didn't mention his past to Wally. It didn't seem fair. Anybody can be tried for anything. When a man is acquitted it means that he has been proved innocent. It would have seemed like a gross injustice for me to tell Wally or anyone else that Howard had been falsely accused of a crime."

I said, "You're right, of course. But may I ask this: The police didn't believe he was innocent, did they?"

"No. But that doesn't mean anything."

I said, "Are you and Howard good friends?"

"No."

"Do you like him?"

"Not particularly. Does anybody?"

I said that they didn't. We agreed that Lawton had a rather unfortunate personality and let it go at that. I thanked her for talking to me. I expressed the hope that she'd let me help with anything, any time. We walked back into the sitting room. People were getting ready to go. Iris and Penny Atkins offered to spend the night. Sonia said it wasn't necessary, but let herself be talked into it. Penny Atkins stayed, and the rest of us drifted out.

I took Iris to her apartment. Without waiting for an invitation, I went upstairs with her. We followed our customary routine, up to a point. We sat side by side on the couch. But this time I put my arm around her. She edged closer to me, which was fine. She put her head on my shoulder and started to cry. It wasn't the violent, hysterical kind of crying. It was gentle. I held her tight and kept patting her and saying foolish things.

We sat that way for a long time. Then the crying stopped. She sat up straight and dabbed at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief. She said it was late and that we both needed sleep. I squeezed her hands, but didn't try to kiss her. I told her I'd be at my place within ten minutes, so she'd know where to get me if she needed anything.

I had scarcely walked into my place when the phone rang. It was Iris, and at first I was frightened. But she reassured me.

"I don't want anything," she said. "But you told me I could call. So I've done it. It's good to know I can depend on you."

We said good night and then hung up. In spite of everything, her call made me feel swell.

I EXPECTED to lie awake indefinitely. But I didn't. I slept like a log. I got up and showered. I let the coffee perk while I was dressing, and put the electric toaster into action. I was feeling fit when I reached the office. I said good morning to Gloria. I glanced at my mail, saw nothing of special interest, and telephoned F.B.I. I asked for Crowley and got him. He had, of course, read about Wally's death, and I knew that he probably had heard the inside from Max Gold. Anyway, he said he wanted to see me, and we made an appointment for my office at four o'clock that afternoon.

There was work to be done. A good deal of Wally's responsibility fell on my shoulders, temporarily at least. Clients called up all day long. They were sympathetic, but they still wanted their work delivered on time. When Dan Crowley came in, I was tired. I summoned Andy and ordered drinks. He brought them. I gave him a dollar and told him to go out and buy a couple of real good cigars.

He looked at me oddly and said, "Why should you buy cigars, Mr. Drake?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why don't you open that box of El Corsario Invincibles Miss Randall brought you from Cuba?"

I sat up straight. I said, "What are you talking about . . ." and would have carried on, but Dan Crowley interrupted. He was a heap quicker than I was.

He said, "Has Mr. Drake got some El Corsario's, Andy?"

"Yes, sir. He sure has. A whole box of them."

"Where?"

"In my cabinet."

This was too fast and too bewildering. I said, "The same cigars Miss Randall gave me?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did they get in your cabinet?"

Andy shrugged. "I put them there, Mr. Drake. The day you got them was the day of the barn dance. You told me they was extra special and you didn't want customers to get hold of them. Well, knowing we was having a big party that night, I figured maybe they'd be safer in the cabinet than in your desk. So that's where I put them."

"And they're still there?"

"Yes, sir. I seen them only a little while ago."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You never asked, sir."

I said weakly, "Okay, Andy. Let's have them."

He went out. As the door closed behind him, I looked at Crowley and Crowley looked at me. He said, "Could be."

I was thinking that, too. And I was thinking something else. I said, "Presuming those *are* the cigars, Dan—we'll have to start thinking all over again."

"About what?"

"This. Even in spite of what Ellis said—and it did make me think twice—I've pretty much taken it for granted that whoever killed Margie Brett and slugged Iris was the one who stole the box of cigars out of my desk.

If Andy has had them all the time, that obviously isn't so."

Crowley said, "Keep going, Jimmy."

"All right. If the cigars weren't the cause of Margie's murder, what was?"

Crowley smiled. "That," he said gently, "is one of the many things we've still got to find out."

F.B.I. agents are trained to take things in stride. That was what Dan Crowley was doing now. Mildly interested in the new turn of events but entirely under control. His calmness kept me from getting too excited. He said, "I'm going to the office. I want to take these cigars with me. Will you be available later?"

I said sure, I would. But I didn't like the idea of Crowley going away. I wanted to toss this new idea around. He said, "After we've taken a look, I'll want to talk to you again. It might be a good idea if we had Iris along, too. Could you and she have dinner with me?"

I said I'd have to find out. I telephoned Iris and told her about the invitation. I didn't say why, but I let her know it was important. She said she'd be delighted. I cupped my hand over the mouthpiece and told Crowley she'd be delighted. He suggested meeting at her place at seven-thirty. She okayed the idea. Then Crowley got up to go. He suggested that I keep my mouth shut about finding the cigars. I promised. He went out, with the cigars, leaving me alone.

I thought about the cigars, but my thinking wasn't very definite. I kept saying to myself, "This is a hell of a note." That was as far as I got. Just to kill time, I rambled into the reception room and started kidding with Gloria Sherman. She liked being kidded with. She liked a lot of things—or at least she gave the impression that she did. Before I knew it, I had a dinner date with her for the following night.

I made an excuse to drop into Howard Lawton's office. It was a good excuse, and he showed no surprise. We talked about business. We talked about Wally Carrington. Lawton said, "I haven't been here very long, but his death hit me hard." That seemed natural enough. I watched his eyes. They told me nothing.

I didn't bother to go to my apartment. Looking pretty didn't seem very important. I went into a drugstore, sat at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. Two Wacs were sitting next to me. One was a tall, dark, good-looking number with a captain's bars on her shoulders and the ribbon of the European theater of operations on her blouse. She saw me looking at the sugar and she passed it to me. She gave me a nice smile, but it wasn't an invitation, so I merely said "Thanks" and left it there.

I BUZZED Iris' door at 7:20. She looked glorious. I could see that she wanted to ask me what it was all about, but she didn't. She waited for me to tell her. That didn't happen, either. This had been Dan Crowley's idea, and I had no intention of taking the play away from him.

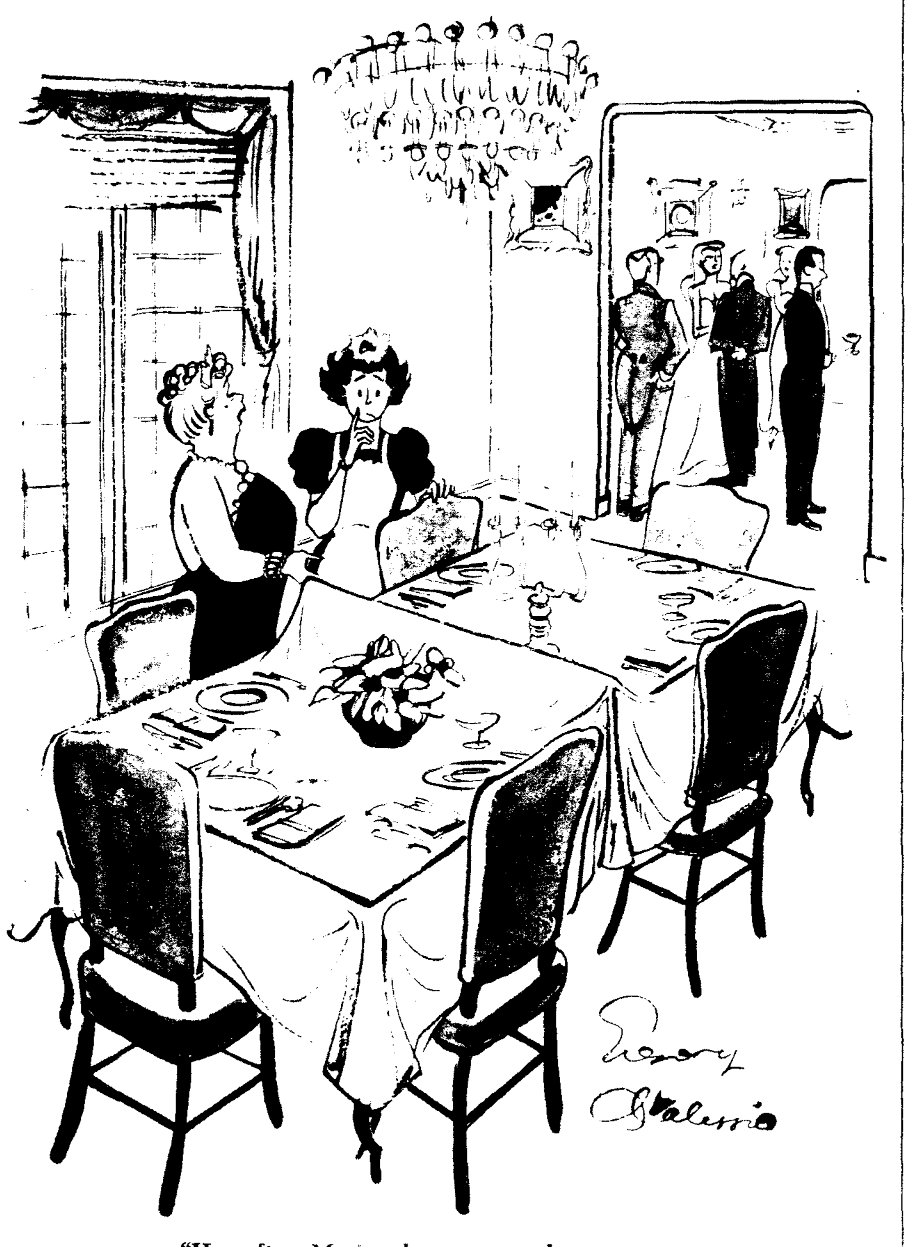
Crowley got there ten minutes late. His eyes held an unusual sparkle. He said, "Shall we talk first or eat first?"

Iris said, "Whatever it is, I'd rather talk. I'm bursting with curiosity."

We seated ourselves comfortably. Crowley told her about the amazing reappearance of the El Corsario Invincibles. I could see ideas flashing through her head, but she didn't interrupt. He said, with a pardonable note of triumph in his voice, "We've examined them. They're the ones we wanted."

"And the ones Hernandez wanted?"

"Yes." He gave us an apologetic little smile. "I'm going to tell you something about them. You understand that I'm not at lib-



"Hereafter, Marie, always remember to remove the ping-pong net before setting the table"

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erty to tell everything. But there are certain facts you're entitled to know."

We waited expectantly. It was better than a movie.

"The cigars," he said, "contained microfilm. Apparently our Cuban friend Benigno contacted an expert cigar maker who had worked in the Corsario factory. This man made up fifty Invincibles, precisely like the cigars you can buy at any first-rate stand so far as appearance was concerned. They had the box and the stamps. It must have been quite a job. By the time they'd finished, no one without inside information could possibly have suspected that they weren't the legitimate articles.

"They were smart to select someone like Iris to bring them in. She was a celebrity. She was USO. She was coming in on an Army plane. She had to go through customs, but she was allowed to bring in a hundred cigars free of duty. It was perfectly natural that she should. I understand that they didn't break the seals, but even if they had, it would have meant nothing. The cigars looked strictly according to Hoyle.

"But their looks were deceptive. I told you that Hernandez was a German, and that we were pretty sure he was contact man for a group of financiers and industrialists in this country who are at present negotiating with German interests so that they will have the inside track commercially the minute peace is declared. None of them may actually be traitors, but any man who will negotiate with the enemy is suspect. Naturally, we've been anxious to identify them.

"Certain plans for this illegal negotiation were drawn up by these people before the war started. Means were arranged by which, when war came, they and their German opposites or contact men could safely identify one another. Suppose you were one of the American members of this group, and suppose a stranger calling himself Pedro Hernandez wanted to talk to you. You'd be afraid of him. But suppose he could bring you a bit of microfilm containing identification of himself, by thumbprint and signature. Suppose he had more microfilm on which had been photographed your own fingerprints and your own signature. You could project that identification and know that you weren't taking chances.

"That's what the microfilm was for. Through the microfilm which was in those cigars we have gathered positive proof of the disloyalty of a good many men who were already under surveillance. Now we have completed the list. I don't think I need to tell you that we're feeling pretty good about it."

I said, "Will you arrest them?"

"No. But knowing who they are, we're no longer in any danger from them. We know also how they plan to work."

"And," I said, "they won't have a chance. You've got the microfilm . . ."

He said, "That's something else I want to explain. Something in which I'm going to ask your help. Both of you."

We waited. He said, "We want Hernandez to get those cigars."

If I looked astonished, it was only because I felt that way. Iris came right out and asked why.

"Because," Crowley explained, "if Hernandez and his friends know that the Bureau is on to them, they'll change their procedure, and we'll be right back where we were before. In the dark. But if they recover the cigars, as they think, untouched, they'll be blissfully unaware that the Bureau knows anything. You can see the advantage of that."

I said it was logical. But what didn't seem quite so simple was restoring cigars which must have been pretty badly mussed up.

"We're attending to that now," Crowley said. "We're going to repeat Benigno's performance: find a first-class cigar maker we can trust and have him assemble fifty El Corsario Invincibles, each of which will contain microfilm. The very film we have just copied. It is a tricky job and may take several days. Perhaps even a week. That's where you come in, Jimmy.

"When we've got the cigars fixed up perfectly, we propose to give them to you. Between us, we'll dish up some sort of scheme by which Hernandez can come into possession of them. It has to be a smart scheme, though. He mustn't suspect that they're being handed to him. Are you willing to play ball, Jimmy?"

"I love playing ball. But I was wondering about a couple of things. First, what about Andy?"

Crowley said, "I wouldn't worry there. The cigars never meant a thing to him. He's probably forgotten about them already, now that he has turned them back to you. There are certain chances that have to be taken. This is one of them."

"You say it may take a week to fix up the new box of cigars?"

"Perhaps. Certainly, several days."

"And in the meantime things might pop."

"What sort of things?"

"Look, Dan: Let's dope this out as it really is. Since we have the phony cigars, we know now that neither Claude Williams nor Hernandez got the ones they wanted. Whoever was back of Williams knew the setup. Hernandez certainly does. Suppose they decide to do something about it, as of pretty soon? I'm still worried about Iris."

"They might, and so am I. About you, too. Ordinarily, the Bureau not only doesn't ask outsiders to stick their necks out . . . it doesn't even permit it. But this seems different."

Iris said quickly, "We're not going to discuss that point, Dan. If Jimmy and I can help . . ." Suddenly her expression changed. "This scheme for getting the cigars back to Hernandez and his group— It seems that for Jimmy to handle that plausibly, there might be considerable danger."

Crowley nodded. "That's not impossible."

I said, "Lay off. You'll have me arguing in a minute, and I don't want to argue. I'd rather just handle things as they come along."

Iris and Crowley looked at each other. They both smiled approvingly. I felt silly.

We talked some more about the setup. Then we agreed to drop the subject. No use diagramming something you already understand. Crowley definitely closed the subject by announcing that it was late and he was hungry. We went to a standard restaurant and ordered steaks. They were good steaks. Thick and rare and juicy. By the time we had finished dinner and coffee and ponies of brandy, it was late. Crowley and I took Iris home. We left her there. He and I walked down the street together. At the corner we stopped. Crowley was headed for Tudor City and I was going in the opposite direction. He grinned at me. He said, "You're okay, Jimmy." I said, "Nuts!" We both waved, and went our ways.

THE next day I managed to keep busy. Early in the afternoon my telephone rang. It was Gloria. She wanted to know whether I was busy, and I said, "No." She said, "We got a date tonight, ain't we, Jimmy?"

I said, "Yes." I put the receiver down and started regretting it. Last night it had looked like a good idea. Now I wasn't in the mood. I cooked up a good excuse and walked out to the PBX to tell her that it just couldn't be.

Crossing the room, it struck me that this wasn't going to be easy. Gloria had obviously dressed for the occasion. What she was wearing would knock your eye out in a second-rate night club. It doggone near blinded me in the front office.

I stopped at her desk. She beamed up at me and started talking about our date. I made up my mind to get tough. Any other course, and I'd be hooked. I opened my mouth to speak my piece, and then I closed my mouth.

I was looking at Gloria's dress. It was one of those V-neck affairs, cut startlingly low. It would have been a lot lower if she hadn't held it together with a cute little brooch.

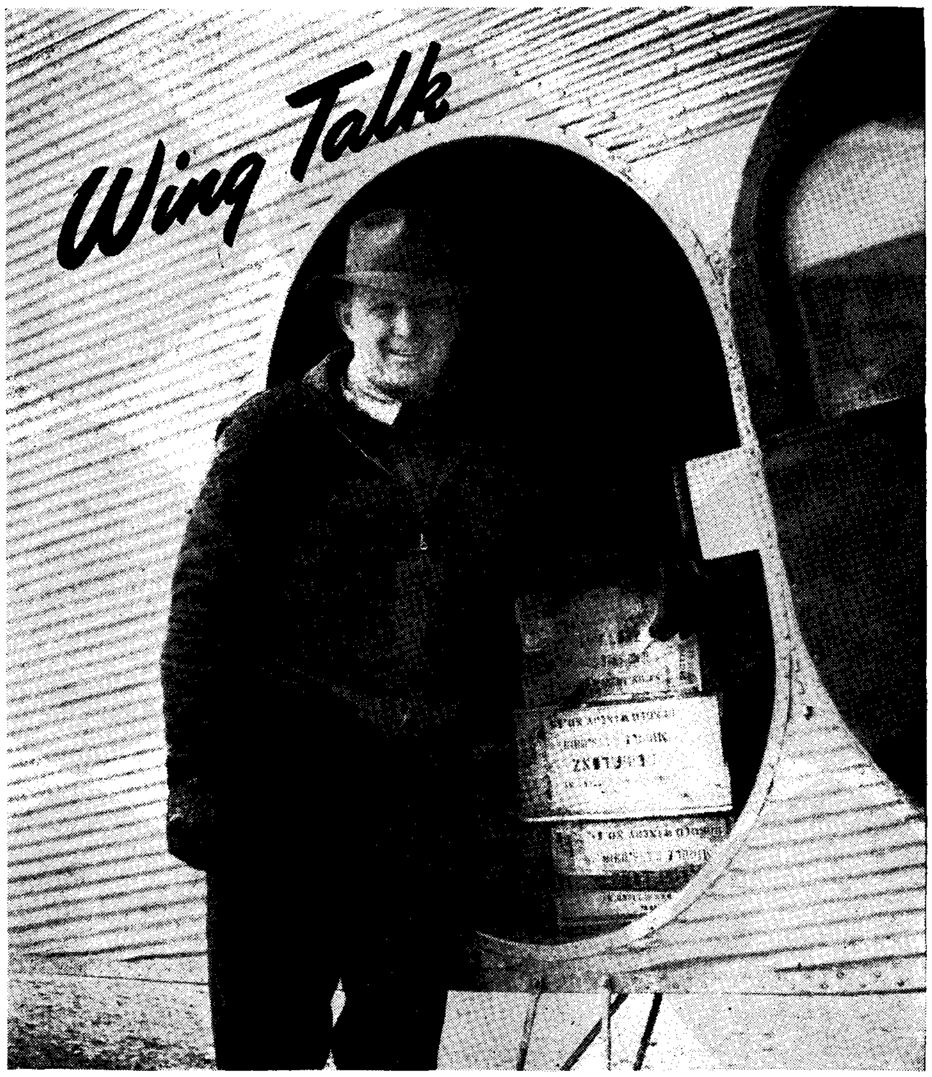
The brooch was a penguin. It looked familiar. Of course there were a lot of penguin brooches, but not like this. This penguin was missing a left foot.

Gloria saw me staring, and didn't mind. She probably didn't know I was interested in the penguin. So I gave it another careful scrutiny.

That was it, all right. It was the brooch I had given to Iris Randall a year ago.

It was the brooch that had been stolen

Wing Talk



Boss and chief pilot of the world's shortest airline is Milton Hersberger

THIS is about the world's shortest commercial airline—Erie Isles Airways of northern Ohio. While the big lines number their route-miles in the thousands, it has less than 75; while their flights average 300 or 400 miles, its average hop is only five or ten miles.

Despite its ancient planes, castoffs of a dozen years ago, Erie operates with a degree of regularity and dependability and safety that the larger lines would like to touch. Not even fog, icing conditions, or thunderstorms that ground the trunk-line planes will keep Erie's down; and in fourteen years, it has missed less than a dozen days of operation.

Erie Isles Airways' main job is linking the twenty islands in Lake Erie with Ohio's Port Clinton and Sandusky. The region draws thousands of vacationers, who come on lake steamers from Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and Sandusky; but when the vacation season ends, the steamers quit running, and the spray-washed islands become unimaginably lonely. On a clear day, islanders often can see Cleveland or Toledo, but often they might as well be thousands of miles away, especially when wintry storms whip Erie waters.

In the old winter days, when the lake was calm, braver souls among the islanders sometimes fought their ways to the mainland in "ironclads" (skiffs equipped with sled runners) for precious mail, drugs and other supplies. A passenger could bargain for passage in the ironclad for $15 or $20, but it was a bitter, perilous journey that few would risk.

In 1930, R. N. Anderson, an amusement park concessionaire, and Milton Hersberger, a barnstorming air pilot, launched Erie Isles Airways with a single small ship. It was an instantaneous success, and ended forever the islands' isolation. The all-day $20 ironclad journey became a ten-minute, one- or two-dollar hop.

The line got a star route mail contract from the Post Office Department by underbidding the boat line that had handled the mail for years; and now it carries even the mail-order-house catalogues.

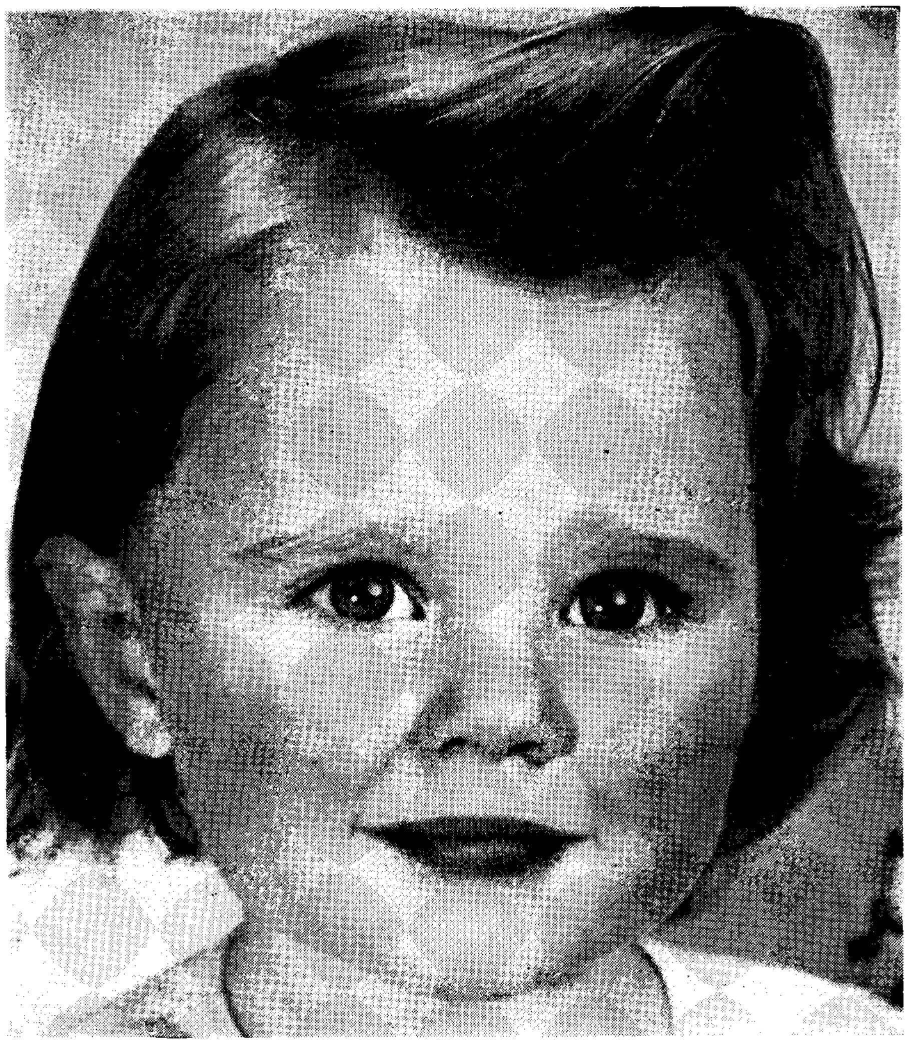
The region brags of being the world's most air-minded spot. At least 99 per cent of the islanders have flown—in the line's venerable crates that earned retirement years ago. Two of them are single-engined open New Standard biplanes that, back in 1929, hauled the air mail between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Erie also has a couple of rugged old Ford trimotors discarded by another line a dozen years ago, and a Monocoach, all powered with the same Wright J-5 engine type that carried Lindbergh across the Atlantic. But the planes are ideal for the job—ideal for lugging heavy loads of freight cheaply out of the postage-stamp-sized island airfields. Modern speeds aren't important when average flights are only ten or fifteen minutes.

The Fords were stripped of their luxurious fittings and upholstery so they could haul larger freight loads, and the islander is unaccustomed to the fine appointments of the luxury liner. He rides home either in the open job, wearing a borrowed helmet and goggles, or he flies astride a crate of oranges, or seated on a keg of beer in a Ford.

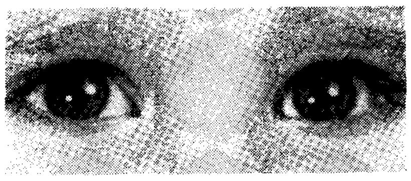
The air cargoes are unusual: livestock, live poultry, rare wines, iced fish, auto or tractor parts, books, magazines, newspapers, medicines and drugs, mill machinery, wearing apparel, sewing machines, groceries, livestock feed, hides destined for the tanneries, boxes of baked goods, fresh produce.

A Kelleys Island dairy farmer ran

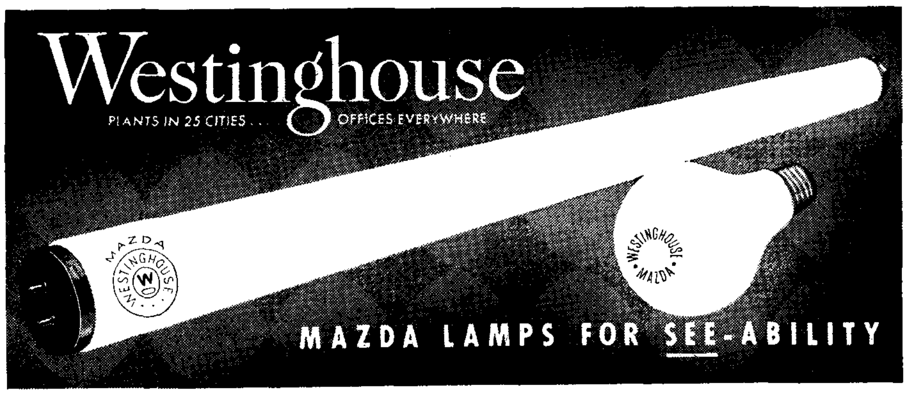
(Continued on page 41)



Just one pair of eyes to last a lifetime



Nature intended these young eyes for *outdoor* use—yet as they grow older they will have to spend hours each day at seeing tasks *indoors*—reading, writing, studying. That's why children's eyes need all the light protection that wise parents can give them. Give *your* youngster's eyes the protection of See-ability. That's the Westinghouse word for the right light in the right place. Enough light—without harmful glare. Well-diffused light—without shadows. And remember—for every home lighting requirement, you can get the *right* size Westinghouse Mazda lamp. It will give you brightness and long lamp life. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Bloomfield, N.J.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PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE
MAZDA WESTINGHOUSE
WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA
MAZDA LAMPS FOR SEE-ABILITY

BACK THE ATTACK...BUY MORE BONDS THAN BEFORE!

from Iris' apartment the night Al Brenner was killed. . . .

Right away quick I changed my mind about calling off the date. Accustomed as I was to public shock, this was something extra special. Something I wanted to look into. I let her understand that I could hardly wait for the day to end. I was more than cordial. She seemed delighted. We decided to go from the studio to a cocktail bar. Then we'd dine at some place that had music and dancing. Gloria said, "You sound almost human, Jimmy."

I said she'd be surprised how human I was. She said she liked to be surprised. Snappy repartee.

By six-thirty the skies had clouded up and started to spill. The streets were soaked. We passed up the cocktail bar and went straight to the restaurant. Riding there, Gloria slipped her hand into mine. It was a nice, warm hand. Gloria was a nice, warm girl.

We enjoyed ourselves. Gloria and I and the penguin. I wanted her to have fun. I dropped my role of being hard to get. There was a certain kick in it, but not as much as there had been. That penguin tied Gloria up with this mess, and I had to definitely admit now that her play for me might have been induced by something other than my masculine charm.

And I remembered, too, that she had been hired at the studio by Howard Lawton.

At midnight I suggested that we go home. She seconded the motion. The rain was still falling, but it had lost its torrential quality. Now it was merely cold and wet and uncomfortable.

We got to the shabby apartment house where Gloria lived. It was a renovated job, three stories high: a walk-up. She invited me to walk up. I said, "No, thanks." She didn't seem too disappointed, which again deflated my ego. We said good night and she went inside. I went across the street to a newsstand near the subway kiosk and bought a couple of morning papers.

I looked across at Gloria's apartment. She had pointed it out to me: third and fourth windows from the left on the second floor. I saw Gloria. I saw a lot of Gloria because she was pulling her dress over her head. She was quite something to see. Careless kid, I reflected; not pulling the shades down. But maybe she didn't care.

I got ready to move. Then something stopped me. It was still Gloria.

She was putting on another dress.

That made less than no sense. Off with the new, on with the old. Even at this distance I could see that the dress she was zipping up wasn't pretty. Neither was the hat she put on. Clothes that wouldn't attract attention. I decided to stick around a little longer. I couldn't get any wetter than I already was.

She put on a coat. The light went out. A few seconds later Gloria appeared in the doorway. She turned right and started walking. Fast. As though she wanted to get where she was going.

Something was in the wind. Something that made me follow.

It wasn't too difficult. She walked less than three blocks. She turned in at a dilapidated building. Another converted apartment house. The vestibule was tiny, and on the street level. I accelerated my pace so that I could look inside.

I saw a row of letter boxes, and over each a push button. The sort of arrangement where you ring the number of the apartment you want and the person in it presses a buzzer and the front-door latch starts clicking. Then you shove the door and go inside.

Gloria was pushing the fifth button. I didn't know why, because the door leading into the dingy hallway was half open. Then I got it. She stood on tiptoe and talked briefly into the mouthpiece which was directly over the push button. After that, she went in.

I FELT tingly. I felt uncertain. But I knew that I had to follow through.

I gave her plenty of time. Then I walked into the foyer. I dripped all over the place. I looked at the fifth button. It said "W. Clark." Next to it was a dirty card with the apartment number: 2-C.

I walked upstairs. I tried not to think, because I knew if I started thinking, I'd get scared and go home. And this was something that yelled to be looked into.

I heard voices inside 2-C. A man and a woman. I knocked on the door. Gloria's voice said, "Who is it?"

I knocked again. The knob turned. Gloria opened the door. Her eyes were wide and frightened.

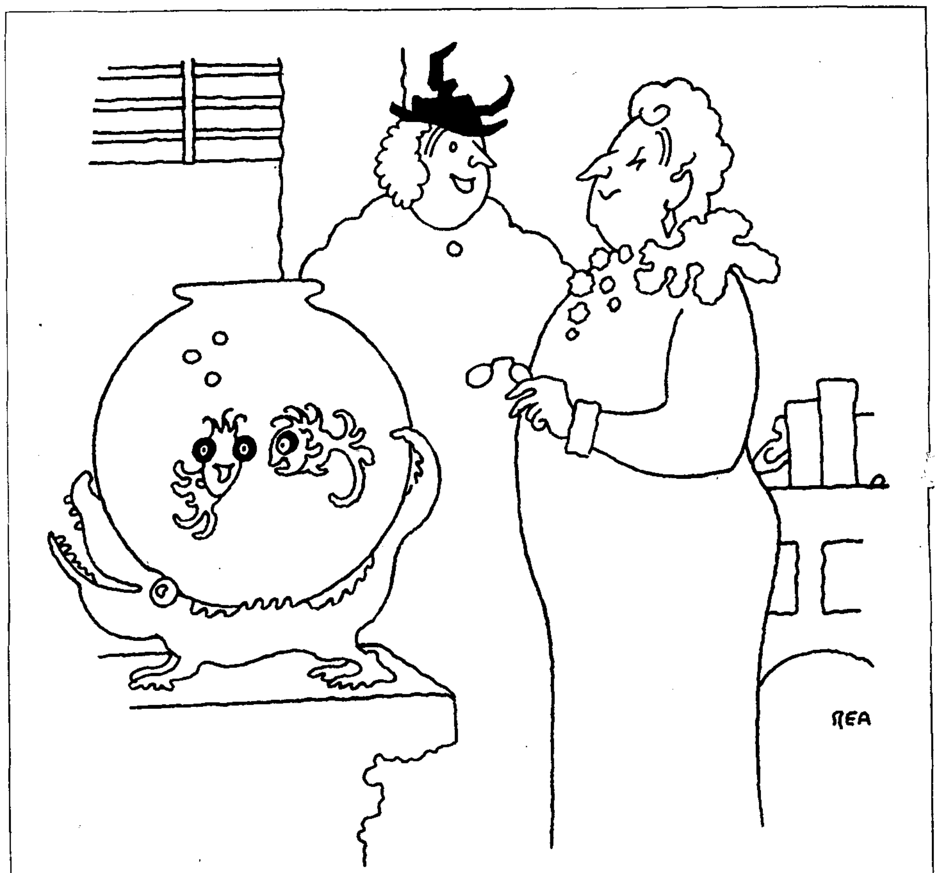
Over her shoulder I saw something. I shoved past her. As I entered the room, she closed the door. I heard the latch click.

I was looking at a man. A man whom I had last seen under most unpleasant circumstances.

I was looking at the pasty, boyish, expressionless face of Claude Williams.

And once again—just like old times—he was pointing a gun at me.

(To be concluded next week)



"I wonder if they ever realize how lucky they are to be living on Park Avenue"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The Batter Half

Continued from page 19

Then there's Lottie Jackson. Lottie is from Nashville, Tennessee. When the Tiger isn't pitching, Lottie is. Her specialty is no-hitters. Last year, when the Jax Brewers played the top-flight American Yarns team of Mount Holly, North Carolina, Jax won both games by the same score, 1 to 0. Nina pitched the first game and fanned 14, permitted one hit, and walked one. Lottie tossed the second game and fanned 8, allowed no hits, and walked one.

The Jax won the championship in 1942 and 1943. They are expected to do it again this year when the games are put on in Cleveland, beginning September 12th. No team has won the crown three times. The Kodak Parks, a men's team of Rochester, N. Y., has done it twice. So have three girls' teams, the National Screw and Tack Company team of Cleveland, the Kriegs of Alameda, California, and the Jax.

Strictly Amateur—on Paper!

The game, as played by the gals, is now at a stage of development where they often outdraw the major-league teams. Under the rules of the Amateur Softball Association of America, the girls cannot accept money for playing. But all the girls on the Jax team have jobs in the brewery. And if some of them, as typists, use the hunt-and-peck system and still make more money than the speed demon who can race through a letter without error but who couldn't catch a fly ball in a washtub—why, that's America for you.

Softball, you might say, has come a long way. A few years ago, the single men played the domestic slaves in the evenings for beers around the corner. Last year, we had 2,750,000 earnest players on 115,000 teams. The gals go for it because it requires less speed and energy than regular baseball.

With time, the ball itself has grown smaller and harder than the old mushy "indoor baseball." The other attractions are: 60 feet between bases instead of 90, a slim, lightweight bat, underhand pitching from below the hips and ten players to a side—which means less ground to cover for each fielder.

The good teams are handled in the same way as regular pro league teams. Most of them have a male manager-coach and a trainer whose function is to prevent all those pretty muscles from knotting up at game time. The Jax used to have their own private railway coach. The war took that away from them.

In New Orleans, the fans are rabid for the Jax, and follow their hundred-game schedule loyally. When the team is on the road, the natives follow the play-by-play over the radio and in the newspapers. When the girls came home after winning their first world title in Detroit in 1942, the town went mad, and the big belles were paraded through the streets. They have three sets of uniforms, with satin blouses and pants interchangeable as combinations.

The most popular of them all is the Tiger. Nina used to pitch for the Higgins Midgets of Tulsa. In the sectional championship series of 1941, she pitched all five games and won them all by shutouts. One was a no-hitter in which she fanned 20 out of 21 batters in the regulation 7-inning game. In the five games, The Tiger averaged 15 strike-outs.

The semifinals brought her up to pitch against the Jax, then, as now, a tough team to whip. The trimmed them 1 to 0 in 11 innings.

The Brewers know a score when they tote one, so they got the Tiger to work for them beginning in 1942. In the finals that year, she won four out of five games for the Jax. Lottie won the fifth.

In the 1943 series, the Tiger-Lottie duo did it again, holding their opponents to a total of three runs in five games, while the Jax pounded out a total of thirty-five.

Picking the Champion

The championship is a rather involved trick. First, throughout the country, city championships are fought out. Then state championships. Then a city like Cleveland or Detroit is selected and the twelve sectional championships, including Canada, are played out. The team which comes out of that one a winner is the World's Champion.

The one item which the girls copy from the big men's teams is the old talk-it-up pepper. They copy badly. They jockey opposing batters with something like this;

"Who was that goon I saw you with last night?"

"Maisie, you got a shape like a pearl-handled shaving mug."

"Umpire! Make her move that right hip. She's hiding home plate!"

Sadly, there has been no hair-pulling.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 39

short of hay for his herd. Ice was too heavy for boats, too mushy for sleds or cars. So he telephoned Hersberger, by underwater cable, on the next island and asked him if he could bring a load of hay from Port Clinton. "Sure," replied Hersberger. "Next trip."

Hersberger removed the seats from a Ford trimotor and loaded in a ton and a half of baled hay, enough to keep the herd going for a time.

A North Bass Island farmer needed 3,000 pounds of corn, and Hersberger flew that out. When Put in Bay ran short of pork, Hersberger bundled a 500-pound live porker into the front cockpit of his plane. But the line's most important commodities are fresh fish and wine, and this has aided the islanders' economic status.

Middle Bass Island boasts the George Lonz winery, the product of which went to market by boat, and each fall, when steamer service ceased, it closed. Now the winery operates the year around, shipping its product by air. The wine business yields the airline more revenue than its mail contracts.

Reefs surrounding the islands are natural fishing grounds, abounding with perch, pike, and sauger. The reefs are profitable commercial fishing grounds in summer, but, previously, fresh fish were a drug on the market in the islands in winter—although northern Ohio cities cried for them. With the air service, islanders turn their midwinter leisure to profit by fishing through holes chopped in the ice, regularly earning $12 to $15 or $20 a day for their catches.

A One-Man Airline

Hersberger—he does virtually all of the line's flying himself—gets all kinds of odd jobs from the islanders. If one becomes seriously ill, Hersberger will fly a mainland physician to his bedside; if an islander dies, Hersberger will fly the deceased to the mainland, and sometimes the funeral party of mourners goes along. Law officers often fly out their prisoners.

Once a Coast Guard cutter set out on a rescue mission into the teeth of a furious gale; radio contact was lost, and islanders feared the worst. A plane located the cutter in a sheltered cove where it had taken refuge from the storm. The line's planes often guide big lake steamers through the early spring ice fields, help locate fish tugs in distress, and persons adrift on ice floes.

And recently, Hersberger was commissioned to drop the ashes of an old lake ship captain over the islands. . . . G. R. R.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

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WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid *proof* that this finer-tasting cigarette is *less irritating* to the nose and throat!

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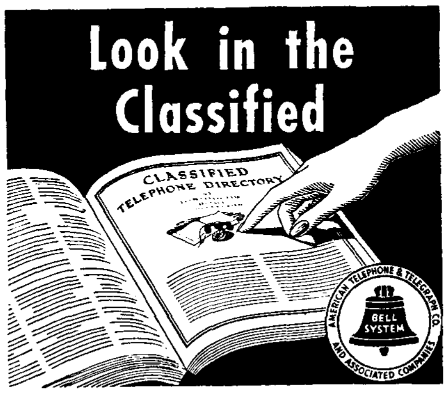
YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!

Snow's ahead! Is your home ready? Does the roof need reshingling? How about storm doors and windows? Furnace in order? Are you going to insulate?

The Classified section of your telephone book is the quick and easy way to find what you want. Local shops and tradespeople, service outlets and authorized dealers are listed there. Find them under convenient headings, such as "Roofers," "Oil Burners," "Insulation Materials."


Look in the Classified
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Case for Poland

Continued from page 14

before we transferred him to London as the representative of the Jewish Socialists on the National Council. A great, sensitive soul, he killed himself when couriers brought the news that the Germans had destroyed the ghetto, enslaving the pitiful remnant left alive. His last letter addressed to General Sikorski was a prayer for Poland.

Michael Klepfisz captained the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto, as heroic a stand as any in all history. From January, 1943, until May, the doomed inmates fought off daily German attacks. When both food and ammunition were gone, and every building was shattered by land and aerial bombardment, only 20,000 remained out of a population of 250,000. Klepfisz, dead on the field of honor, was awarded posthumously the highest decoration in the gift of Poland and lives forever in our pantheon of heroes.

A Unity Born of Blood

I do not mean to imply that Poland's past has been free from intolerance. What country, for that matter, can show clean hands? Here in the United States, I find your press and public men voicing alarm over the growth of bigotry. Poland, I feel safe in saying, is through with that sort of thing. For five ghastly years, Jews and Christians have fought side by side, and out of the common struggle for a common fatherland has come a new understanding upon which we mean to build nobly. So, under God, will it be with many other sins and failures! How can it be doubted that the blood of millions will wash us clean of narrow, selfish thinking?

Let me now take cognizance of the charge that Poland has offered no effective resistance to German occupation. In view of the record, I brand it as a cruel and monstrous slander. Disarmed at the outset, terrorized and tortured with every circumstance of fiendishness, there has never been a day in five long years that Poland has not waged a desperate and unceasing struggle—pitched battles, sabotage that has destroyed stores, railroads and military concentrations, and the sentences of secret courts that have sent hundreds of Nazi leaders to death. All this, though every single act meant the massacre of hostages or the utter destruction of towns and villages.

Is it without meaning that Poland is the one occupied country which has no quislings, that only a small number of Poles ever collaborated with the Germans, and that these few traitors were quickly executed by our punitive squads? We are also the one occupied country that has had an organized underground from the very first, powerful enough to maintain the nation's morale and at the same time to immobilize an army of 500,000 Germans and some 60,000 Gestapo agents.

The price that we have been called upon to pay for this resistance will give you some idea of the value that Poles place on freedom. More than 5,000,000 of our people have been butchered by the Germans, and more than 2,000,000 have been sent to slave in the labor camps of the Reich. A fifth of our population! Lidice shocked the world, but in Poland 428 towns and villages have been burned to the ground and plowed under. At last count, the inhabitants of 1,080 small communities had either been massacred or deported. And we still fight on, not only at home but abroad!

Do you know that Poland ranks sixth among the United Nations in point of military strength? Not counting the vast numbers engaged in other forms of resistance, our underground army, organized and disciplined, numbers 200,000. That is all we can arm and feed. A Polish armored force of 45,000, re-formed in Scotland, is ready to take part in the invasion of France. A Polish navy helps to patrol the sea lanes and has been highly effective against submarines and even battleships. A Polish air force, more than 12,000 in number, proved itself in the Battle of Britain and again in the conquest of North Africa, bringing down more than its quota of planes.

There are 75,000 Poles in the Mediterranean theater under General Anders, and their record is told in daily communiqués. It was the Polish Second Corps, with its infantry divisions, tank units and artillery, that carried the heights of Monte Cassino after twenty-two days of fierce fighting, and it was the Polish flag that first flew over Monastery Hill. Poles stormed the strategic town of Piedimonte, built on terraces cut out of the mountainsides. Your own General Devers was unstinted in his admiration of Polish achievements, and it was in the name of his king that General Sir Harold Alexander decorated General Anders with the Order of the Bath.

The Boundary Dispute

In view of all this, what more understandable than Poland's shock at being asked to cede forty-five per cent of her territory? How can Poles look on the demand except as a direct contradiction of the cause for which they have been fighting inside and outside of Poland for five long years? Even if the Polish government were willing to agree to any such cession, how would it be possible to convince the people of Poland that the present is the moment for adding to their burden of sacrifice and tragedy?

The origin of the boundary dispute between Poland and Russia? A full explanation, unfortunately, would take days. I think, however, that it will be enough if I start with

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

Raincoats for Propeller Shafts

In tomorrow's ambitious bid for vastly expanding American world trade, ships will play the major part—ships that must go farther and operate more economically than any vessels in history. One long-standing enemy of ship economy is the corrosive action of salt water upon accurate parts, especially on propeller shafts. These are quickly pitted by the water's action, finally weaken and break, causing long delays for costly drydocking. But the war-wise synthetic-rubber men have recently come up with an answer to the problem. Propeller shafts will soon be rubber-coated to last perhaps ten times as long as they do now.

The synthetic covering will be "tailored" to the shaft, then stuck in place by plastic cement. A special heat-curing operation will turn the combination into a "welded" job that will never loosen. Salt water can never reach the steel. The development, already in use in certain types of warships, is an offshoot of the technique for lining plane fuel tanks to stop the leaks caused by bullet holes.

Man Makes Molecule

Quinine has at last been synthesized in the laboratory. After a century of failure, chemists have learned to make a product identical with the drug extracted from cinchona trees of the East Indies. Studying the natural quinine molecule for fourteen months, two young industrial scientists have plotted a path from the simple elements of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen to the extremely complicated compound which is nature's only sure weapon against malaria. Yet, important as the discovery is to doctors, it is vastly more important to scientists as a milestone in man's snail-like progress toward creating his own environment.

The synthesizing chemist begins with a natural substance (rubber, for instance), determines what atoms are present in its molecules and how they are arranged, then actually builds identical molecules from raw materials obtainable anywhere. The enormous difficulty, however, is that nature makes hundreds of thousands of different *arrangements* of the same simple elements, each one becoming a unique substance. Thus the chemist cannot merely shake the right ingredients together and duplicate nature. He must reach down into a world billions of times smaller than himself and fit each infinitesimal piece to its fellows in exactly the same pattern that living plants and trees have required countless ages to evolve.

The complicated quinine synthesis, which also produces quinidine, an important heart drug, is at present purely a laboratory triumph. Its two young discoverers, Robert B. Woodward and William E. Doering, can so far make only tiny quantities at great expense. They doubt whether commercial production will come soon enough to help our fighting men before they snatch the cinchona plantations back from the Japs. Yet their achievement is one of the finest in modern chemistry. Assigned to make quinine, they made it. Tomorrow, they and men like them, guided by their techniques, will learn to set atomic building blocks together into new fuels, plastics, medicines. Eventually they will learn what causes every form of ill health and how to remedy it. Eventually they will discover the chemical nature of living things and improve human characteristics themselves.

Phosphorescent Fantasy

The peculiar and beautiful tendency of certain chemicals to glow in the dark will offer tomorrow's homeowner an entirely new art of decoration. His whole house can be finished in special interior paints that will phosphoresce in the evenings in the fairy colors of living light. Quite apart from the lamps he uses for illumination, these glow effects will help him express his personality or indulge in "mood control."

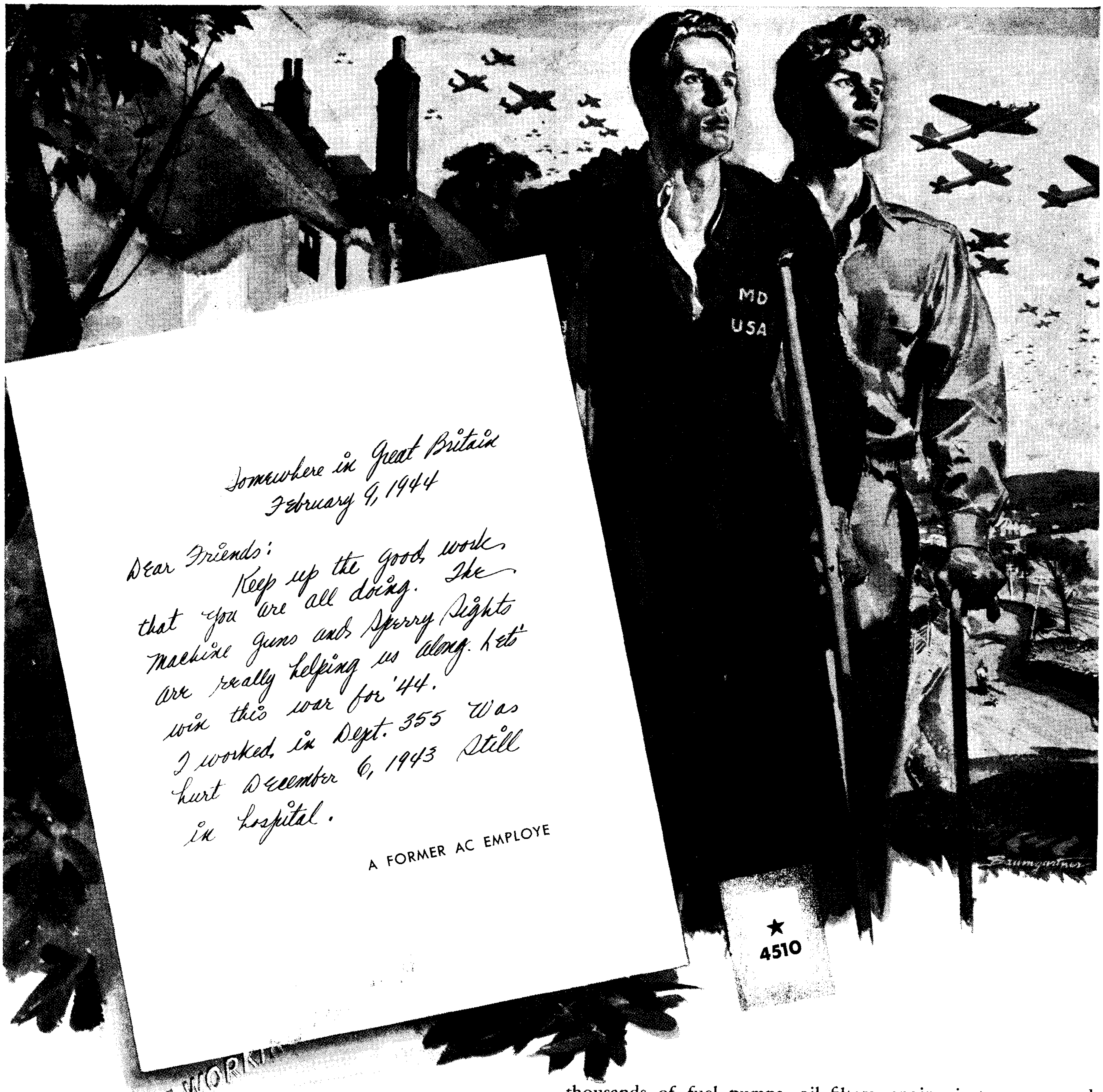
Your walls will be painted with special preparations and excited by ultraviolet lamps concealed around the room. A control panel will enable you to choose shade, intensity and pattern to suit your momentary whim. Press one button, and a whole room will glow pale green for hot summer nights; press another, and you will get a warm orange for cold winter evenings. Blues, yellows, violets will serve for lively parties; a neutral fawn color will be ready for quiet evenings of reading. Or you can sit with the control board in your hand and play a symphony of changing lights of endless variety.

The living-room fireplace, built of granite, will glow a tropical green under special invisible light. A radiator will appear cherry-red and thus look hot as well as be hot. In fabrics for draperies, table linen, and even clothes, fascinating new effects in nascent colors can be obtained by phosphorescent dyes that will gather light during the day and then glow in a range of hues entirely unobtainable by ordinary dyes.

"Creative light" will offer a brand-new art, as variegated as music itself.

Powerful flashlights available tomorrow will contain featherweight storage batteries instead of dry cells. A portable light, weighing under five pounds, will burn steadily for 2,400 hours before it runs down. If the owner ever needs to recharge it, he can do so merely by plugging in a connection to any automobile cigar lighter.

DAVID O. WOODBURY ■



Somewhere in Great Britain
February 9, 1944

Dear Friends:
Keep up the good work that you are all doing. The machine guns and Sperry Sights are really helping us along. Let's win this war for '44.
I worked in Dept. 355 Was hurt December 6, 1943 Still in hospital.

A FORMER AC EMPLOYE

Not all of us are privileged to serve as fighting men. Not all of us can give so much. The men and women of the AC Spark Plug factories know this. So, through steadily rising production of war products, they are trying to be good "team-mates" to the men and women at the front. As this is written, those AC people have produced more than 200,000 caliber .50 Browning machine guns . . . more than 10,000 bombsights . . . millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for bombers and fighters. They have turned out more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots for bombing planes,—and hundreds of thousands of fuel pumps, oil filters, engine instruments, and spark plugs for tanks, "Ducks," jeeps, trucks, landing barges, and boats. The total number of articles AC people are making exceeds four hundred. And the work continues. AC men and women are determined to do their best, so that our fighters will more quickly win—and more quickly come back home.

Every Sunday Afternoon – GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR – *NBC Network*

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Back YOUR [illegible]
BUY MORE [illegible]

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

It is frankly the Nunn-Bush effort to make the finest shoes in the world for men. The measure of quality resulting from this sincere objective should be experienced by every man who likes to wear really fine shoes. Enjoy *Ankle-Fashioning,* the development that gives Nunn-Bush shoes more comfort, makes them hug the heel, snug the ankle, *and give many extra miles of style.*

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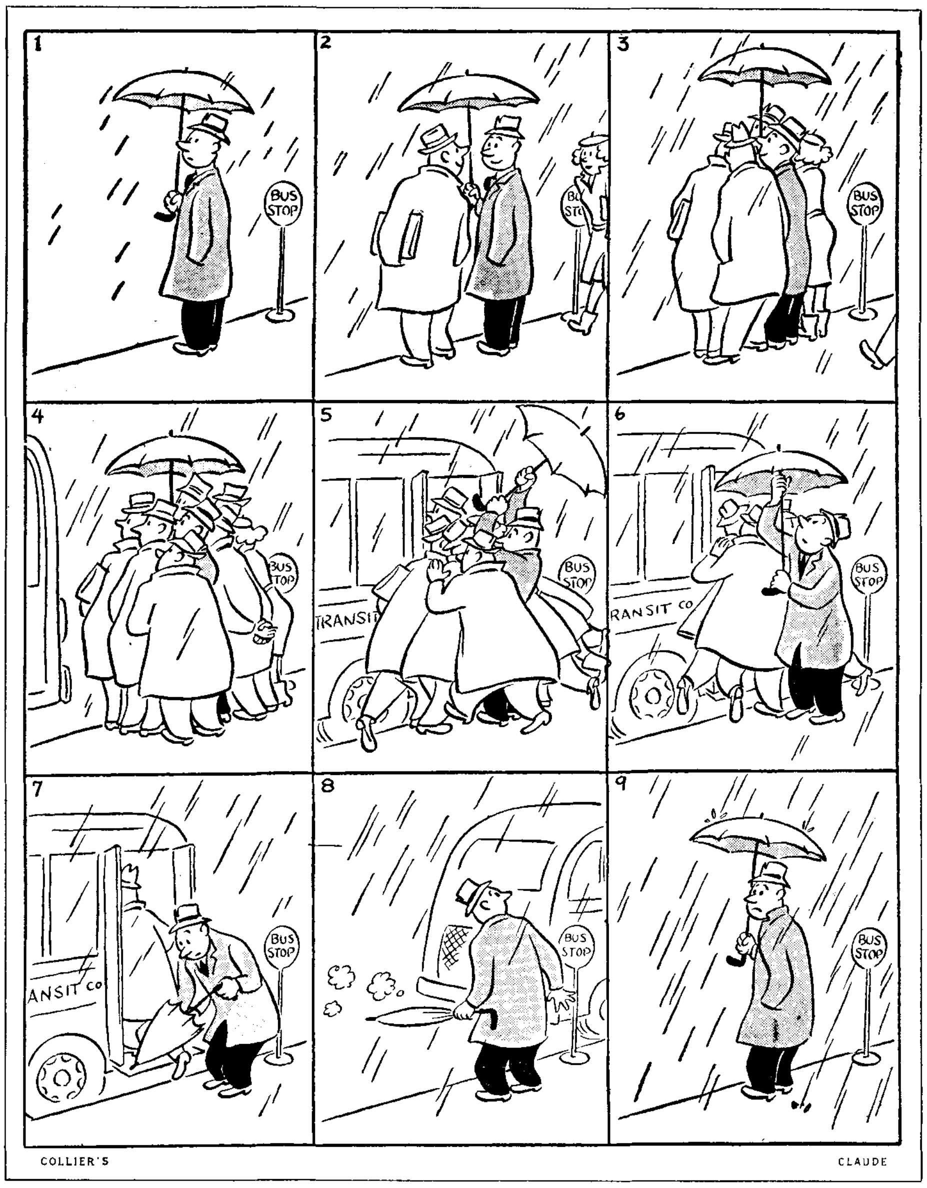


March 18, 1921, when the Treaty of Riga ended the war between Poland and the Soviet Union.

Both countries, exhausted by the struggle, were sincerely eager for a lasting peace, and the conferees exhibited real statesmanship. Russia, in fact, offered more than Poland would accept, and the result was a treaty that Lenin himself called "a voluntary and just agreement that will stand for all time." At a later date, the boundaries were recognized by the League of Nations and every other country in the world. With the frontier question settled, friendly relations ripened to a point where Poland and Russia signed a nonaggression pact in 1932. In 1934, it was prolonged until December 31, 1945, both parties hailing its "beneficial influence on the development of their relations."

Germany was now the one nation that menaced our independence, and it was with anxious eyes that we watched Hitler's progress in megalomania. So things stood until 1938, when we were called on to make a momentous decision. In September of that year, Berlin approached us secretly with the offer of an alliance, promising Poland rich territorial advantages if we joined Germany as her ally against Russia. We refused, even though we knew that German enmity would now be directed against us.

Our fears were soon justified. On August 24, 1939, Germany and Russia signed a nonaggression pact, and with this assurance that he would not have to fight on two fronts, Hitler turned on Poland. On September 1st, at dawn and without warning, his armies crossed the border.

In order to give Germany no possible excuse, Great Britain and France had asked us to delay our mobilization. As a result, we mustered only 31 divisions against 70, one armored division against 15, and 443 planes against 4,320. Nevertheless, we gave battle, and the whole world bears testimony that it was heroic battle. Due to lack of preparedness, our burning cities were beaten into surrender, but recovering from the initial shock, we organized an effective resistance along the marshes of the Polesie and in Galicia. And then, on September 17th, Russia struck at our rear from the east. Caught between two great armies, what had been a gallant stand became a rout.

Thousands were killed or captured, and other thousands fled through mountain passes and escaped to France or else found refuge in caves and forest thickets. On September 28th, acting for their governments, Ribbentrop and Molotov declared that Poland had ceased to exist as a state and divided our land between them. That was when the Polish government and Poland's defenders went underground, following the pattern set by our forefathers in other and equally tragic times.

The terrible months that followed might well have filled Polish hearts with lasting bitterness, but what happened when Hitler, with characteristic treachery, invaded Russia on June 22, 1941? Without hesitation or haggle, Poland held out the hand of friendship, and on July 30th entered into an agreement with the Soviet Union for mutual aid and support.

A New Accord with Russia

As a guarantee of the good relations so happily established, Russia explicitly relinquished all claim to the Polish territory that had been seized. I quote the clause: "The government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics recognizes the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity."

On December 4th of the same year, General Sikorski and Marshal Stalin, "imbued with the spirit of friendly accord," signed a joint declaration that implemented the agreement of July 30th. An amnesty for all prisoners permitted the organization of a Polish army on Russian soil, and along with arrangements for military co-operation, there was a pledge that peacetime relations between the two countries would be based on "neighborly collaboration, friendship and mutual honest observance of the undertakings they have assumed."

Now for the unfortunate and regrettable rupture: In April, 1943, the Berlin radio announced that German troops had discovered a mass cemetery near Smolensk, containing the bodies of 11,000 Polish officers murdered by the Russians. As you can imagine, a wave of anguish swept all Poland. For eighteen months, we had waited for information about these missing thousands, hoping that they were still alive.

In response to an overwhelming popular demand, my government asked the International Red Cross to conduct an investigation for the establishment of responsibility. What other way was there to ascertain the truth? Smolensk was held by the Germans, and neither Poland nor Russia nor any other United Nation could get at the facts. At the same time, we rejected the German charge that the Russians were guilty, reciting many Nazi lies and atrocities to show that their propaganda could not be credited.

Tass, the Soviet official news agency, then issued a statement that the bodies were those of Polish prisoners of war who had been captured by the Red Army in 1939 and massacred by the Germans in the summer of 1941 at the time of the Russian retreat from Smolensk. Poland straightway withdrew its appeal to the International Red Cross, but the Soviet government held to its anger and broke off diplomatic relations.

In January, 1944, when the victorious offensive of the Soviet armies carried them across the Polish-Russian frontier, my government rejoiced at an opportunity to heal the breach. What we proposed, in our declaration of January 5th, was a resumption of conversations with a view to co-ordinated action against the Germans. Our underground army stood ready to strike in the west, disrupting communications and troop movements, and nothing seemed more important than joint agreement on places and timing. This offer, mind you, was made despite definite overtures from Hans Frank, the German governor-general, offering Poland an alliance if we joined in resistance to the Russian advance. When we refused, Himmler himself came to Poland and ordered new and more savage atrocities.

The answer of the Soviet Union, returned on January 11th, not only rejected our proposal, but reopened the whole question of the Russian-Polish frontier. After twenty-three years of acceptance, the Treaty of Riga, so warmly praised by Lenin, was denounced as an "injustice." Moreover, the so-called Curzon line, never considered at any time by either Russia or Poland in any negotiation, was put forward as a proper boundary.

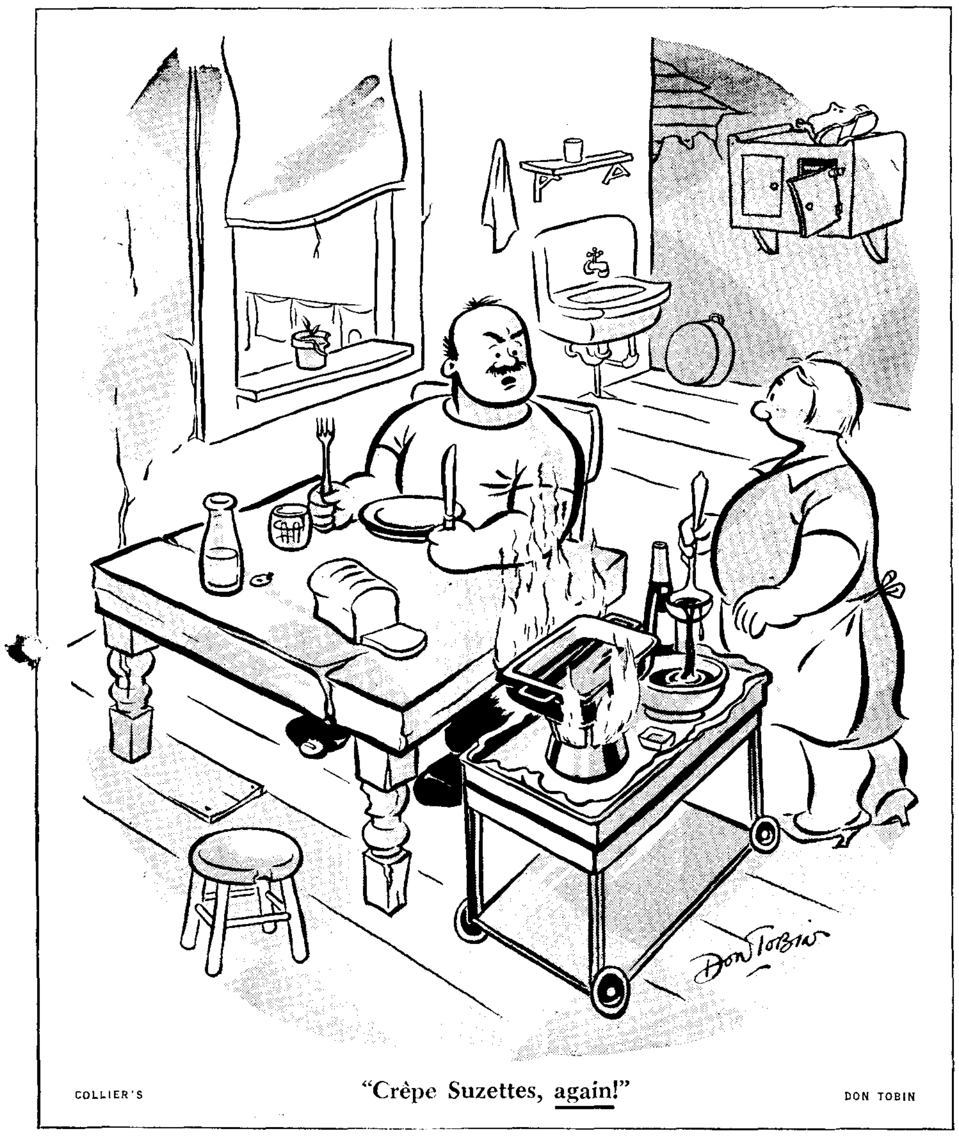
In return for this cession of 45 per cent of our territory, containing a population of more than 11,000,000 Poles, we were to be compensated in the west by the return of "age-old Polish lands taken away from Poland by Germany." My government, unwilling to endanger the complete solidarity of the United Nations, refrained from further public discussion and asked the United States and Great Britain to use their good offices as mediators. The Soviet government charged an attempt to mislead public opinion and rejected mediation as a solution.

Hope for Complete Understanding

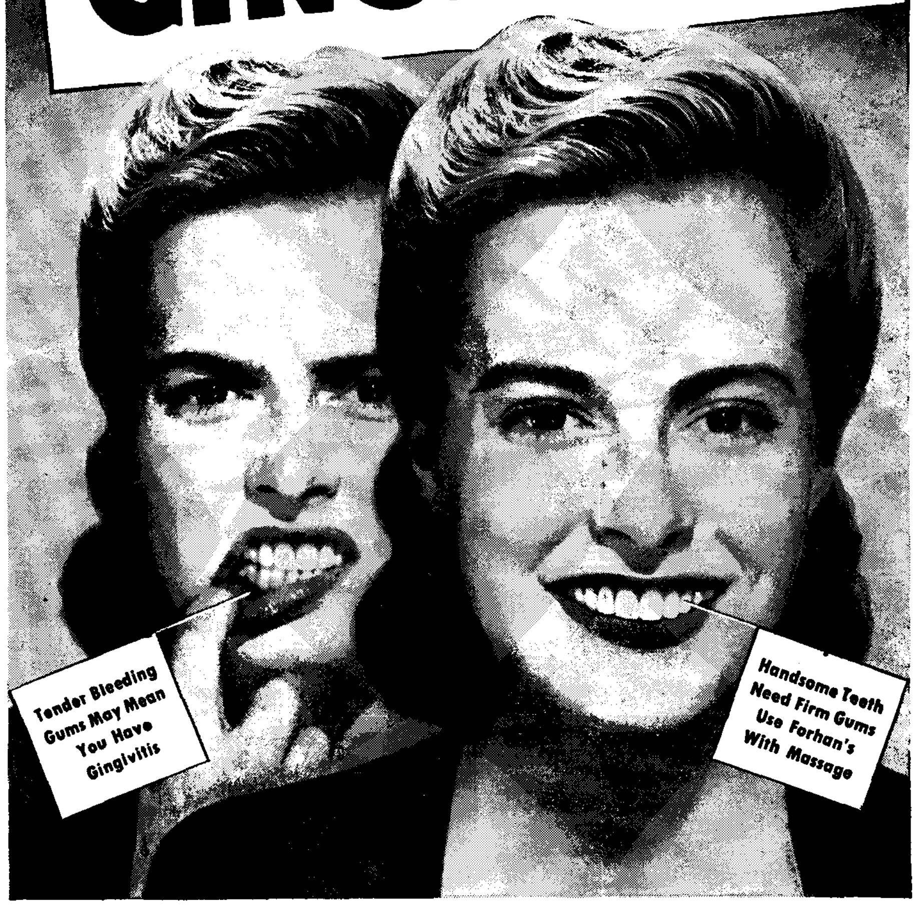
I say again, as I have stated repeatedly, that Poland has no higher hope than an immediate and complete understanding with Russia—an agreement between friendly neighbors that will not only permit full, effective military action against the common enemy, but will also furnish a solid basis for postwar discussions and the just settlement of every dispute. We hold that territorial questions should go over until victory has been won, but even this contention has been put aside in our search for a speedy composition of differences.

Last January, speaking for my government, I suggested agreement on a temporary line of demarcation, without frontier commitment, that would run east of Wilno and east of Lwow. All liberated areas west of the line would be administered by Poles, and all east of it would come under Russian jurisdiction. This offer, which still holds good, would permit complete co-operation between the Polish underground and the Russian advance, and also would lay the foundations for a friendly adjustment of the frontier problem.

My government even reversed its position with respect to collaboration. Convinced that unity of effort between Russians and Poles would shorten the war, we withdrew our insistence on the resumption of diplomatic relations and ordered all our underground forces to come up into the open and



COLLIER'S "Crêpe Suzettes, again!" DON TOBIN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fight side by side with the Soviet armies as they advance in Poland. I submit it as a striking proof of faith and trust, for the disclosure of our underground organization leaves us naked—absolutely naked—to our enemies.

What will postwar Poland be like? That is for the Polish people to decide. The government in London stands pledged to resign on the day that victory has been won, opening the way for democratic elections. The nation itself, therefore, will make decision as to the form of government. Out of my own observations, however, based on intimate political experience, I am willing to prophesy that it will be a *people's* government. The old order has gone never to return.

Hazarding another prophecy, I believe that the people will take a middle road, avoiding extremes. In the elections just before the war, the combined strength of the reactionary Right and the radical Left amounted to no more than 4 per cent of the total vote. In all probability, a balance will be struck between *laissez faire* individualism and rigid collectivism. An increase in the nationalization of natural resources and public utilities is certain, but private ownership will continue to be the basis of our economy. Most of the great estates have already been broken up into small holdings, and the process will be accelerated.

What does Poland want out of victory? A large question, but our answer, fortunately, is already on record. My government has already stated its belief in the necessity of a *united* Europe as a member of a *world organization* pledged to collective security.

This is not as utopian as it sounds. The European nations, as a result of Hitlerism, have developed a community sense and, under wise, strong leadership, can be brought together in some system of federalization. As for the postwar organization of the world as a whole, we believe that it should be based on morality, freedom of man as well as freedom of the state, and international democracy, bulwarked by political and economic collaboration.

This order, of course, should be established and enforced by international institutions and an international force. But—and it is a big but—authority cannot and must not be regarded as the prerogative of a few powerful nations. When Poland speaks of *international* democracy, we mean just that. One table, and not a board in the kitchen for poor relations if and when invited.

A Prophecy of Peace

Strangely enough, considering all the divisive bitternesses that still persist, I am without any very grave misgivings as to the outcome. Is it sensible to believe that governments and peoples are willing to run the risk of another such horror as is now convulsing the world? That they will nourish resentments, haggle over the terms of just settlements, or think in terms of mean advantage when civilization itself hangs in the balance? I know how Poland and the Polish people feel. Short of a surrender of independence, an acceptance of vassalage, we are willing to do *anything* that will lift the threat of recurrent wars and make for the freedom of man.

And now for a last word: Today the peoples of earth are balanced between hope and fear. Hope of a new world order, based on justice, and fear that old habits of thought will keep the dream from coming true. That is why we insist that the so-called "Polish question" is neither local nor minor, but basic with respect to postwar planning.

What was the immediate reason for the war declarations of Great Britain and France but the armed protest of the two democracies against the rape of Poland's sovereignty by Hitler and his barbarians? And what of the Atlantic Charter clause, indorsed by the United Nations as a whole, that there shall be "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned"? There you have solemn pledges that leave no choice except between fulfillment and repudiation.

Full recognition of Poland's rights will give every small nation the heartening assurance that the war aims of the Allies are bedrocked in honor and sincerity. A dismembered Poland, robbed of soil still wet with the blood of butchered millions, will deny that assurance, handing small nations over to distrust and despair.

And there is this point to bear in mind: A free Poland, without festering grievances, can and will make an important contribution to the peace and stability that are Europe's vital needs. A wronged Poland, suffering from a deep conviction of injustice, may be counted on as a continuing source of unrest and instability. This is not a threat in any sense but a plain statement of fact. Look back over history and you will find that while Poland has been swallowed many times, never once has she been *digested.* Four partitions—years of ravage and oppression—could not crush us.

THE END

CIGARETTE MONEY

A PACIFIC ISLAND BASE: At lunch in the destroyer's wardroom, Lieutenant Commander Jack Tucker, the exec, showed me a letter he had received that morning. Under the slogan running across the top of the page, "Make 'Em Pay for Pearl Harbor," the first paragraph read: "On behalf of the employees of this company, we are happy to enclose another check, the tenth, in the amount of $300 for equal distribution of all personnel of your ship for the purchase of cigarettes, candy or whatever else may be obtained through ship's stores, for their comfort and enjoyment."

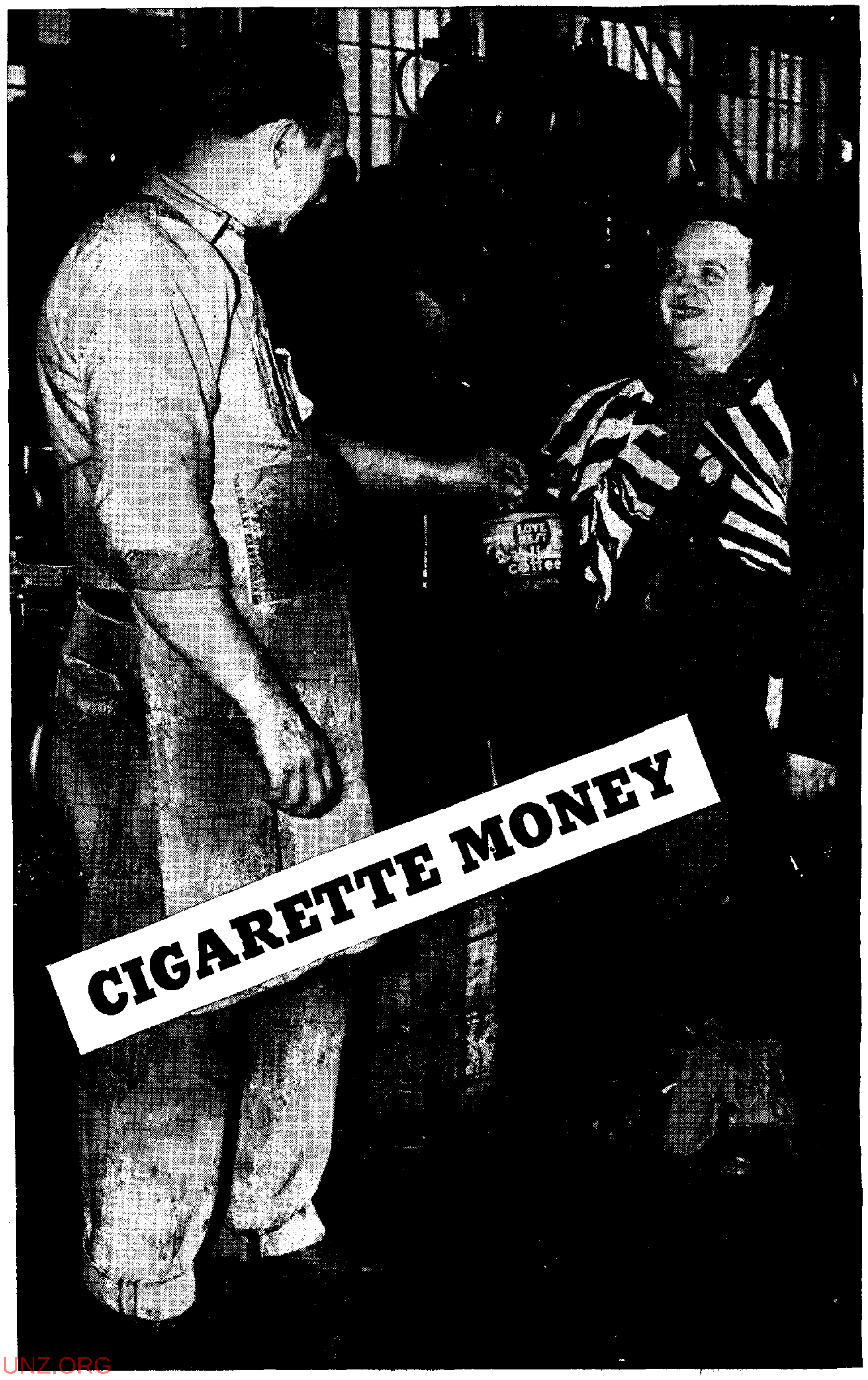
"These letters and checks are regular as clockwork," Jack told me. "Three thousand dollars in less than a year and a half. Boy, I wish all our correspondents were as faithful and as generous as that!"

Nickels, dimes and quarters dropped into coin boxes distributed throughout the yard and shops of Federal Shipbuilding, Kearny, New Jersey, are responsible for the cumulative three grand. This particular destroyer was completed in that yard about eighteen months ago, but the interest of the riveters and welders and shipfitters didn't wane then. They had done their utmost to turn out an efficient fighting ship, and today they are just as much concerned about the welfare and happiness of the men who man it in combat.

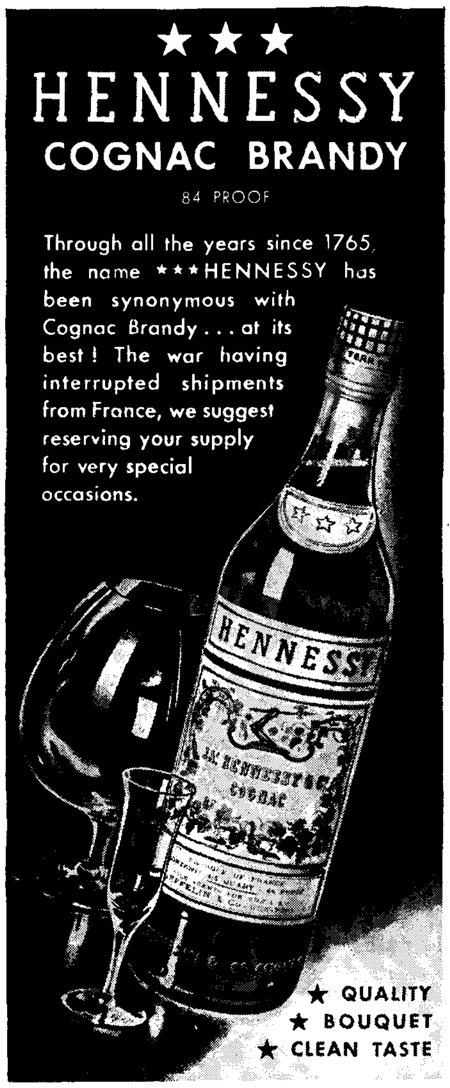
Jack Tucker's ship has not been singled out as a favored beneficiary by the Federal employees. No, every ship born at the Kearny yard is on the check mailing list, and the gratitude of their crews is reflected in the letters they write back to their fairy godparents. To date, the collection from those coin boxes has topped $400,000, folding money enough to make a lot of sailors happy.

"What do we do with the money? We use it for Christmas parties, beer parties ashore, phonograph records, and we help buy correspondence courses for the boys who haven't had too much schooling," Jack reported. "We took a hunk of it recently to buy an ice-cream machine, and now there's ice cream on the ship's menu every other day. Ask any destroyer man what that means to him!"

FRANK D. MORRIS



Once a week Sam Falick of Federal Shipbuilding, Kearny, N. J., dolls himself up and passes the tin can among employees



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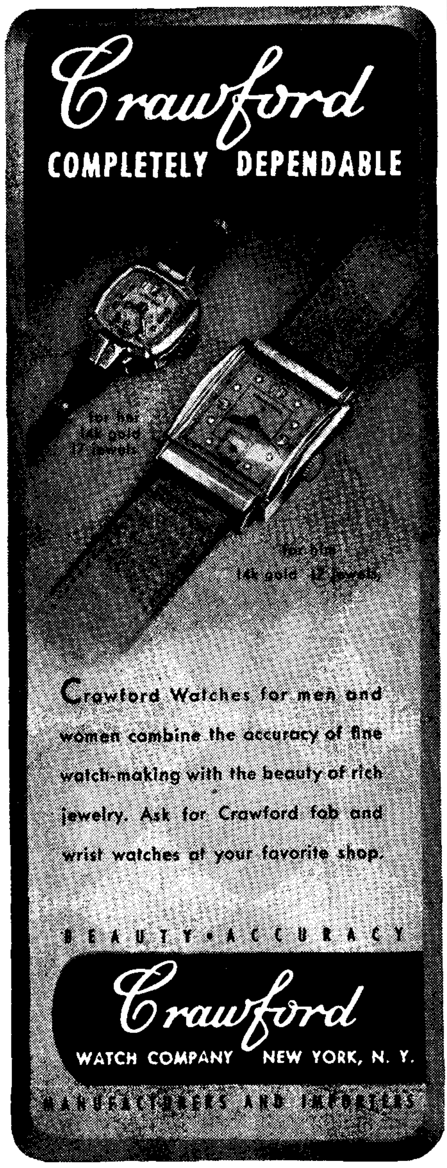

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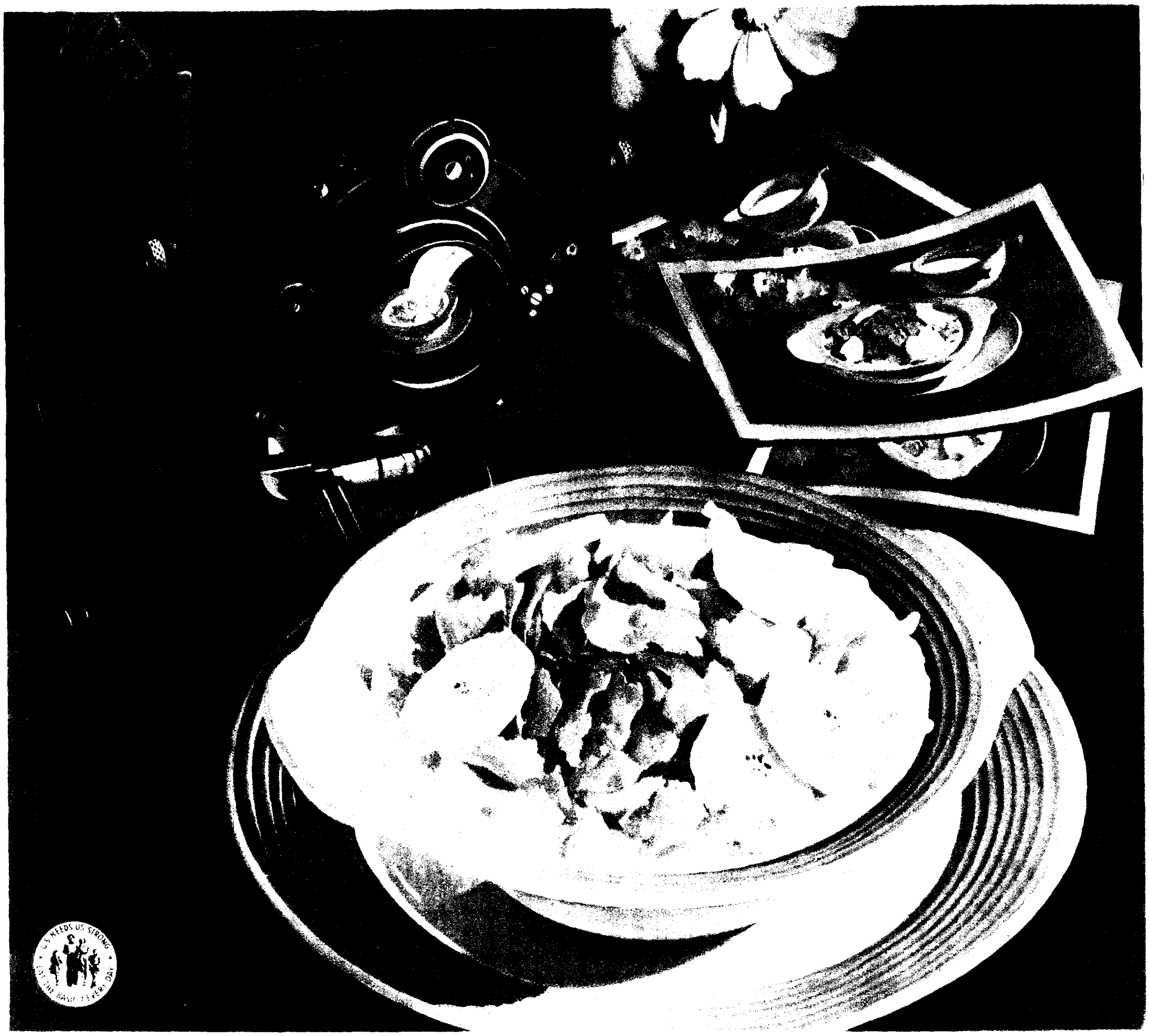

Something the Lens Can't Catch

The color camera can catch all the golden appetite appeal of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crisp and tempting in cool milk and topped with fresh fruit.

But what the lens can't catch—and what so many are not aware of—is how important this delightful cereal is as *food*.

For so skillful are the folks at Battle Creek that every light, tender flake has been made the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

That's something worth keeping in mind next time you're shopping at your grocer's, or at home preparing breakfast for your family. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are good to eat—and good for you, too!

"The Grains are Great Foods"—W.K. Kellogg

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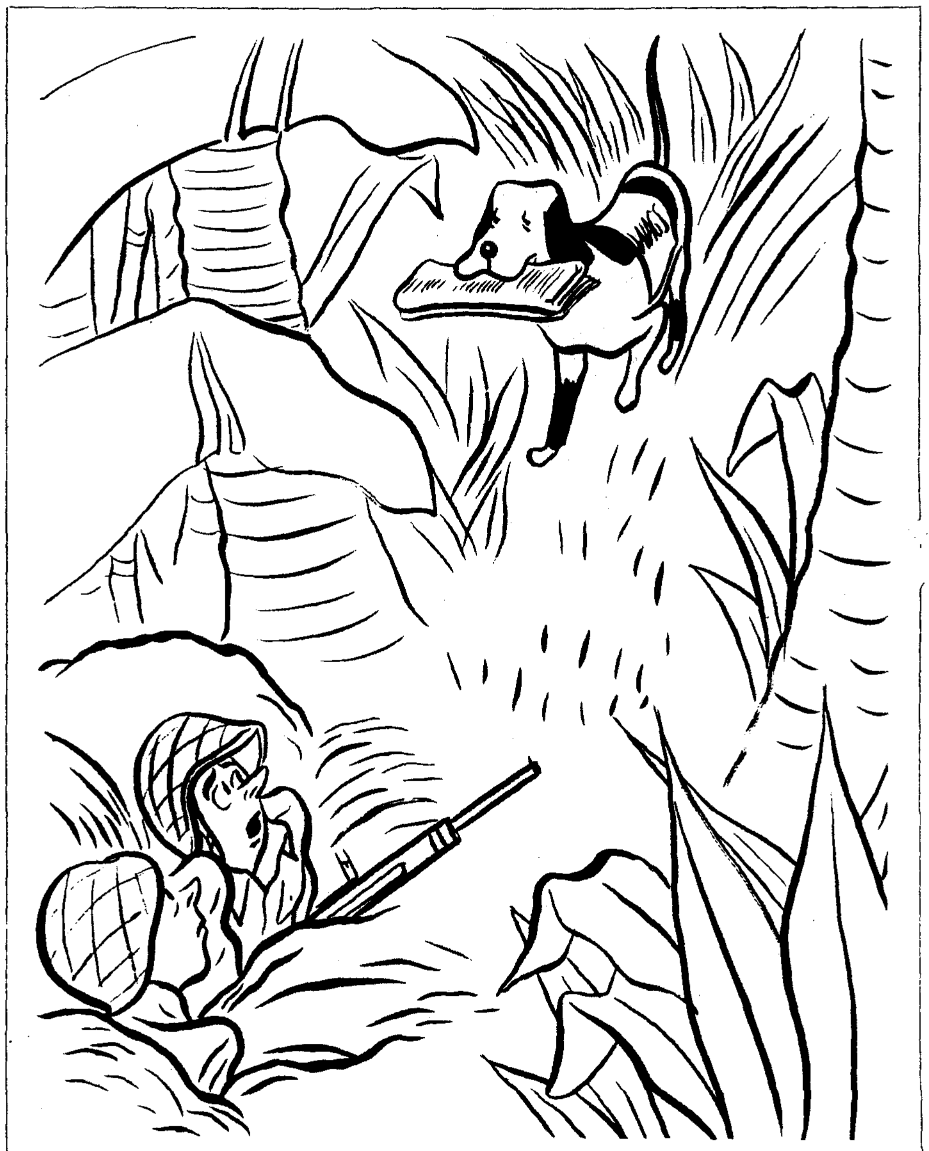


COLLIER'S "Just for a gag I sent him out for the evening paper!" F. WILKINSON

Any Week

Continued from page 4

longed for a change. Wrote he to his commanding general: "Pursuant to authority, etc., etc., it is requested that this officer be transferred to a post in Far Eastern Civil Affairs. It is this officer's opinion that this officer is eminently qualified for this exacting duty. This officer's intense fitness for such duty, complemented by his fine intelligence and his unexcelled equipment, which is far beyond his present grade and age, convinces this officer that it would be in the interests of his country that this officer be appointed at once."

OF COURSE, we don't know what came of this officer's request, but we do know that he has clearly disqualified himself for membership in The Futileers. This occurs to us, because we've just heard from the former Complete High Futility of The Futileers, Colonel Kenneth Littauer who, of course, was automatically retired from the society when he became a member of the United States Army Air Forces. The colonel did not quit his office without protest, saying that a true Futileer could be just as futile in uniform as out of it. Nevertheless, we Futileers may take no chances. In the armed services, a fellow is quite apt to do something that is not truly futile. At any rate, he might try, and that's against the code, no matter how futile the effort or result may be. We have a large membership in Congress, the State Department and other government agencies. We've even got an undercover man in the White House. For all you know, you, too, may be a member. All you are required to be is one hundred per cent futile. We pronounce it fu-tile. Accent on the first syllable.

WE ARE reminded by Mr. Alf McGlone of Sacramento, California, that this is the tenth anniversary of the demise of Mr. "Frozen Phil" McGlone, his father. Frozen Phil McGlone was Champion Hot Coffee Drinker of the World. He dropped dead one night while drinking his twenty-ninth consecutive cup of scalding coffee, having beaten his old record of twenty-seven cups in twenty-two and two-tenths minutes. The elder McGlone left a considerable estate. He ran the coffee bar on the old Sacramento and Northern Railroad ferry. It took the ferry only a few minutes to cross the Sacramento River. Large cups of coffee at Mr. McGlone's bar cost only five cents, but he served it so hot that nobody could touch it in that short ride. So, Mr. McGlone poured the coffee back into the caldron and resold it to the next boatload of passengers who, too, were unable to drink it. And so on to a sizable fortune for Mr. McGlone. Mr. Alf McGlone drinks nothing stronger than rye.

THE newspaper isn't identified, but Mrs. Blossom [illegible]ossier of Cambridge, Ohio, has sent us a notice therefrom, which has it that there would be services at eleven o'clock in the morning and at seven-thirty in the evening at the First Brethren Church and that "the Reverend J. Horace Large will fill the pulpit to capacity." And if you don't believe it, we can show you the clipping.

AND we've just received a manuscript from a gentleman in Columbia, South Carolina. The title is The Japanese Menace. With it comes a letter in which the author writes: "I dare you to print this." Now here's a letter from a gentleman in Lynn, Massachusetts, who, making his annual call on a butterfly shoppe in Boston, was turned away empty-handed. "No new butterflies for the duration," he was told. "Manpower shortage, you know." And we've received a complaint from an American pfc in England. He wants to come home so that he may "meet a few people who aren't Americans.". . . W. D.

Arctic Rendezvous

Continued from page 13

They buy candy, soft drinks (not whisky; American whisky is too weak, they say, nothing but mouthwash) and feminine underwear to take home. They buy perfume, too, but not always to take home; you watch in surprise as a pink-cheeked Russian flier removes his cap and solemnly douses half a bottle of cologne over his hair. An American interpreter with you beckons to him: "Hey, Alex."

Alex bends from the waist, a stiff, quick bow. He is wearing a wide black belt around his buttonless blue tunic, and you note the Hammer and Sickle on the buckle. He has incredibly long dark eyelashes, a dreamy face, a pair of wrestler's enormous mitts; his grip almost wrecks your fingers as it closes on them. He shakes hands gravely.

"Alex doesn't speak English. He's shot down thirty-seven Nazi planes in combat," the interpreter explains. "That's the Order of Lenin he's wearing. Mother and father were both taken hostages and hanged. They took his sister into white slavery in Germany, he hears. How old?" He turns and asks Alex in Russian. "Says he's just eighteen."

They never talk about their combat experiences; they shrug and indicate, conveniently, that they do not speak English. They never mention how long they have been in Alaska, when they will leave, what route they will take; one day the military field is full of ships with Russian Red Stars painted on their fuselages, the next day they are gone, disappearing overnight like a flock of migrating birds. But their eyes light up when they speak of the American planes; then they suddenly find English words to express their enthusiasm.

Their favorite seems to be the P-39, the Bell Airacobra. "Airacobra vaary, vaary gude." They parallel their hands one above the other, swoop and dive them eagerly. "Airacobra more gude than Messerschmitt." The right hand darts ahead, the left hand moves slowly, "More fast." Now the right hand dives suddenly toward the left, the left hand crumples and goes into a spin; they nod. "More *pushka.*" *Pushka* means cannon. "Oh, vaary okay. Okey dokey Coca Cola!"

"Okey dokey Coca Cola" is an expression they all use. An American sentry taught it to them, told them it was a password; for some time they uttered it solemnly to surprised American officers, before they learned it was a gag. Now they grin, and enjoy the joke on themselves.

Our own pilots, with preconceived ideas of surly and bearded Russians straight out of Chekhov, are always surprised to find that these young Soviet fliers have the same sense of humor that we have. It helps when they have to give the Russians transitional training in the new fighter planes they are to fly.

Fitting both instructor and student into a single-seater plane is a problem in itself. The Russian flier slides backward on his stomach into the long narrow space behind the pilot's seat, kicking his chute behind him with his boots as he wriggles aft. His chin rests on the pilot's shoulder as he peers ahead at the instrument board and controls, watching intently all the instructor's motions as they fly.

"Okay?" the pilot-instructor asks, glancing up into the rear-vision mirror.

The Russian flier, his arms around him, his head on the American's shoulder, grins confidently: "Okey dokey Coca Cola. . . ."

There is something significant in the pose. You wonder whether this close co-operation between Russian and American fliers, born of military necessity, is solving something more than a military problem. You wonder whether these airmen of two countries are doing more for international understanding than a million written words.

There are differences, of course. Our fliers, with an American's innate respect for tools and machines, are sometimes shocked by the way the Russians handle our planes, gun the motors, horse the controls, bang them around the sky; but they remember that these are combat pilots, fresh from months of battle, and that they learned flying the hard way.

At least, our pilots have the utmost respect for Russian courage. They tell you of the Soviet flier whose Lend-Lease plane washed out recently on a beach by the Bering Sea. He bent the props back into some kind of shape, took the wreck off, flew it a thousand miles to an inland field, and landed it with his fuel so nearly gone that it ran out of gas as he taxied up the strip. The feat may have been foolhardy, but fliers get a kick out of that kind of thing.

There has been another source of misunderstanding that is clearing up slowly. The Russians insist on checking and rechecking every Lend-Lease plane we deliver, make sure the last bolt is in place and accounted for, enter every complaint on the voluminous gripe sheet, refuse to sign for the plane until it has been tested and is in perfect shape.

American fliers are inclined to feel that this attitude is ungrateful, that the recipients of Lend-Lease supplies are in no position to complain about a gift horse's dental work. But the Russians do not look on these planes as gifts; they consider that they are buying them, and they plan eventually to pay back every last cent. They want to get their money's worth, that's all.

A Mutual Love for Song

They are minor differences, at best; they are forgotten around the piano in the Officers' Club at night. An American ferry pilot sits at the piano, sounding tentative chords while a group of Russian fliers sing one of their own songs. The American pilot follows by ear, gradually masters the melody, plays the accompaniment more confidently, as the Americans and Russians gather closer.

They try a Russian song that our own fliers know: *Otchee Tshorchevá,* or perhaps The Volga Boat Song (that Volga Boat Song is a concession to us, by the way; they never sing it themselves), or Alex gets out his guitar, hums a soft, sad accompaniment to Old Man River.

Or a Russian youngster has a magnificent pair of dress boots, made of white Siberian dogskin; a Yankee flier takes off his shoes and tries in vain to get them on. "Nope," pointing ruefully to his foot, "too big."

They grin, break out paper bags of grapes and apples—sheer luxury in Alaska at fifty below—and sprawl on sofas side by side, practicing each other's languages, laughing aloud at each other's mistakes.

"*Spasibo,* thank you."

"*Tovarisch,* friend."

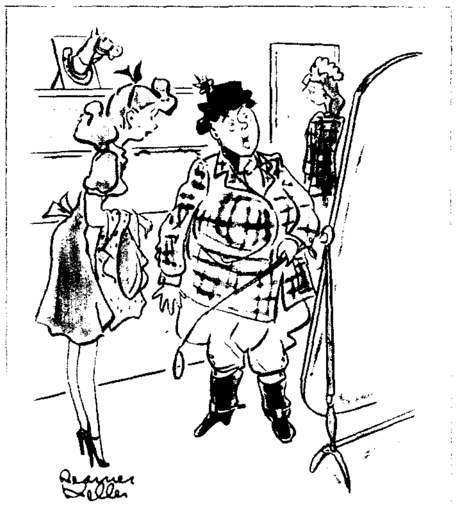
"Here, you write it out for me . . ."

It is a scene unique on American soil; it may be a historic scene. The two countries can never be quite so far apart again, you feel. These fliers are developing more than a northern ferry route for airplanes. They are creating something else; they are sowing the seeds for a permanent understanding.

Around the piano they swap long-stemmed Russian cigarettes; a Russian flier takes out a five-ruble Short Snorter bill, and the Yankee pilot beside him inscribes his name; over on the sofa in the corner, Pietro Dubaviski of Stalingrad is teaching Joe McCarthy of Jersey City. "To-var-reesh. . . . Okay, Pete?"

"Okey dokey Coca Cola. . . ."

THE END



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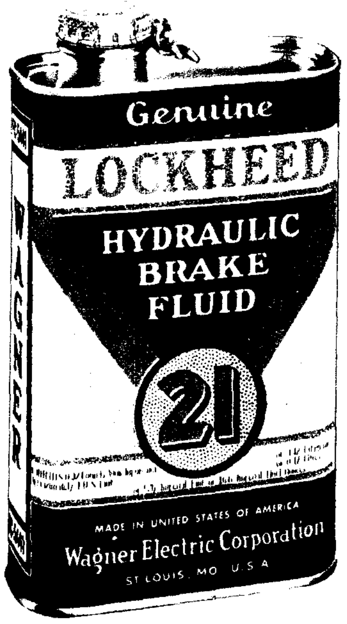

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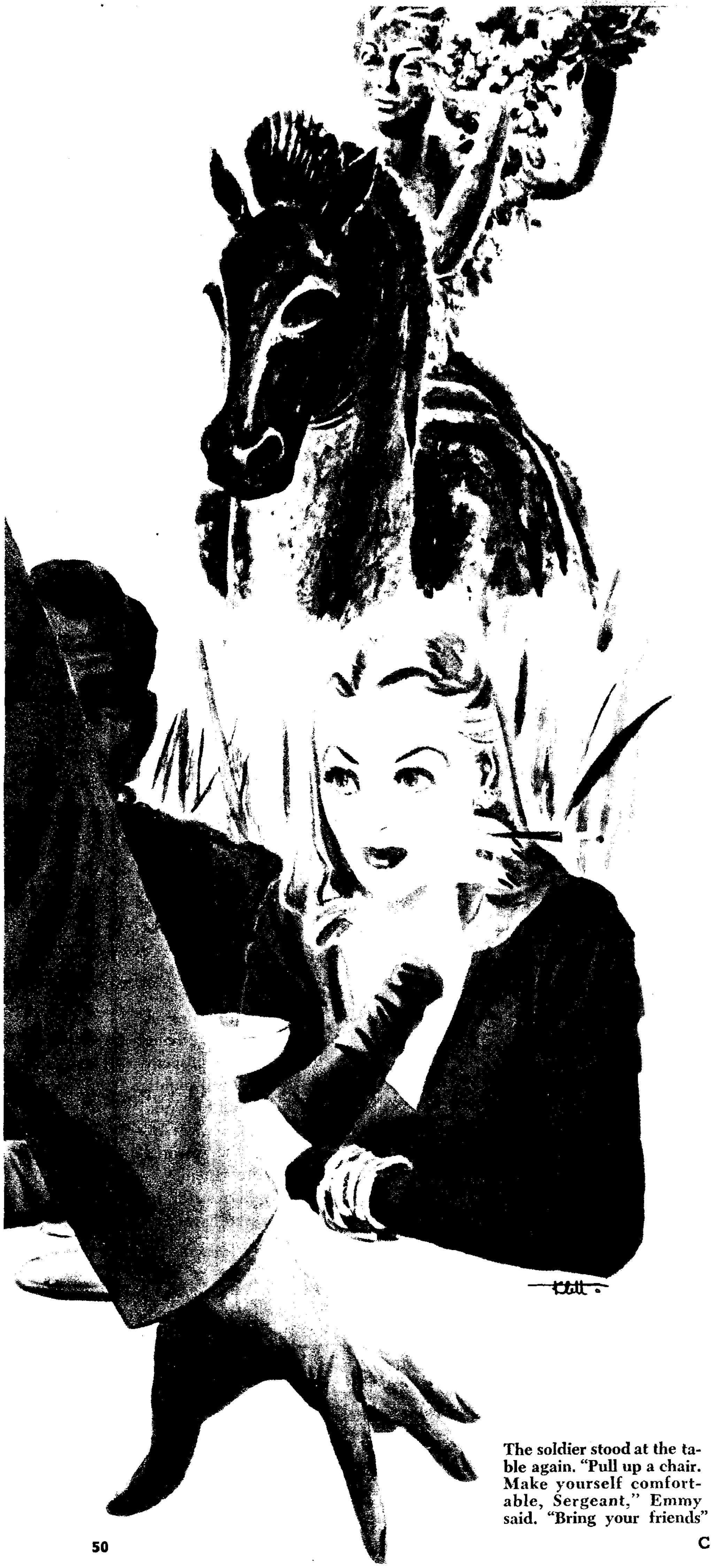


The soldier stood at the table again. "Pull up a chair. Make yourself comfortable, Sergeant," Emmy said. "Bring your friends"

IN THE tight, small, smoky bandbox of a room which they called a night club, the foreign correspondent (world famous, he thought: everybody knows my name and I saw everything happen) was sitting at a table eating pretzels with one hand, holding a drink in the other. The statuesque redhead who sat by his side tapped her cigarette nervously against the black ash tray and watched while the club photographer snapped the picture of a woman two tables away.

"Why do they want her picture?" the redhead said.

"Who?" he said. "Whose picture?"

The redhead pointed her cigarette. He watched intently while the flash bulb flared suddenly white against the lights of the room.

"She's nice," he said. "I approve."

The redhead looked at him sharply and then turned her head away, as a soldier stopped at their table. He stood there politely, just a little drunk, the pink light of the room gracefully matching the campaign ribbons on his tunic, striking gently on the thick, bold stripes of his sergeant's rating.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the soldier said. "I hope you won't mind. I'm curious. Always have been. One fault. What are you, sir?"

"What?" the correspondent said. "What?"

The soldier said patiently, "The uniform. No bars. No stars. No stripes. I give up. What are you? You don't mind my asking, do you, sir?"

"He loves it," the girl said. "Ask him again."

"Oh?" the soldier said. He looked at the two of them. "Sorry."

"It's just that he's on vacation from the war just now," the redhead said. "He's incognito. He's a military secret."

The sergeant started to turn, nodding politely. The reporter said, "Wait a minute, Sergeant. It's all right. I'm Jonas Eldridge."

"A Jonas?" the soldier said.

The reporter nodded gravely: "A Jonas."

"Thank you, sir," the soldier said. He spoke with a flat, middle-western intonation, very pleasant, but just now blurred a little. "I never heard of the rank before."

"No harm," Jonas said.

The sergeant wandered back to the bar and for that moment, watching the shoulders sway, it almost seemed to Jonas that he knew the sergeant; but it was only that in uniform, viewed from the back or faceless in the dark, all sergeants looked alike, all soldiers were the same. Still it might have been; they might have met; there were so many he had seen in so many places.

"So you're a Jonas," the redhead said. "He didn't even know your name. Maybe he doesn't read any of your sixty-four syndicated papers, daily and Sunday."

"Maybe he doesn't," Jonas said mildly; he was still watching the sergeant. "At that, darling, maybe you ought to give up your cherished objection to the movies. He didn't quiver a muscle at the sight of your face. Emmy Calvin, Queen of the Theater, guardian of the flame, equal goddess with Sarah and Minnie, Greta and Katie."

"Stop it, Jo," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Let's stop."

"What's wrong?" she said. "I didn't want it to be this way. I don't know why it is."

"I'm doing the best I can," he said.

"That's sweet of you. That's very sweet of you," she said. "I love your compliments. I paste them up in a scrapbook and then on a rainy day I put them out on the window sill to soak a while. It takes the hard edge off. After a few rains they're almost human."

"Quits, Emmy," he said.

"The toy soldier," she said. "You took your little typewriter and you ran off to the wars. Little Jonas and his secret weapon. Have the Nazis discovered the touch system yet?"

"Yes," he said.

"You didn't have to go," she said. "You've got adipose tissue or something. And you're getting bald. Did you know you're getting bald, darling? You're not as young as you used to be."

"No," he said. "I'm not."

"Why did you come back, then?" she said. "Why did you let me know you were back? Why didn't you sit up in your hotel room with your little typewriter and leave me alone? What did you want with me?"

The soldier was at the table again. He stood very courteously waiting for Jonas to look at him. Then he nodded almost imperceptibly in greeting and said, "I've been thinking it over, sir. Funny town, this. See a lot of things you never saw before. Never saw a Jonas. Just what is a Jonas. I mean if it's not too much trouble to explain."

"No trouble at all," Jonas said.

"Pull up a chair, Sergeant," Emmy said. "Make yourself comfortable. Bring your friends."

Jonas said, "In town alone, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anyone?"

"No, sir."

"No one at all?"

The soldier shrugged: "She disappeared. Just disappeared."

"Can I buy you a drink, Sergeant?"

The sergeant shook his head. "I've got one warming," he said and, remembering then, he walked back to the crowded bar. He stood in a little space, quite alone. He finished his drink and then turned and leaned his back against the bar, half smiling at the swirl of people around him.

Home from the wars, Jonas thought, the soldier is home from the wars. He knew how it was or he thought he knew; he was never quite sure: the dim thought of home always in the mind in all the strange places of the world, crouched in the mud or watching the terrible, graceful loop of a flaming plane as it fell, alive and beautiful, to the final moment of reality and death. Then, in those days and in those places, home was a distant place.

"I'm not boring you," the girl said. "Am I? Just let me know. I can do parlor tricks. Or comedy songs. Or if you want something more dramatic I can run through a little scene. I'm not sure I'm up in all the lines—"

"What lines?" he said.

"My play," she said. "I know you're dying to hear all about it."

"Oh," he said. "A new play?"

"We're in rehearsal. It's a nice play. I like the part. It's a kind of love story."

"That's nice," he said.

"I think that's what the public wants. A love story. That's really the most important thing after all. Love, I mean." For a moment, then, she was almost serious: "Isn't it?"

"Of course," Jonas said.

AT THE bar the soldier began to move. He started toward the door in a slow, patient, even stride. Looking up, Jonas tried to find him but the space at the bar was empty by then. Abruptly, he saw him at the door turning for one last look, a slim, young man with a sergeant's stripes on his sleeve and a thin line of campaign ribbons across his tunic.

Jonas stood up and waved, calling, "Sergeant!"

The redhead said, pulling his sleeve, "For Pete's sake, everybody is looking at you."

At the door, the sergeant had seen him. He grinned and waved back. Still standing, Jonas bent to the girl. He took some bills out of his wallet and laid them on the table.

"Look, darling," he said. "Pay the bill and take a cab home, will you?"

"What do you think you're doing?" she said. "What do you think you're doing?"

"The sergeant's an old friend."

She said angrily, "You never saw him before."

"He doesn't know anybody," Jonas said softly. "He's alone in town."

"What about me?" she said.

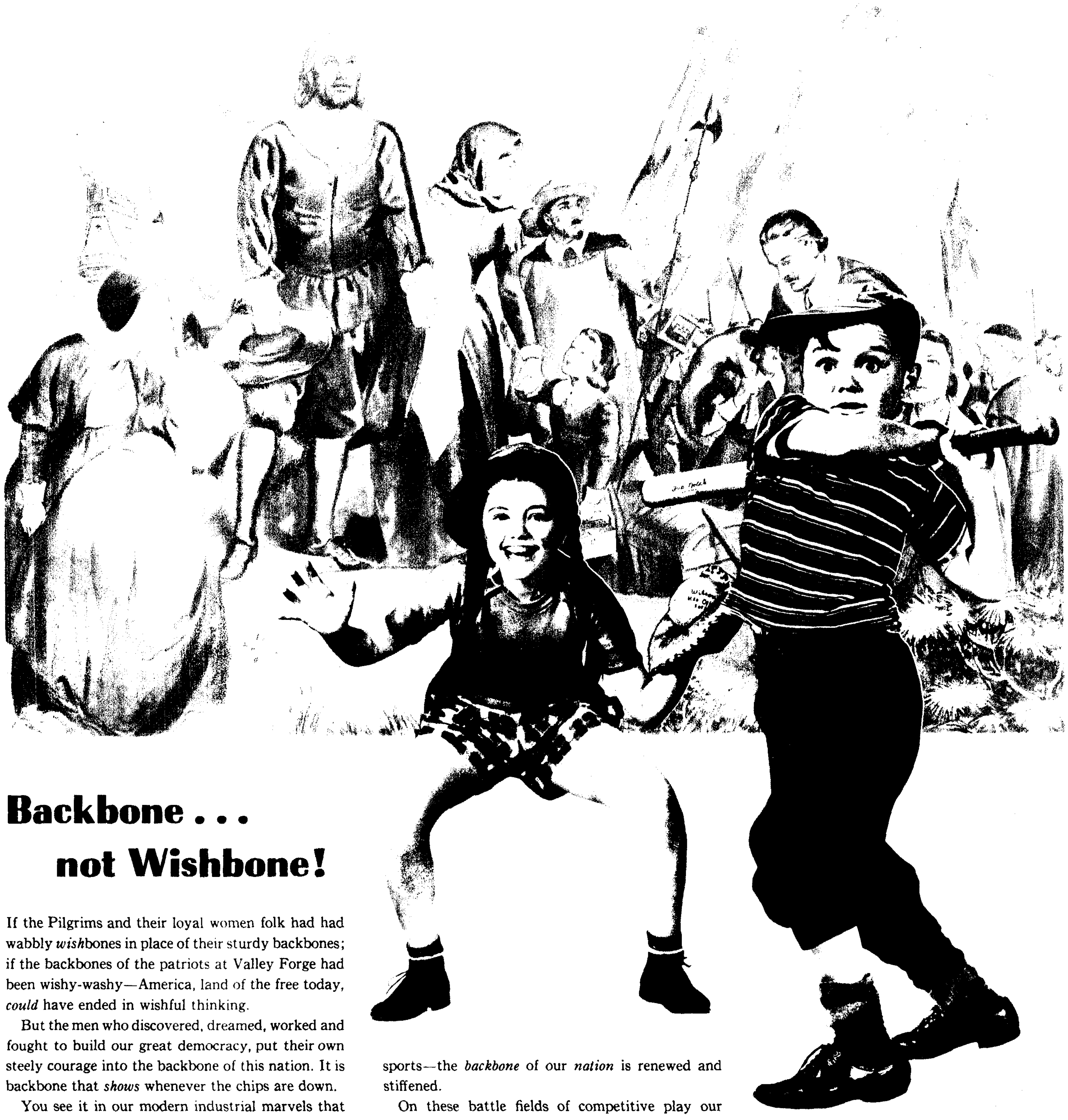
"Have you ever seen them?" Jonas said. "Hitting the beaches? Just before dawn? In the boats? Waiting?"

She wasn't listening. She said virulently, "Go ahead. You'll only get stewed together or something."

"Maybe," Jonas said.

"What am I supposed to do now?" she said. "Give you a big smile and blow a nice kiss to the sergeant?"

And then for the last time, just before he crossed the room to the sergeant to explain to him in detail what a Jonas was, and still speaking softly, he said to her: "Try to understand, darling. Think about it a minute. It's a play about a war and there's this soldier. Do you see? It's a kind of love story. It's just another kind of love story."



Backbone . . .
not Wishbone!

If the Pilgrims and their loyal women folk had had wabbly *wish*bones in place of their sturdy backbones; if the backbones of the patriots at Valley Forge had been wishy-washy—America, land of the free today, *could* have ended in wishful thinking.

But the men who discovered, dreamed, worked and fought to build our great democracy, put their own steely courage into the backbone of this nation. It is backbone that *shows* whenever the chips are down.

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And on these fields is inculcated into their minds and hearts an unrealized appreciation of what it means to live in a *free* America. Try to take this freedom of theirs away from them—this personal privilege to think and dream and do in freedom—to be oneself—to fight for a goal and win it—and that realization will become a living flame. And in this fact is our greatest guarantee that America will continue to be the land of the free.

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The 100 Hours

Continued from page 11

pleasure cruise, and one boy called out, "Maybe the ——— war is over."

We reached the thick of the first arrivals of the Fleet, hurried past the attack transports and, successively, the rows of battleships, cruisers and destroyers that were moving parallel to the shore as they fired. The roar of bombardment was not so cheering when you were so close to it that each blast made your eardrums crack together in the center of your skull. The G.I.s laced, buttoned up, and drifted back to the railing.

We saw the beach vividly now, but because of the weak opposition and because of the absence of the kind of hell we had anticipated, we did not grasp the significance of its litter, its fires, its constant explosions.

The Navy beach party had already set up the large colored indicators that marked the various landing points. We could see ours. It was almost dead center in the zone. As the flagship of our fleet of LSTs and LCIs, we were under orders to anchor off that signal, and the rest of the convoy would take up their line on us.

The beachmaster would instruct us whether to nuzzle the sands to direct unloading or to use our "small craft," the handy little LCV(P)s (Landing Craft Vehicle or Personnel), the jeeps of the sea. Our troops were the first support division for this sector, and we knew they were to push right in.

A U. S. Navy control boat foamed alongside. An officer's megaphoned voice came to us above the wind and the booming gunfire: "Send all your small craft ashore immediately to pick up casualties."

There was a pause that iced the mood of every man aboard. Gone completely now was the pleasure-cruise nonsense.

Our bridge asked: "Shall we send troops in with them?"

"Hell, no!" came the quick retort. "We haven't got all the first bunch ashore yet. There's no room for yours. It's a madhouse in there."

At once, the beach took on a shocking malignity. The truth was the Germans had sprung no secret weapons, no fantastic surprises, but their orthodox defenses had been murderously skillful, their water and shore obstacles in design, profusion, setting and concealment had been fiendishly clever. To sneer at the defenders of this beach, to poke fun at their Atlantic Wall, to tell less than the whole truth of their bravery would only belittle the American, British and Canadian boys who died in defeating them.

An Awareness to Death

Abruptly we understood the spurts of flame on shore and cliff, the swift eruptions of dirty yellow sand and the geysers of surf, the figures running bent over, and the cracklings and shouts. Often in war, your sense of smell has prescience, and the odor of death precedes decay. Mixed with the acridity of burning oil and wood and the fumes of explosives, there was something indefinably loathsome in the air.

I stared through my binoculars at some limp, dark bundles lying a little away from the main activities. In my first casual examination of the beach I had assumed they were part of the debris of defensive obstacles. But they were bodies—American bodies.

By now, you will have had news, in the quick, hard, large sense, of these beaches. But news is only what you know and feel at any given moment. History is the memory of news. Great days like this are timeless. Normandy has become as timeless as Pearl Harbor and Bataan and Chateau-Thierry. On Sunday, June 11th, little more than a hundred hours after H-Hour, General Montgomery, summing up the week, said that the "violence, power and speed of our assault carried us right over the beaches and some miles inland very quickly," except in one special case.

In the exception, a German field division had just been fetched up to one of the beaches where it was the Yanks' fortune to land. It was a good division.

"Very heavy fighting went on," continued General Montgomery, "on the American beach, swaying back and forward. On the evening of D-Day, at that particular beach sector, the leading troops were no more than a hundred yards inland, hanging on by their eyelids."

That particular beach sector is the one you are facing. Here were fought the hardest and grandest first 100 hours in the annals of the U. S. Military Forces, and from this ship you have a panoramic view of the beach and the battle fought here.

We can follow it—if the thought is not irreverent for this human experience—as a football game can be watched from the fifty-yard line.

The Bay of the Seine is about 60 miles wide, and is an arm of the English Channel, indenting the French coast to a depth of 20 miles. It is nearly as regular in shape as an oblong box with two ends and one side. The river Seine empties into its southeast corner at Le Havre. In the southwest corner at Isigny is the mouth of the river Vire. Cherbourg is not on the bay; it is on the English Channel, at the top of the Cotentin Peninsula, which forms the western end of the box.

ANSWERS to ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 34

1. Corporation; corporal. 2. Elevation. 3. Distinguished Service Cross. 4. Nautical. 5. Degree; degrees. 6. Candle power; center of pressure. 7. Auditor. 8. Per cent. 9. January. 10. Securities and Exchange Commission. 11. Battalion; baron. 12. Gymnasium. 13. Commanding officer. 14. Premium. 15. Police department. 16. Per cent. 17. American Military Government. 18. Brothers. 19. Dozen. 20. Association. 21. Collateral. 22. Box. 23. Guaranteed. 24. Encyclopedia. 25. Civil Service Commission.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

The initial assault extended from the Orne roughly 40 miles westward to the Vire, then part way up toward Cherbourg. It was what soldiers call a "dive division front." There were Paratroopers, Airborne Combat Engineers, Royal Marines, Commandos, Rangers and many other specialists, in addition to the line units. By the time you read this, more than a million men, Allied and German, will be fighting on this front alone.

The American sectors were at acute right angles to one another on both sides of the corner of the bay split by the river Vire. Our beach is very gradual, the water shallow with enormous tides of twenty-five feet or more racing over the rocks and mud. The foreshore is duned, with high cliffs immediately beyond it. Occasionally the beach is wide enough for a road and a small one-street fishing or resort village. Access to the fertile countryside beyond is through ravines. It would be difficult to find a tougher place and a worse local climate for an assault.

The meticulousness of the over-all planning of this operation was demonstrated in the selection of the troops by Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery (based on the psychology of national and racial characteristics) for the two jobs involved—of holding and taking. The British, with their tenacity, were best suited to hold off the German Panzers toward the base of the peninsula; the impetuous Canadians to hustle in and worry the German center; the brisk Americans, with their addiction to speed and improvisation, to cope with flooding and similar desperate measures the Germans adopted to slow the dash to Cherbourg.

The blueprint for this invasion was the product of months of arduous work by the keenest brains of the Supreme Command. But there comes an hour when the most paper-perfect plans must be exposed to chance. That is H-Hour, when fighting begins and imponderables rule. That is when war comes down from genius to guts. Knowledge of this is why every commander, no matter how confident of the superiority of his plans and weapons, also wants superiority of numbers.

Sheer force redeems mishaps. Battle has many faces. Confusion is chief of these. If you think of invasion as a massed, stately, controlled forward movement of great ranks, you're wrong. Landing parties quickly break into numerous little gangs of men squirming through obstacles, darting in all directions to cover, infiltrating, getting lost or isolated, killing and being killed, getting behind the enemy but always trying to get off and away from those accursed beaches.

Much had gone according to plan, but many other things had unavoidably and unpredictably gone wrong. Each beach, remember, had many landing points, the outer ones perhaps miles away and with no information of how the others were faring, until consolidation was effected. Thus, at some points, there were heavy losses, and at others they were slight.

This chalk-white young assault engineer corporal, for instance, hit in legs and head, says he is the only survivor of his party. Their landing craft was destroyed by a direct mortar hit. Knocked unconscious, he doesn't know how long he was in the water or how he got ashore.

Spearhead of the Assault

The Combat Engineers were terrific. Their job was to go on the rising tide ahead of the assault troops, pluck out low inshore mines and obstacles, clear paths through the mines, barbed wire and similar obstacles. At this point, however, the scheme broke down. The combat teams following were racked on the obstructions, swamped by heavy seas, and the soldiers were mowed down by enfilading machine guns, 88s and mortars, as they tried to swim or wade in.

One sadly torn outfit lay for hours on a seven-yard-wide beach, hiding behind rocks and debris. Fire came from Germans in caves in the bluffs, out of reach of big naval or air bombardment. To raise a finger was to invite sudden death, yet those kids returned the enemy's fire and gradually organized.

Some crept into plain view of the German marksmen and breached the barbed wire and marked the mines. Finally the remnants rushed half a dozen strong points and wiped them out.

Here is a Ranger from Indiana who actually got his hands on the top edge of the cliff before he was hit and forced to slide down. His mates, as many as were left, climbed to the top and captured the German position that was macerating the beach.

This second lieutenant from Texas has thigh and arm wounds, but the minute the medics finished with him, he came on deck to watch the shore. He points out a little defile where I can see two German pillboxes, one on each side.

"They nailed us to the beach right there, like you'd nail a coon's skin to the barn door," he said. "They knocked out our three tanks, but we hid under them and fired back a long time until some guys managed to crawl under the wire, up the cliffs, down a piece and come on 'em from behind. We were in the second boat. Nobody got out of the first boat.

The Germans held their fire until the ramp opened, and then picked 'em off. We jumped into the water in the shelter of that first boat and sneaked in. Some of us made it okay. Boy! I wish I was still in there!"

Innumerable situations of this sort were overcome by our Navy destroyers which threw shallow water caution to the winds, ran close in until they were sometimes actually bumping over sandbars, and turned themselves into intimate weapons of infantry co-operation, firing point-blank with their 5- and 3-inch guns into the small German holes in the precipices. That was this morning. It was made up of hundreds of such

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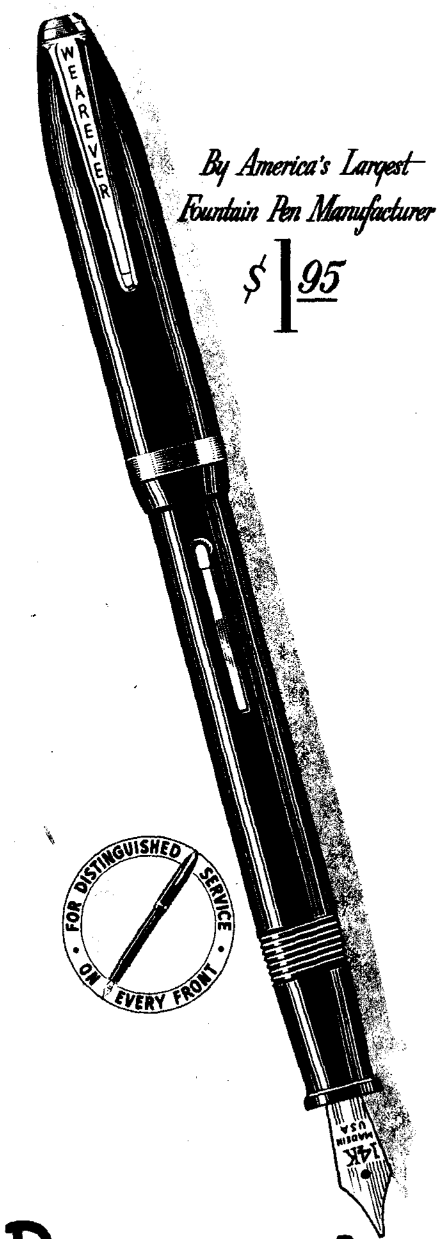

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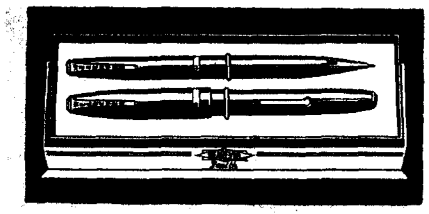

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minor epics which could not have been written into the advance plans.

But now our attention is diverted for a while to the wounded being transferred from the small craft that wobble like empty bottles in the rough waves and bang hard into our side. It's ticklish business, but the crews manage it, with skill and tenderness.

Our G.I.s lean on the railing and stare down. The litter cases are swathed in blankets, soaked with spray, and the waterdrops bead pallid faces and closed eyes. Straps are slipped under the ends of the stretchers which are quickly hoisted, while guide ropes hold the small craft safely off the LST's side. The walking wounded come up ladders assisted from below, seized by ready hands from above. As each is brought over the rail, two of our soldiers take his arms around their shoulders and escort him inside to the dressing stations. They are very careful and solicitous, but they do not say anything to the wounded men. Afterward, they come quietly, pick their rifles and gear and return to the railings to look at the beach.

LSTs are equipped for mercy duty. There are bunks for hundreds of wounded, a fine operating room, and plasma, sulfas, penicillin and all the latest medical stores. Most of the litter cases are taken directly to the operating room below. The wardroom, where we ate and lounged on the journey over, is now a first-aid station where the less serious cases are cared for. The wounded are coming aboard fast. We soon have almost 100.

Every available space is lined with waiting litters. In the corridors, the minor casualties sit on chairs or lie on the floor, shivering in the blankets that are thrown over them. The sour odor of blood and sweat and wet filth hangs like a fog within the ship. Everyone of us who has the slightest knowledge or stomach for it is pressed into service. With knives, we cut off the torn, soaked uniforms and shoes and socks. We remove the temporary bandages, clean the wounds with disinfectants, pick out stuck bits of clothing, sand, grass and sometimes metal.

Some of the kids are quiet, some talk incessantly. Many cry with rage because they have been taken from their units. One Ranger with a mortar-smashed knee says he's going back, and we can't stop him.

For two days and nights, our doctors get little sleep and less food because we have some bad cases, including amputations and chest and abdominal-cavity perforations. One of these is a German corporal. None died before we reached England.

Here was the answer to what makes good the spacious plans of master strategists—the raw flesh of unknown little men.

The Silence of Bravery

Like this Ranger private. A mortar shell had burst in his face. The shock was great, and he was not in pain when we got him. When we lifted the bandages, we found one of his eyes gone. The night before we landed, our doctor felt it necessary to tell him that his eye was gone. In the mass of bandages, we could see only his lips. He asked the doctor to repeat, as if he hadn't understood. Then his lips trembled violently, but he sucked the lower one in and bit it savagely and turned his head aside.

There is the young boy with the gaping thigh. It had been a slim, clean-lined, sturdy thigh. You could picture it in swimming trunks or basketball shorts. Now, you saw the cut muscles and nerves relaxed like spent elastic bands. He will always limp.

Back on deck, you looked more humbly at the fighting on the beach. The Germans had been slugged back from the sea; in some places, barely to the brow of the cliffs, in others, a few hundred feet beyond. The situation had developed into what General Montgomery called the "eyelid hold."

The whole shore in front of the bluffs, spotted with fires and misted by smoke, was a chaos of wreckage and of endless reels of barbed wire and rows of light and heavy posts and other obstructions that must have taken years of the labor of hundreds of men to emplace. Only a few clear alleys were apparent. Here men were landing from the LCIs and moving quickly to the base of the cliffs. Jeeps and Ducks threaded gingerly through the tangle. Engineer demolition squads were touching off enemy mines, or setting their own explosives to blow up tough obstacles.

You could see helmets level with the sand, riflemen in foxholes protecting the workers and arrivals from snipers. Often the helmets would abruptly disappear like scared crabs. A few snipers and machine gunners near by had not yet been flushed. They would fire a couple of rounds or a burst and pull their weapons back, and it was difficult to discover their holes in that pockmarked land.

The mortars were the most perplexing. They had the beach range pat and fired from a little distance inland. They would fire only a few rounds, then before combat teams could find them, or Navy gun spotters get a fix on them, they were gone—swallowed into the earth or hedges, to turn up twenty minutes later, hundreds of yards away.

You watched a truck sheltering under the precipice at a wide part of the strand as it loaded up with wounded. It was hit and blew up. You saw figures tumble out and try to run, but fall, overtaken by the fire that caught the brush. Big, greasy, curiously perfect smoke rings drifted over trucks hit by the enemy. A landing craft, left high by the outgoing tide, was hit. A fat wad of fire-cored black smoke hovered briefly, then began to settle and blow slowly away.

Booby-Trapped Villas

There was a row of large-windowed little châteaux where the *bourgeoisie* of Gautier and Balzac used to spend their holidays. The gardens had precise flower beds. The engineers were in there exploding booby traps.

You learned to distinguish individual sounds such as the crisp exclamations of rifles, the doughy thud of demolitions, the snarls of mortars, the clacking of machine guns, like sticks being drawn swiftly along the fence pickets.

Standing well behind us, the Texas, the Augusta and other warships were pin-pointing German concrete strongholds at either end of the area, and you could see the business of the gun puff and the hit. Sometimes the shells would go directly over our heads. It has been said that they sound, in these circumstances, like express trains. Don't believe it. They sound like a string of slow freight cars loaded with jangling scrap iron which you are sure is going to fall on you.

Incredibly, on the nearest bluff to our left, bulldozers appeared in the evening and began to work. All next day was like a repeat run of the same film—low skies and rough seas but men and vehicles going stubbornly ashore, passing the wounded from the cliff and beach, coming out to the ships. In midafternoon our LSTs' side plates rattled from near-misses. They were shells from a heavy mortar, and whether it was bracketing us or some other target, we didn't wait to find out, but hauled anchor and high-tailed it seaward.

Just before dark, the Germans began to shell a cliff-top village. They must have caught some of our dumps because, from our new anchorage two miles away, we saw vast explosions, and the village burned long into the night. In the morning we came inshore again, and the houses were blackened and roofless.

All day we watched our men running from their landing craft to the cliff base, then plodding up the trails in the ravines in scattered, weaving, endless lines—moving forward, always moving forward. In the end, this beachhead was taken by our troops working their way around and coming on it from behind. It never fell to frontal attack.

Each night, hell rose from the depths and shattered into a million hot brilliant fragments over bay and beach. The Luftwaffe gambled under cover of darkness and thick clouds to give us real workouts. Allied planes, meanwhile, went inland and returned the German compliments.

We had the unique experience of watching two opposing air forces simultaneously at work on each other's ground forces. Rumblings and flare-ups beyond the shore contours gave proof that our lads were there. But the "bombs bursting in air and the rockets' red glare" right overhead were a different and most disagreeable matter.

In the "junior blitz" in London last winter

I had seen the famous barrage with spent flak pattering on roofs and streets like a deluge of dry rain. The modern London defense is immeasurably stronger than it was in the original 1940 blitz. Yet recollection of it was midgeted by this inferno. When our ships' guns joined action, you just hung onto your ears and could not talk even by shouting.

The Germans struck. Gunfire swept in waves up and down the bay following them. Spray from bombs and flak splashes brushed your face and the impact of near-misses lifted your heels. A series of direct hits "walked" straight up the beach, and a few minutes later another train went in the opposite direction. The cliffs stood out like ghostly cameos. A balloon was hit and burned. Then another. Our jubilant gunners mistook them at first for planes.

Finally a plane was hit. A patch of cloud seemed to ignite, and the burning plane spiraled out of it and down to the sea. A second and a third were caught, but the Germans still buzzed around. Scores of searchlights gave the bottom of the solid clouds the color of damp plaster, and you seemed enclosed under a ceiling that was held up by the countless flaming spears of tracers and rockets.

A couple of miles away, a whole ship suddenly began to glow in pulsing incandescence, like a fiery skeleton in an old-fashioned Fourth of July set piece. We thought it might be illumination from burning oil on the water, but it remained a mystery, for our interest shifted to a German plane that fell on the water, sizzled and twisted and sparkled there like a pin wheel.

You gave up trying to sleep against the persistence of the ship's alarm klaxon. I shared a tiny cabin with three young ensigns, Fred Beattie of Warwick, New York; Bert Tunnell of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; and John Young of Raleigh, North Carolina. Between attacks, dead-fagged from long hours, they tried to snatch a wink, taking off their shoes, nothing else. Young even wore his helmet. No sooner had they dropped off than "General Quarters" went again. Three sleep-doped youngsters landed in the middle of the floor together, all three trying to pull on the same one shoe, all three getting stuck in the door as they dashed out together. You followed them and felt they were pretty wonderful and that America was pretty wonderful having their like.

One impression that will always endure of those hours off bloody Normandy is how seldom we saw a smile or heard a laugh.

I remember only two small breaks in the general somberness that hushed us from the moment that first control boat came alongside. One concerned the hunger for news. There we were making news—and wondering about it. War's eternal irony: The closer you are to the fighting, the less you know what it's all about and how it's going.

Our ship's radio facilities were engaged in official business, but whenever possible the sailors would pick up news broadcasts. They piped these through the public-address system. The first attempt, on D-Day, was a flop—minutes of teeth-grinding shrieks, at the end of which an invisible sailor's voice announced disgustedly, "Interference by courtesy of that —— Hitler."

Circumstances for the next attempt seemed more promising. But whatever the cause, instead of news there blared out through the decks and bay, amid the racket of naval guns and shore firing, a female voice chanting instructions and numbers for musical setting-up exercises. The men dressed and waiting for battle really howled.

The other laugh came incongruously in the wardroom dressing station. We had wounded boys on each of the three dining tables. Everybody was helping. The ship's chief engineer, the assistant chief and a couple of ensigns joined in. Old regular Navy hands up from the ranks knew this first-aid stuff.

One was the kind of seagoing character you read about in naval fiction and sometimes actually meet in the Navy—powerful, square-rigged, keg-fisted, belligerent-looking, but secretly lamblike. He happened to have a lot of big wrenches and other engine-room tools with him and he laid these on a chair beside the table as he attended one boy. The soldier fortunately was not badly hurt—a superficial wound in his sitdown—but he was dazed by blast, shock and immersion. He could not see his wound or know how bad it was, but he turned his head to look up and say, "Thanks, Doc."

"I'm not the doc, son," the honest salt explained. "I'm the engineer."

At that instant, the boy's eyes fell upon the formidable chairful of tools. "Good God!" he said, and fainted dead away.

When Victory Becomes a Fact

There is a moment when a beachhead becomes a front. It is an elusive moment. It is a moment for which your heart is a more credible witness than your mind. You can't always spot it with your finger on the map in the Commanding General's headquarters.

Perhaps our Supreme Command would not consider this a beachhead until Cherbourg and Caen were taken, and maybe other great events had occurred elsewhere. We didn't know. All we knew as we left the beach to speed our wounded back to England was a feeling in our hearts that the "eyelid" had become a hard, firm grip on the enemy's hair. It had become a front.

The last thing on the beach I had seen as we sailed away in the dusk was a huge Sherman tank moving inland. On its side was painted the Stars and Stripes. In the Bay of the Seine that night, the flag of the Texas suddenly was illuminated by a flaming salvo from her batteries.

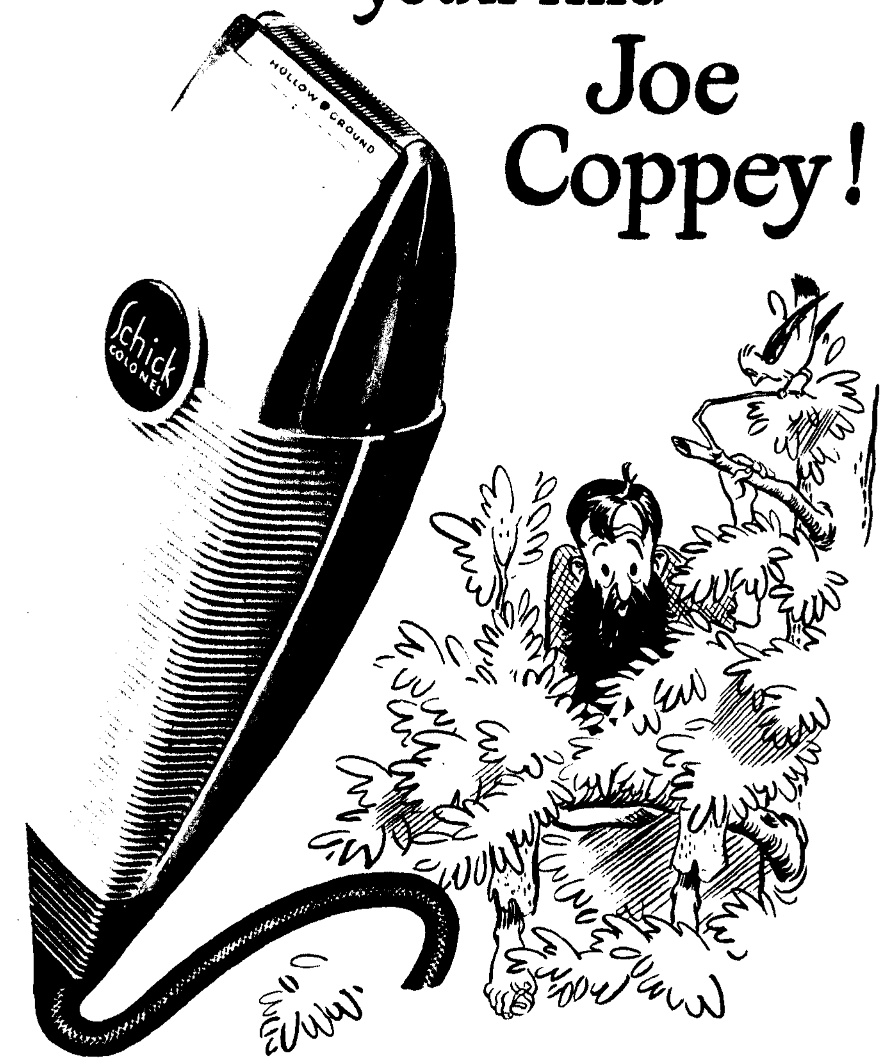
Neither greater victories nor brief defeats, distance nor the passing of years, neither confusions of history nor treacheries of politics, can ever rob the luster of those supreme hours of American valor. It was because of the American boys on that particular beach—youngsters whose racial origins Francis Scott Key in his limited day might not have even been able to guess.

THE END

JUPITER ARMS

COLLIER'S

GEORGE LICHTY



Behind that camouflage you'll find Joe Coppey!

YES, poor Joe is in hiding! Ever since he broke his Schick Electric Shaver he's taken refuge behind a beard rather than go back to scrape-and-pull shaving methods. He says he'll come out when he can buy a *new* Schick and again get those marvelously smooth, quick, clean shaves. But that won't be till after Victory, for our plant's too busy with war work now to build shavers.

If you should damage *your* Schick—take this tip: At any of the offices listed below, you can get expert repair service and genuine Schick renewal parts. For only $3.00* you can even get a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head!

In any case, we suggest you take or mail your Schick in—now—for a check-up job of cleaning, lubricating and adjusting. The charge will be but a trifle!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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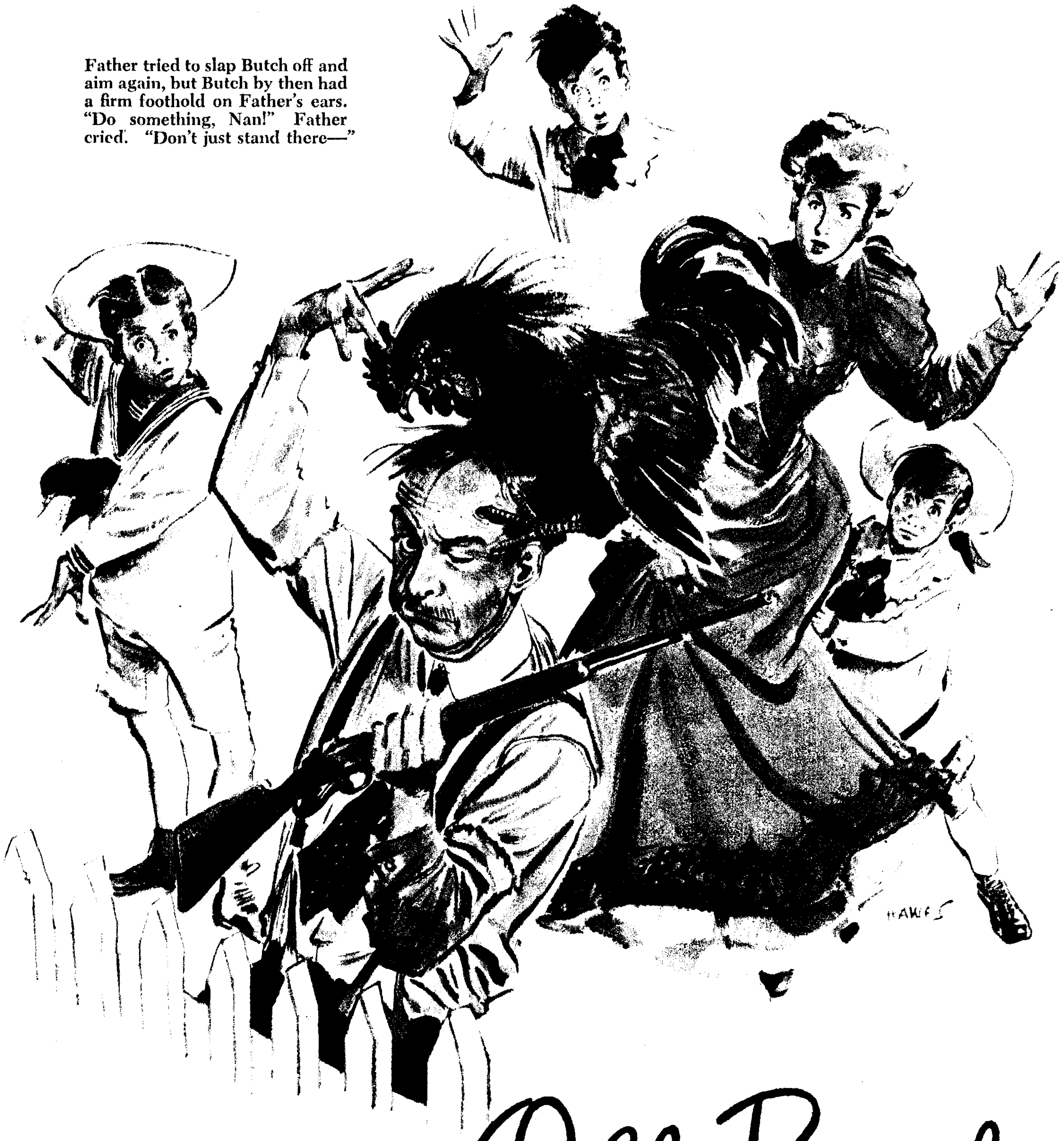


Father tried to slap Butch off and aim again, but Butch by then had a firm foothold on Father's ears. "Do something, Nan!" Father cried. "Don't just stand there—"

Old Butch

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Father didn't have much use for Butch, Mother's Rhode Island Red rooster, and Butch didn't have much use for Father. But the three of them got mixed up with a gamecock, a screech owl, a shotgun and a lawsuit—and the result was hilarious confusion

WHEN it comes to the female of the species," said my father in his legalistic way of putting things, "there's no fool like a young fool, except an old fool."

He was talking about Butch. Of course, Butch wasn't given to philosophy, but after that business of the screech owl, he probably agreed.

The reason for Butch, my mother always contended, was that you had to have a rooster if you wanted eggs that would hatch, but Butch never considered his job so unromantically. More than any other rooster I ever saw, he was the dominant male, a whopping big Rhode Island Red with a lecherous glint in his eyes and a battle-tattered comb. He always looked as if he'd had one beer too much, and though at heart I think he was a kindly soul, those red feathers up around his thick neck, like a red jersey, made him appear so tough that he felt compelled to act the part. Nobody ever went into his henyard without a challenge. It was just a formality. He only wanted the ladies to admire his dash and pepper, and if my father could have spared his pride, none of this would have happened. But after that Saturday night of the screech owl, Father wasn't feeling considerate.

Screech owls are bad luck, and this one sounded worse, for he had that habit of coming in close to the house and perching on the eaves, where he was hard to see at night, and letting go with that infernal half scream that sent goose bumps marching up our spines. He picked out the honeysuckle vine outside my mother's and my father's bedroom window to do his screeching in, and all that Saturday night we three boys, in bed upstairs, heard Father banging on the window, trying to scare him away. Each time he banged, there came a silence while we waited, and then we could hear Father going back to bed, dropping his slippers and whispering, and then more silence until, just as we were dropping off to sleep again—Whreeeeeeee! By morning we were suffering from screech-owl shock.

That morning, Mother finally got us boys into our white suits and white stockings for Sunday school, and when we reached the breakfast table, Father was sitting there, eating his mackerel and grits. He looked tired. We were keen at moods, and this one wasn't to be trifled with.

"If he's there tonight, I'm going to take a shot at him," he announced.

"Now, John," Mother said, "you just leave those guns alone. I'm not going to have any Daniel Boones in my bedroom."

We looked at Father, hoping he would argue, because we'd heard a lot about his shooting as a boy on that tobacco farm in Kentucky. But he went on with his mackerel and grits and said nothing.

After Sunday school, Mother went out to the henyard to feed some cockerels she was fattening, and she came back looking excited.

"John," she said, "that screech owl's in the bridal-wreath bush in Tom Jenkins' yard."

My father dropped the funny papers and started up. It was a call to arms. It was exactly like Paul Revere galloping around Massachusetts shouting, "The British are coming." My father cleared his throat and said, "Go get my rifle, Nan."

"I think if you'd just throw something at him," Mother temporized. "A shot will scare my chickens, and, besides, the boys—"

"Great Scott, Nan!" Father exploded. "I know how to shoot. I was death on squirrels around Hopkinsville, and, anyway, I can't miss another night's sleep. I've got to work tomorrow."

That settled it, that squirrels-around-Hopkinsville remark. When Father got to remembering what he used to do around Hopkinsville, Mother always gave up. She brought the rifle from the attic and out we trooped. The bridal-wreath bush was behind the pens next door where Mr. Tom Jenkins kept his gamecocks, and we were almost to the fence, strung out in Indian file with Father in front, when Butch saw us. He came up with that burly, blustering waddle that was supposed to be intimidating, but Father, intent on his hunting, gave him an absent-minded kick that lifted him a dozen feet. Butch landed on his head, rolled over twice and then got up and just stood there, leering drunkenly at us. I heard Mother gasp.

"Old fool," Father muttered and snaked toward the fence.

THE screech owl, of course, couldn't see well in daylight. He was roosting in the bridal-wreath bush with his head cocked sideways, blinking his enormous eyes at us, trying to figure out what kind of goings-on this was. Father squatted down, then poked the rifle through the slats in Mr. Tom Jenkins fence. It made a scratching sound. The screech owl fidgeted out on a twig. It was touch and go, and we were frozen there, holding our breaths, when Butch came whirling hell-for-leather from behind and climbed Father's back.

It confused Father. He was expecting action on the other front, and here he was, taken from the rear and squatting down at that, with one hand tied up with his rifle. He tried to slap Butch off and aim again, but Butch by then had a firm foothold on Father's ears.

"Do something, Nan!" Father cried. "Don't just stand there—"

At that, the screech owl started floundering off. Father had to make a quick decision. He dropped back on his knees, swung the rifle and fired. There was a squawk.

"Got him!" Father yelled triumphantly and then he dropped the rifle and brushed Butch off his head and aimed his foot and kicked the daylights out of him. When Butch got up he limped away, reeling around in circles. Mother ran to him.

"Of all the crazy things to do," she cried. "Oh, Butch—poor old Butch. You've broken his leg, John."

"Now, Nan," Father said, trying to be dignified, "his leg's not broken or he wouldn't walk on it. And he was scratching out my eyes."

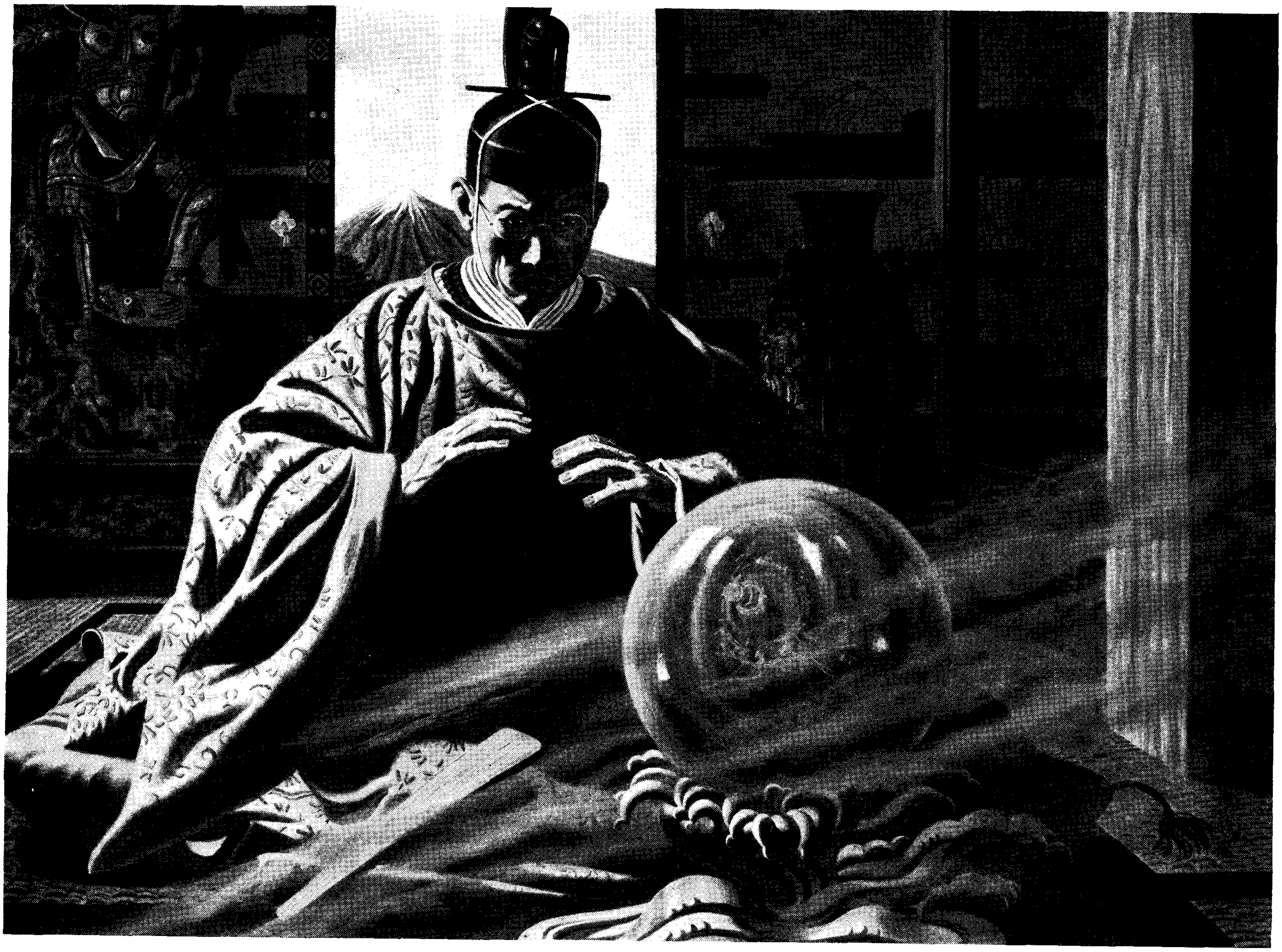
"I certainly don't blame him for that," Mother said. "All he was trying to do was protect his hens. Poor old Butch—why didn't you just shoot him?"

"Because I was aiming at the screech owl," Father said, and that was when Mr. Tom Jenkins came running up. He was a short man, red-faced and bald, and like my father he was a lawyer. He knelt beside his gamecock pens and then bounced up, his face getting redder, and bustled to the fence.

"See here, John," he said, "would you mind telling me why you shot Taliaferro's Tornado?"

Father sensed something wrong and shoved the rifle into my brother Henry's hands. "Shot who, Tom?" he asked.

"Just who I said. You deliberately shot Taliaferro's Tornado a minute ago and you



The Omen...

To the heart of Japan from our nearest major air base is 1,500 miles. Block-busters weigh up to six tons — a dozen machine guns with ammunition weigh 3,500 pounds — 4,000 gallons of gasoline weigh 12 tons. Add up such facts as these and it is evident that to break down the barriers of distance behind which Tokyo lies hidden, one thing is essential — brute power. That power is now in action in the most concentrated form ever produced — an ominous power that holds particular foreboding for Japan . . .

Not even the Emperor's crystal gazers saw this one coming.

It is the most powerful airplane engine in production — an 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone that packs 2,200 horsepower into a diameter of only 55 inches.

Making possible the new Boeing Superfortress which strikes with more than twice the range of our heaviest previous bombers, power such as this means still greater superiority in the air for the men who fly against the enemy.

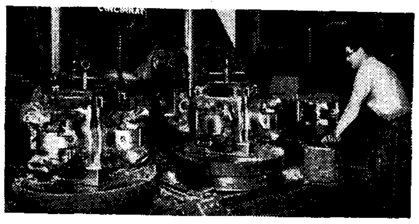
Thousands of men and women are busy night and day turning out this new engine power. Working as a fast, highly skilled production team, they are playing a major part in speeding the end of the war, and enlarging the whole future that lies ahead for America's returning men of the air.

Then, the whole vast energy of American aviation can become a force for good . . . The need is here. The plants are here. The skills of 5,000,000 flyers and trained workers are here.

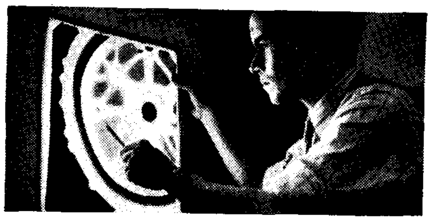
But many problems must be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action outside the aviation industry as well as in: Problems of reconversion and finance — of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security — of the distribution of surplus military aircraft, and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

The solution of those problems depends upon all of us in America, not alone upon those of us who build air power!

Look to the Sky, America!



This intricate machine tool cuts the fins in forged cylinder heads for Wright Cyclones. This process is typical of the many operations that have made possible the mass production of the 2,200 horsepower Cyclones.



Protecting our flyers against engine failure resulting from hidden sub-surface defects, the X-ray inspection shown here is only one of more than 50 thousand inspections in the production of each Wright Cyclone.

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can't deny it. I saw you squatting there and I heard the shot."

"Tom," Father said, using his courtroom voice, measured and tolerant, "let's get this straight. First, who is Taliaferro's Tornado?"

"My best gamecock, that's who. Next, of course, to Genghis Khan."

Father stooped to look through the slats in the fence. Inside Mr. Tom Jenkins' pen, Taliaferro's Tornado was lying on his back, his claws straight up, and from the adjoining pen Genghis Khan was squinting critically.

"Well, Tom," Father said, "it was an accident."

Mr. Tom Jenkins laughed back in his throat. "I didn't expect an intelligent reason for any such foolishness. But it'll cost you a hundred dollars, John. And if I have to sue—"

There was nothing Mr. Tom Jenkins liked better than to sue.

Father stared at him. "A hundred dollars for a chicken, Tom! Great Scott—"

"Chicken!" Mr. Tom Jenkins snorted. "Naturally, that's what you'd think, keeping Rhode Islands."

"They're Nan's Rhode Islands," Father said, shunning Mother's eyes. "But that's neither here nor there. What we're talking about is a hundred dollars. What do you say—?"

"We're talking about Taliaferro's Tornado," Mr. Tom Jenkins snapped. "And I say Taliaferro's Tornado was worth—"

Mother simply couldn't stand it. She and her chickens were being belittled, and, next to her children, those chickens were the big thing in her life. "He's worth," she interrupted, "exactly nothing. He's absolutely useless. No good except for gambling. And my Rhode Island Reds—"

"All right!" Mr. Tom Jenkins said. "If that's what you think, John, we'll sue."

"Now, wait a minute," Father said. "Keep your shirt on, Tom. All I said was that—"

"John!" cried my mother. "You're a lawyer, aren't you? Let him sue."

Father must have done some rapid ciphering. What was peace worth? Peace and his dignity? He must have figured it was worth a hundred dollars.

"Well, Tom, have it your way," he said, and took the rifle from my brother's hands. Mr. Tom Jenkins turned and stomped back to his house, and Father let him go.

We boys felt let down slightly, for we had heard a lot about how things were managed in Kentucky, and when my father took that rifle we were sure that he was going to shoot Mr. Tom Jenkins with it. All he did was follow Mother toward the house.

"You and your squirrel hunting," she was saying. "Just look at Butch! And the nerve of that man, bragging about his worthless Tornadoes and Taliaferros and Genghis Khans. If you'd agreed to pay a single cent—"

"I didn't," Father reminded her. "It's up to a jury now."

ONCE Jenkins vs. Williams actually got under way, Father developed an absorbing interest in game chickens. He had to know, for purposes of arguing, how much Taliaferro's Tornado was really worth in gamecock circles. As it turned out, there was no way of valuing him, at least not accurately, because he'd never fought. The only basis for computing him was by his bloodlines, for breeding, and since he was a son of Genghis Khan he was indisputably a well-bred bird.

For Genghis Khan, my father learned, was just about the king of mid-South cockpits. Gold and black, and absolutely murderous, he lived in malignant yearning for the moments when Mr. Tom Jenkins clipped the steel upon his spurs and sent him into those surreptitious battles when gamecock fanciers gathered illegally from four states to match their champions with bets upon their gaffs. In fact, Father learned, Mr. Tom Jenkins had a good thing in Genghis Khan's viciousness, plus the fees he got for breeding him. It was apparent why Taliaferro's Tornado, who'd had that kind of blood in him, was worth something. Maybe, even, a hundred dollars, if Mr. Tom Jenkins could get a jury to look at it that way.

Father worried about it. Not the money, but just the fact of losing. "Tom's got a good case," he told Mother. "After all, I did fire into his property. That amounts to trespassing, and that cuts the law from under me. I certainly hate to lose my self-respect and a hundred dollars to boot because of that no-good rooster you insist on keeping."

"He's a very fine rooster," Mother said, pressing her lips together. "I've got no complaints against Butch."

"Well, I have," Father said. "He's a sneak, for one thing. If he hadn't climbed my back I wouldn't have muffed that shot."

"He wouldn't have climbed your back if you hadn't kicked him first," Mother said. "You provoked him, that's all. Went out of your way to provoke him. Sometimes I just don't understand you, John."

Father took another tack: "Anyway, he's getting old. You've got those five young cockerels, and they'll be fighting with him pretty soon. You'd better get rid of Butch."

Mother, who was counting her silver at the moment, continued until she put down the last fork. "I'm keeping those young cockerels for chicken salad for the Altar Guild," she said. "And even if I wasn't, I wouldn't let you touch Butch. He's the best rooster for hens I ever saw."

"That's about all he's good for," Father said contemptuously. And then: "Sometimes I wish I kept gamecocks myself. They've at least got spirit, they're beautiful to look at, and I understand it's about as exciting—"

Mother started on the spoons. "If you really want to start cockfighting, John, at your age—"

"All right," Father said. "All right, Nan!"

That was the trouble about arguing with Mother. No matter how aggressively Father started, he ended up fighting a flank action. He said that was because she used feminine logic. By that he meant she switched from the point at issue when she was losing, and attacked where he was vulnerable, like his age. Father knew he was getting older and he didn't want anyone except himself to talk about it. He was willing to drop the subject. But Mother meant to settle things, once and for all.

"I don't think," she said, "that cockfighting makes an ideal background for the children. All that gambling and those touts and bloodiness, but if you're really set on it—"

"Now, Nan," Father said, "I'm not set on anything at all. I merely said—"

"I shan't take a stand against it," Mother went on, pressing her lips together. "Of course, in Virginia, when I was a girl, we had a low opinion of cockfighting in general. We wouldn't have thought much of any man, especially a father and a respectable lawyer in the community—"

"Listen, Nan," Father said. "Now, listen to me! I think cockfighting is a form of depravity. I'm sure it would demoralize the boys. And as for Butch, he's the very prince of fowls. Long may he live!"

Mother finished the spoons in silence. Then without speaking to Father she went to her sewing room and closed the door. In a moment we heard the sewing machine going furiously.

"Damn," Father said. He went to the sideboard in the dining room and poured a shot of bourbon and drank it at a gulp. He listened to the whining of the sewing machine a minute or two, then he refilled the glass to the brim. I knew, right then, how sick he was of Butch.

BUT before the week was out, he got sicker of him. That Friday he came home early, walking fast along the pine-board sidewalk in front of Mr. Tom Jenkins' place, and when a six-foot-two-inch man walks fast, it creates excitement.

"Why, John," Mother said. "What's happened?"

"Get these children to bed," Father said, and went to the hall closet to hang up his hat and coat. Mother hesitated and then followed him.

"What's the matter, John? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, nothing," Father said. "Except that these children ought to be in bed. When I was their age, and at this time of day, I was so exhausted from hoeing tobacco and weeding the tomato patch—"

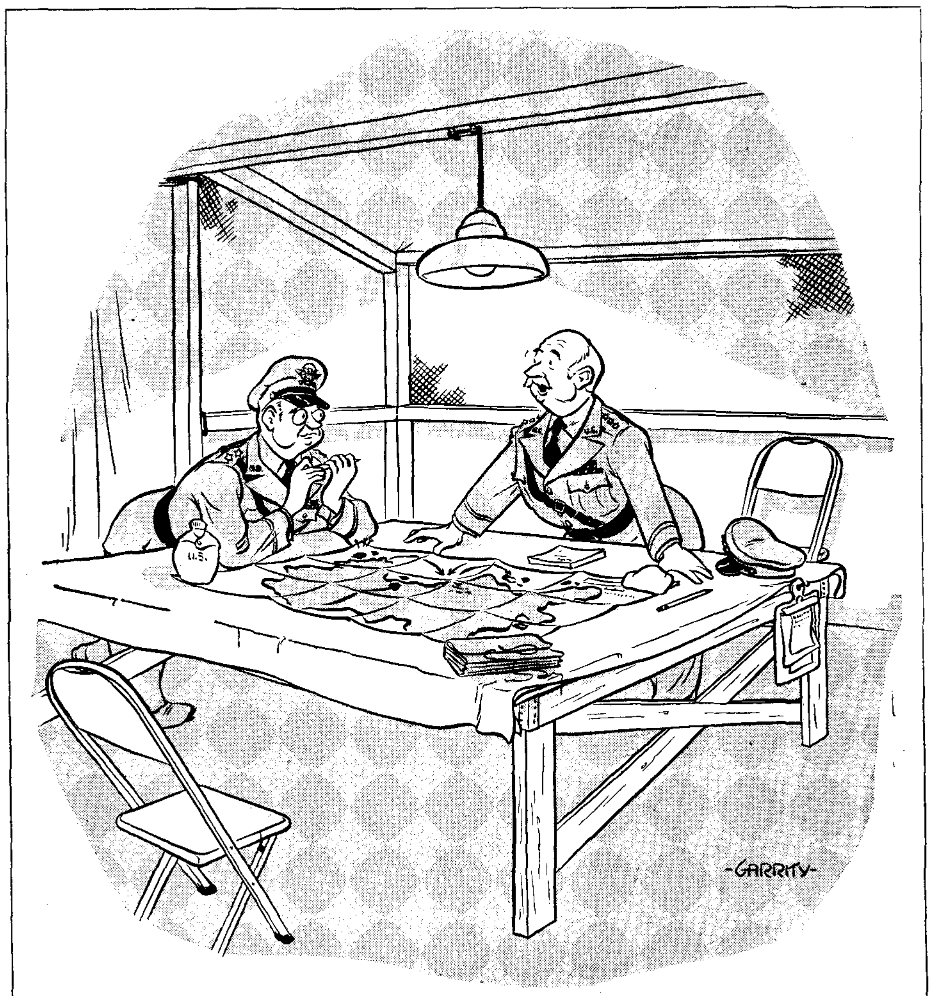
He went to his chair and slumped down and stared at her. Whatever it was, it must be pretty bad. We never heard about that tomato patch unless things were pretty bad.

"I think you're ill," Mother said, fussing about. "Henry, run tell Mary to bring my thermometer."

My father set his jaw. "I certainly am not ill."

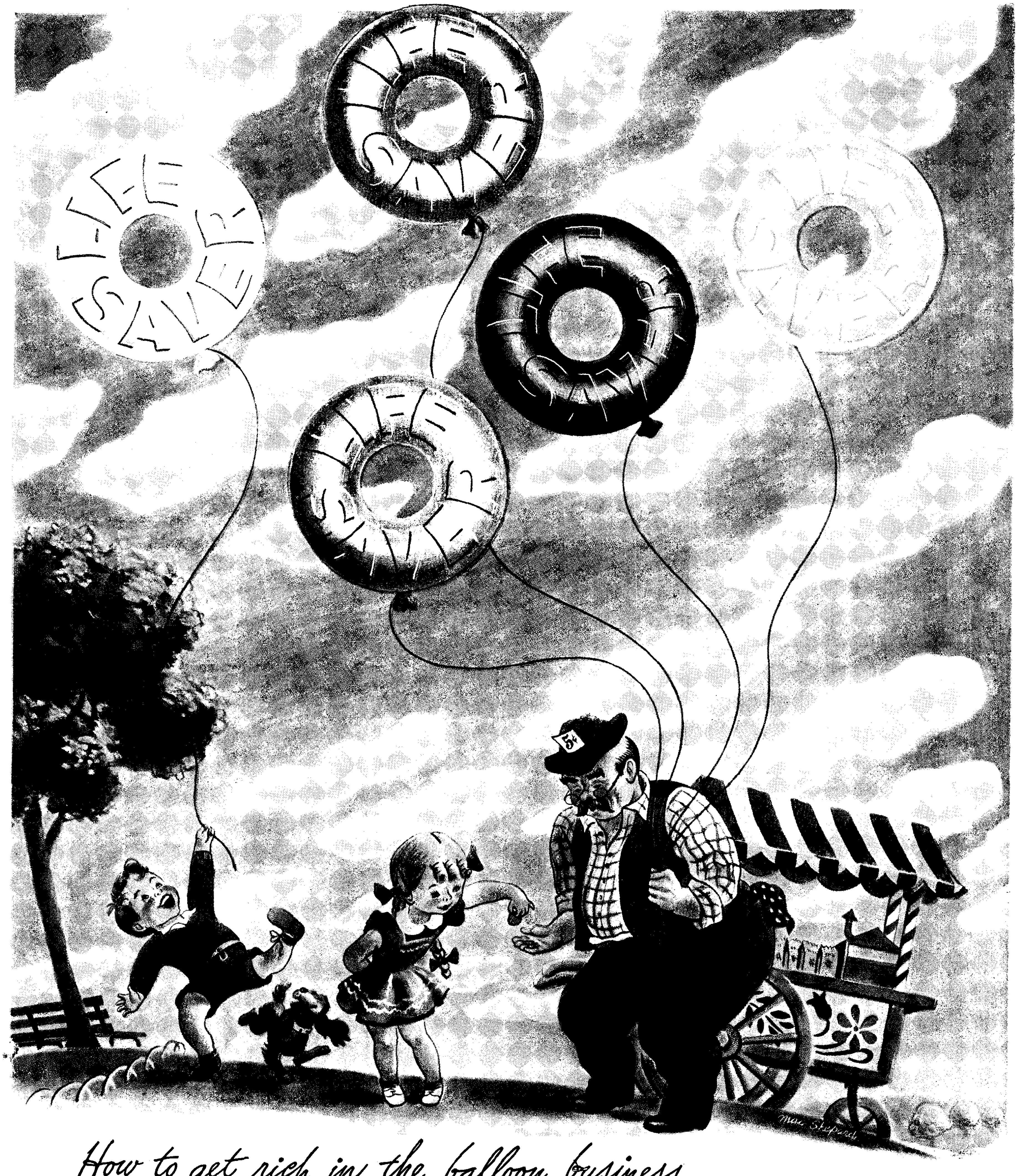
"Then for pity's sake," Mother cried, "stop all this dramatizing and tell me what's wrong with you."

Father raised his eyes. He looked weary



"I always plan the strategy as if I were a civilian, then I do just the opposite!"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY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He had to knock out the last Jap with his fist!

Guadalcanal—January 3—A Jap machine gun, concealed in a dugout beyond the beachhead, was taking a terrific toll of our Marines.

Sizing up the situation at dawn, Corporal John Yaksich went into action. Singlehanded, he stormed the dugout, emptied his rifle, tossed a grenade, and charged in on the Japs that were left.

He got two of them with his bayonet, but couldn't pull the blade out of the second one. A third Jap grabbed his rifle. Twice Yaksich hit him in the face with his fist and the Jap went down.

For his bravery in wiping out that machine-gun nest, John Yaksich won the Navy Cross.

● **John Yaksich** won the Navy Cross for his heroism on Guadalcanal. Today, he is an aircraft crankcase assembler at Packard. Along with Packard's 38,000 other war workers, he is helping to turn out the finest combat engines that can be built, and vital parts to keep America's essential transportation system rolling. We're proud to have veterans like John Yaksich working with us!

Today, after receiving his honorable discharge because of illness, he is fighting back here in the U. S.—fighting again with his bare hands—side by side with 38,000 other war workers on the Packard production lines.

With more than 1,000 other returned veterans, he is helping to turn out Packard marine engines for PT boats, and Rolls-Royce aircraft engines for fighter planes and bombers.

Former service men like John Yaksich, who are working in U. S. war plants, know that the months ahead are crucial for the Allied cause. They know, too, that the combat equipment they are turning out may be the means of shortening the war by a week, a day, or an hour.

They are not forgetting—and none of us, whether in production work or not, must ever forget for a moment—how many Americans can die in battle in a week,.a day, or an hour.

Are *you* forgetting? Are you doing *all* you can so that they *won't have to die?*

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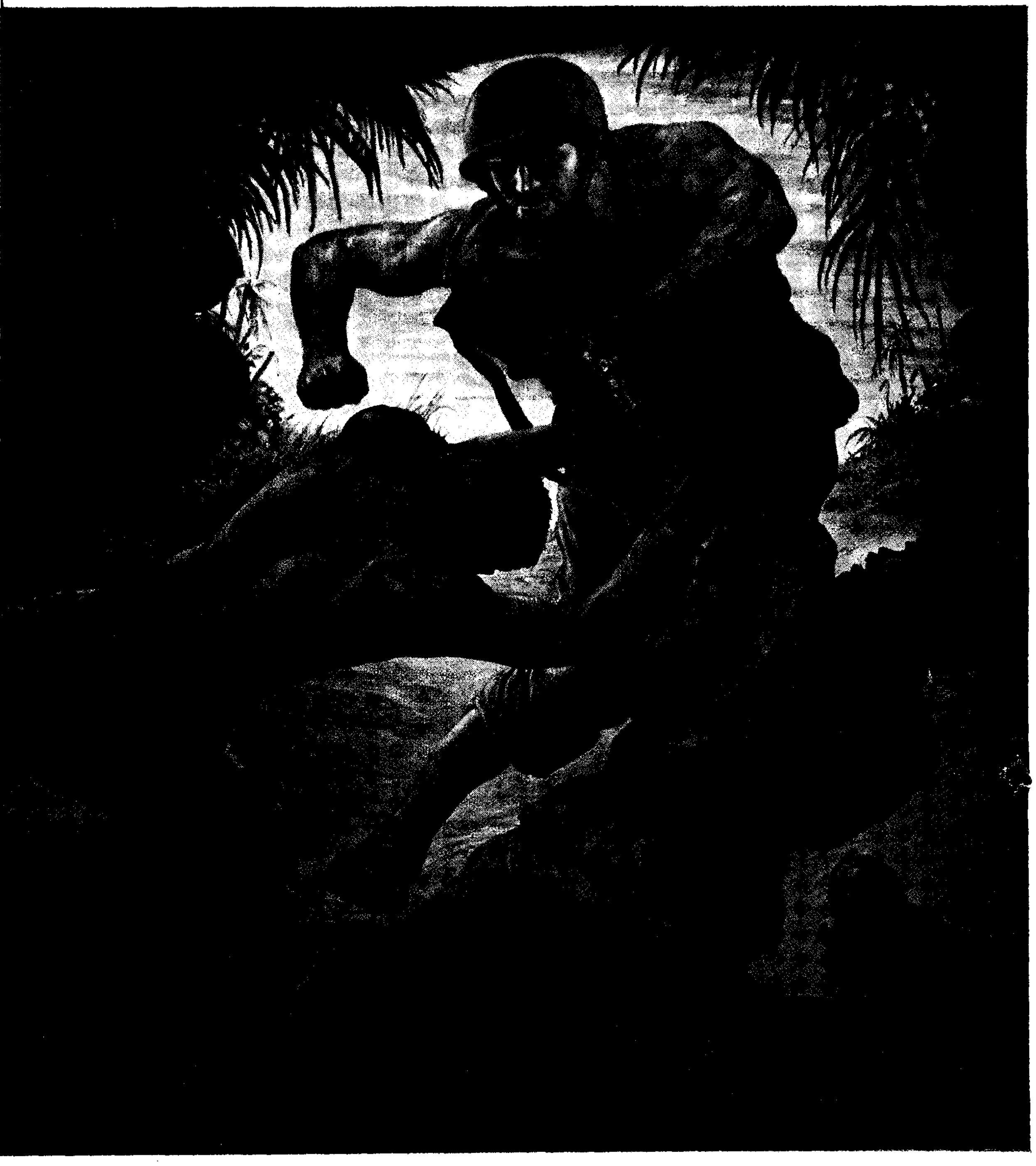
★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★



and grim. "All right, Nan, I'll tell you. One hundred dollars, plus costs. Plus one hundred more for punitive damages. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars and sixty-nine cents because you insist on keeping that moth-eaten old Rhode Island Red."

Mother gasped. "You mean Tom Jenkins won that suit? Oh, John!"

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars and sixty-nine cents," Father groaned. "And I could have settled for a hundred."

"Oh, John, how awful of that man. I shan't speak to his wife again. Of course she's coming here with the Altar Guild, but I shan't speak. What was the sixty-nine cents for?"

"Just costs," Father said.

"Sixty-nine cents just for costs!"

"That and the twenty-five dollars," Father corrected her.

"*And* twenty-five dollars! John, I think that's terrible. And it's all my fault. If I'd let you alone—"

Father was feeling somewhat better as we left. Long after we were in bed, we could hear Mother soothing him by blaming herself. But it was depressing for all of us. We felt, somehow, dishonored.

THAT Saturday night, after supper, we heard a distant "Whreeeeeeee!" But this time the screech owl got no closer. After a while we went out on the front porch while Father listened. Slowly, his face relaxed into his first smile of the week.

"You hear that, Nan?" he said. "He's over at Tom Jenkins' place tonight. Right on the roof—and right beside Tom's bedroom window, as near as I can place it. Now, let's all go to bed and enjoy a sound night's sleep."

It really made a difference. Far away like that, and in that special place, the screech owl's scream was like a lullaby. We got up in the morning feeling fine, almost back to normal. Except that on the parish-house steps we met Mr. Tom Jenkins.

Mr. Tom was looking bad. His eyes were red and there were dark bags underneath them. My father stopped and grinned.

"Why, Tom," he said, "you're looking seedy. Have a bad night?"

It startled Mr. Tom Jenkins. But he was ready to be friends again. "A rotten night, John. Didn't sleep a wink. That infernal owl was under my window until daybreak, screaming its head off."

Father rubbed his hands. "That's fine," he said. "That's really first-rate. Hope he's back with you again tonight, and every night this week. In fact, hope he nests there."

It stung Mr. Tom Jenkins. His round, bald head got pink. "Just one thing, John," he blurted. "At least I had a chance to figure how I'd spend your two hundred dollars."

Father shoved us boys into the parish house. I didn't dare to look at him. If things kept up like this between him and Mr. Tom Jenkins, something was bound to break.

And something did. It broke soon after we got home from Sunday school. We hadn't even changed out of our white suits when my brother Henry came running from the back yard to report that the screech owl was roosting in the bridal-wreath bush again, and Mr. Tom Jenkins was advancing that way with his shotgun.

Father got up and carefully folded the Sunday paper and led us into Mother's henyard. We could see Mr. Tom Jenkins creeping up to his gamecock pens with the shotgun tucked beneath his arm. Father watched a minute and then cleared his throat, looking professional.

"You want to be mighty careful, Tom," he said. "I've got a lot of children in this yard, and if so much as one pellet touches them—"

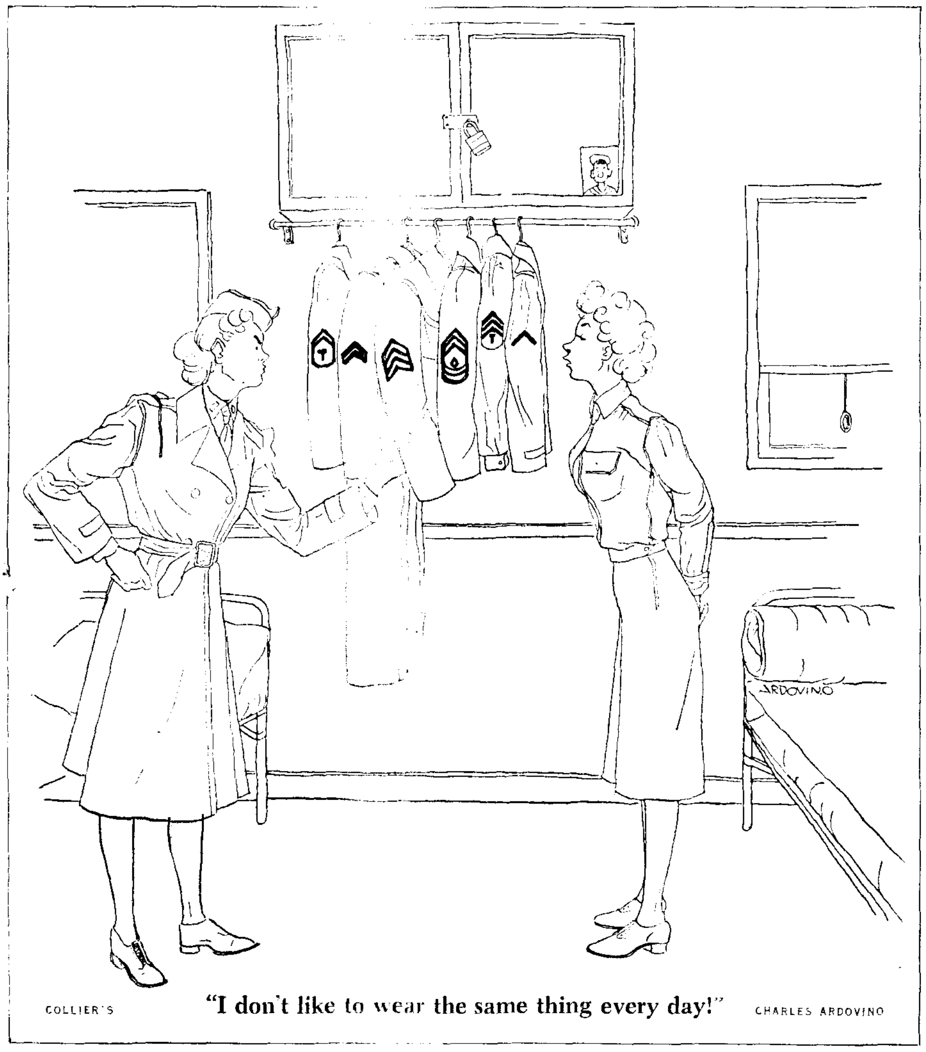
Mr. Tom Jenkins motioned violently toward the bridal-wreath bush and whispered, "Sh-sh-sh!" He was worming his way along the side of the gamecock pens, on hands and knees, when Father spoke again.

"Tom, if I were you, I'd creep up on him from this side. That probably will scare him off, and then you'd have another sleepless night and tomorrow happens to be Monday—"

Mr. Tom Jenkins was boiling mad. He jerked around, either to argue over it or just to yell, but when he did that his shotgun caught the latch of Genghis Khan's pen and the door flew open. The shotgun spun toward the pen and then went off. Genghis Khan came tearing out of there, took one fast look at the gun in Mr. Tom Jenkins' hands, squawked loud and took wing for our fence. He came clean over and landed in our henyard. Mr. Tom Jenkins yelled:

"Now, look! You've done it now, and darned if it don't serve you right. Genghis Khan will bust that henyard wide open. Look at that!"

That was exactly what Genghis Khan was doing. He landed face to face with one of Mother's cockerels. There was a flash of gold and black, a blur of legs, a gurgling croak, and Mother's cockerel was dead. Mother came running from the back porch just as Genghis Khan was leveling on the second cockerel.



COLLIER'S "I don't like to wear the same thing every day!" CHARLES ARDOVINO

"I told you, didn't I?" Mr. Tom Jenkins yelled.

My father turned toward the fence. "Just shut up, Tom," he said, his voice a little shaky. "You just shut up, or I'll come over there—"

"John, John!" Mother cried. "Don't waste time squabbling with that man. My cockerels!"

Father looked again. "I'm certainly not going to tangle with that bird," he said. "He's murderous. Why, he'd—"

"You mean you're going to let him go on doing that?"

Father said, "Yes, Nan. I'm afraid I am."

It was humiliating, especially when Mr. Tom Jenkins laughed. But Butch gave us the final blow. He saw those cockerels going down, one after another, and Butch utterly funked it. After all, he was a simple barnyard rooster, a ladies' man. He took out for the fence, trying to fly across into Mr. Tom Jenkins' yard, where things looked safer. But Butch was too old and too heavy to make it. He barely reached the top of the fence and there he landed, teetering drunkenly with his tail feathers popping up and down, balancing his heft.

"Look at that," Father groaned. "Just look at that. There's your fine rooster, Nan—scared half to death."

"And not worse scared than you," Mother snapped. "Get out of my way. I'm going in."

But she was too late. Genghis Khan was through. The five young cockerels were weltering in their blood. Genghis Khan threw back his glittering head and shrilled his triumph in our faces—a mocking challenge to my father and to poor Butch upon the fence. He scratched the earth, fire in his eyes, then bowed magnificently toward mother's hens, making the gallant noise that roosters, even gamecocks, do.

AT THAT sound, Butch jerked around. This was something else. Those cockerels meant nothing in his life, but this— Why, these hens were his. Something sublime, foolhardily sublime, flickered within his soul. He gave a single outraged squawk and launched his heavy body through the air.

I think Genghis Khan sensed what was coming, but he was so sure of himself and so busy bowing to the hens that he disdained to turn around. Butch hit him on the fly, and it was like an anvil dropping on him. No skill, no speed, just all that weight crashing upon his outstretched neck. They both rolled over in a swirl of dust, but only Butch got up. He wobbled twice, looking surprised, then flapped his wings and crowed.

"Great Jehoshaphat," Father yelled and rushed across and grabbed Butch in his arms. And I would swear he kissed him on his battle-tattered comb. "Old Butch," he roared. "Old Butch, you murderer, you glorious old murderer!"

We heard a bitter laugh beyond the fence. "Go on, John, enjoy yourself while you can. But if Taliaferro's Tornado was worth two hundred dollars, Genghis was worth a thousand."

Father got up solemnly. He went across to the fence and stooped to look between the slats. "Well, Tom," he said, "this time it was your bird that did the trespassing. And since those cockerels were sired by Butch, who was a better fighting cock than Genghis Khan—there's the body to prove it—I figure they're worth anyway three hundred each. That's fifteen hundred, Tom—and, oh, boy, am I going to sue!"

My mother didn't say anything. She let Father have his little moment. But I could see the bright gleam in her eye as she was estimating how much of that fifteen hundred she was going to take. I could see her lips moving, counting it up—

Just then there came a sudden floundering whir. Butch must have jumped three feet, straight up, his scared eyes upon that fence again. But it was only the screech owl in the bridal-wreath bush, getting away from there.

THE END

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Melody in G.I.

Continued from page 20

H. Gordon Gray froze like an overstuffed icebox.

"Indeed? One can always turn off a station, you know."

"Not the Milkman's Serenade," Ding-Dong said. "It's the only all-night platter program we can catch out at the Fort. It hadda lot to do with my bein' let outta the Army, too. The schmaltz was so bad we hadda let the cats out ourselves and the colonel didn't dig that." Humiliated at the way H. Gordon Gray edged away, he added hastily, "All night your record jockey's giving with nothing but squares, murdering an honest rug-cutter. If it ain't You Are My Sunshine, it's Mairzy Doats. You never heard of nobody rushing out to kill Japs with violins, did you?"

H. Gordon Gray had so paled he jumped when a girl's little laugh came from behind him. "Not taking a powder, War Lord?" she asked. "It's high time somebody wandered in and told you the facts of life."

TESSIE HARMON tossed her pert green hat on the desk. She was slim in a green suit with reddish hair caught up in a sophisticated swirl. She glanced then at Gray's caller. Expecting a zoot jump-for-joy, her eyes widened on beholding the sober little man and her smile sank Ding-Dong without a trace.

"Ha," H. Gordon Gray said nervously, "this character—"

Her eyes went back to him. "I like that," she said. "It's getting so if a man can't pronounce Vladivostok around here, he's a character. You know how much mail KOKL gets. If half of it isn't complaints about the Milkman's Serenade, I'll eat my new hat."

H. Gordon Gray scowled at this flippancy. Only that day he had been chosen by Fort Copeland to broadcast the Oklahoma City Army Show the next week. It was, he felt, the final laurel in a career that had made him an Eisenhower among war analysts. After putting on the Army show he might even get a citation.

"Now, Tessie," he said strongly, "even if you are the program director—"

"Are you the program director?" Ding-Dong asked eagerly. And when she nodded, he smiled. "I never guessed you were a cat. I mean, not when you got a program like that icky session. It's just awful."

"I know," she said. "To Mr. Ding-Dong Williams it should be awful."

H. Gordon Gray stared at them. Then, stunned by this sudden exposure to fame, he saw Ding-Dong's quick wince and went into action immediately. "Why, it is!" he cried, wringing Ding-Dong's hand. "It is, indeed! Need I say that KOKL is overwhelmed at having the King of Swing drop in, Mr. Williams? Now, if you'll just wait a second, I'll round up a photographer, we'll do a spot interview, get the studio orchestra together—"

"Not with me, you won't," Mr. Williams bleated. "I just stopped in to make a complaint."

"Ha," H. Gordon Gray exclaimed, "how right you were, too! But what can we do?" he ended tragically. "All our hot announcers on the Milkman's Serenade were among the first to be drafted."

Ding-Dong nodded "I know," he said soberly. "It happened with my Dixieland Cats, too. That's another reason I'm offa jive for the duration. If I can't have real hot men, I'm not going Mickey Mouse, either."

Tessie Harmon's troubled eyes watched Ding-Dong forlornly pick up his grip. Touched at discovering he was as swing-simple as legend had him, she couldn't bear his being sent out into the world without even a clarinet to his name.

"Why don't you take the job?" she asked suddenly. "What about the boys out at Fort Copeland you were talking about, Ding-Dong? Wouldn't you be helping them if you put on the honest jazz programs soldiers do want?"

"No, ma'am," he said doggedly. "Not when I got orders to catch a bus." . . .

He went on the air at midnight. When Tessie had kept talking with sparkling eyes of how much he could do for his Sad Sacks he knew he couldn't just go around hiding from the public. Like she said, he had a patriotic duty to perform.

"I get it," he had said finally. "It's like I was still a soldier, hunh?"

Now H. Gordon Gray thrust him down at a turntable facing a mike in a huge glass-enclosed studio. Pasted up in front of him was a list of the commercials to be read off. They upset him almost as much as the huge container of coffee H. Gordon Gray had sent in.

"I can't drink coffee this late," he said. "It'll keep me awake."

"Nonsense," H. Gordon Gray said faintly. "That's what it's here for, old boy."

Now the hands were straight up on the clock, the monitor man threw the control, and H. Gordon Gray was suddenly introducing his terrified announcer to the Sooner State. "*Tonight and every night, from midnight until five, KOKL will proudly bring you the show of a lifetime—the Milkman's Serenade, à la Ding-Dong Williams!*"

"Go get 'em," Tessie whispered. "I picked you my very favorite record."

At the mike Ding-Dong looked so forlorn that her lip trembled for him. He gulped; then remembering that about music he was real bright, he stiffened.

"Tonight," he began bravely into the mike, "I'm gonna give us a ride on the gut-bucket side. I wanna start it off with a clambake combo for the boys out at Fort Copeland, a real rockin' ride." He stumbled when he saw the record Tessie had picked. With one shy glance, he blurted, "This is a little pressing of After You've Gone made by an All-Star combo back in '38. You wanna be sure and catch Fuss Kelly's tailgate trombone on the first chorus, backed up by Barrel House Benny Barnes at the keyboard."

He did not add he had been the leader of that All-Star combo.

He didn't have the chance to. In an hour KOKL was swamped with phone calls for all the other records he had made immortal. An aircraft plant, where the program was piped in to bolster the morale of graveyard workers, had ninety requests alone.

By Saturday Ding-Dong's Milkman's Serenade had seven offers from other stations, a Crossley slightly higher than the President's Fireside Messages, two drugstores and one dining car trying to get Ding-Dong for personal appearances at their juke boxes. Dr. Arnold, the Friendly Credit Dentist who sponsored the show, had gone to Hot Springs with a nervous breakdown. Once Mr. Williams got started talking about each hot combo featured, he forgot all about his sponsor who was so anxious to make your new plates and thus help the war effort. Having decided that Dr. Arnold's announcements comparing a missing filling to the loss of a battleship weren't really sound, Ding-Dong ignored them. What he didn't say couldn't hurt anybody.

DING-DONG was still dazed by his sudden fame the following Saturday. When Tessie left the station a little after eight Ding-Dong was waiting on the steps as he did every night, his throat going all dry the minute he saw her. He surfaced a shy smile.

"How's the man with the reed?" she laughed, linking her arm in his.

"There's nothing to it now, Tessie. I kinda close my eyes while I'm explaining what waxes are sent, and then it's like I'm just telling *you.*"

"Go on," she said lightly. "You must *tell* that to all your fans!"

He looked so hurt at that she felt a small jolt, her hard-won assurance slipping away. He was so small and kind and utterly unarmed. She said, with an effort, "Someday Harmon will learn to keep her big mouth shut. A fine career girl I've turned out to be! Not that it matters."

"It—it matters to me," he said. "You're strictly mellow. I—I get an upbeat just thinking about you, Tessie. Maybe it's because I don't know much about girls. I never had time for both them and my Dixieland Cats."

"Don't tell me I'm as important as your orchestra," she teased.

And then, deep in her heart, she couldn't play any longer. "Look, Ding-Dong," she said shakily, "I think you're wonderful, too.

When Harmon looks at you she gets a lot of ideas that are none of your business. Now will you kiss me?"

In the tall, warm shadows of her apartment house there was the long, long kiss he must have always been waiting for. It went all the way, a whole bright, new world all his, and then she drew away.

"That's better," Tessie said unsteadily. "But there's just one thing you don't know, though, and I have to tell you right now. I'm already taken—"

She never had a chance to finish. His eyes went big with horror, and then with his whole life shattered, Ding-Dong raced blindly down the street.

"HIYAH, gate!" Private Fatso Kaplan boomed when his old hot colleague came dazedly into KOKL just before midnight that same evening. "What's cookin'?"

"Hunh?" Ding-Dong asked, his voice as glazed as his eyes. "Hunh?"

The Privates Kaplan, Ludlow and Bogenschutz exchanged shocked glances. This was a fine, lousy way to celebrate the Sad Sacks' twenty-four-hour leave as refugees from Fort Copeland's eighty-piece band.

"A hot welcome this is!" No Name McNavin stormed. The only hot alto sax in the post band he had joined the Army at the point of a gun. He had been a sharp dresser and now he glared at Ding-Dong's civvies.

"Dig those threads, would you?" he asked bitterly. "Sport coats, even!"

Ding-Dong looked bleakly upon the clothes he had almost become betrothed in. "You can have 'em," he said glumly. "They didn't bring me no luck. Tessie—Tessie's already engaged to another guy."

"Out six days and already he's got girl trouble!" Fatso Kaplan cried enviously. "But ain't I hearing every place there's a manpower shortage with the tomatoes?"

"Don't you go callin' Tessie a tomato!" Ding-Dong flared. "I—I—"

His shaken voice silenced them. It took them back to the old days when they had girls, too, and now they demanded to know what went on with him. It took right up to the minute the Milkman's Serenade was to start for them to finally realize that, after all these years, Ding-Dong Williams had dropped a decision to the little lug with the bow and arrows.

"I'm sorry about that crack," Fatso mumbled. "We hadn't dug the verse. I—I guess we been sort of out of touch with the finer things in life."

"Hey, Williams!" the monitor man cried. "You're catching the light!"

When he didn't even blink, No Name shoved Ding-Dong toward the turntables. "You're on the air!" he croaked. "Say something! You want people thinking all hot men are dopes?" But Ding-Dong could only stumble through some kind of an announcement and then, with Song of India, as done by Mr. T. Dorsey, coming off the wax, he stood looking blindly out the window.

"Get him," Carter Ludlow said nervously. "If he keeps this up—"

Fatso Kaplan, recognizing the emergency, had already faded. In a moment he reappeared dragging a bull fiddle, a sax, clarinet and trumpet under his arms. Staggering behind him was No Name McNavin with the drums from the studio orchestra. The Sad Sacks hastily set up shop, knowing that if this didn't help Ding-Dong, nothing would.

"How about it?" Fatso cried, peering at him from around the doghouse. "Whaddaya say we give T. Dorsey a little hand on Song of India, Ding-Dong?"

The monitor man cut out his voice just in time.

"It's no use," Ding-Dong said shakily. "I got no jive left in me."

That's what he thought. But when No Name gave the boys the one-two, and they were suddenly in there, wild, hot and happy, giving Mr. Dorsey's trombone such all-out aid that the monitor man was jarred into wild action on all switches, he had to take just one chorus. He was just doing it to be polite but his Sad Sacks had always sent him and now, when he needed them most, they needled him so that once he tasted that clarinet he was gone. One wild lick, and then he was killing himself, knocking his brains out. He always gave best when he was unhappy and tonight he topped the night his grandfather had died in Monmouth; wilder and wilder, hanging it out there the way only Ding-Dong Williams could do it.

"He's gone," Fatso Kaplan cried dazedly. "He's gone and so am I!"

In the next half hour no one remembered the broadcast, let alone putting on a new record. Dippermouth Blues, You Gotta See Mamma Every Night and Come a Little Closer took the beating of a lifetime while Mr. Dorsey's poor Song of India ran on and on under their jamming in a demented obbligato.

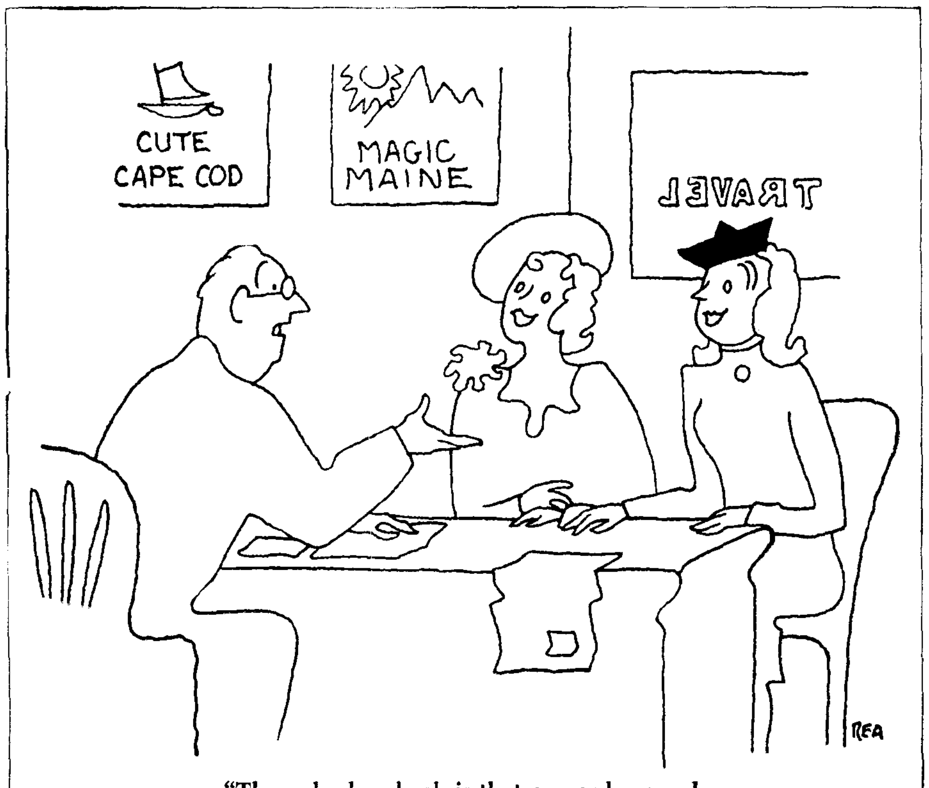
Fatso finally became aware of the monitor man pulling at his shoulder.

"You take the control room a while," he croaked to the sweating bass. "I gotta get a drink before I lose what's left of my mind. The controls are all set. Just keep the voices faded under the brass."

Fatso hesitated. But Ding-Dong's eyes were as set as two cubes of ice.

"Okay," he said. "He's all right now."

In the booth he passed the time trying out the effects, amplifying the horns to suit himself. If the volume attained almost tore the



"The only drawback is that a near-by naval academy also uses the beach on week ends"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Maria Montez

Universal Pictures star of the Technicolor production "Gypsy Wildcat" says: .... "My number one glamour secret is eight hours restful sleep on my

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AFTER VICTORY—PERFECT SLEEPER TUFTLESS MATTRESS

ears off all Oklahoma that was KOKL's tough luck.

He tried the voice switch, too, but when the control man didn't come back and the boys were killing themselves on Tiger Rag, that also lost interest. Tiger Rag is the test piece for any great bass, and, with it beating against him, Fatso dashed out and grabbed three choruses of his own. Not until Ding-Dong's anguished clarinet was finally spent did they come to a dazed halt.

They were beat to the socks, their glassy eyes slowly coming back to normal.

"Well," No Name said finally, "it was quite a party."

"I hadda give," Ding-Dong said vaguely. "I hadda really let it out."

Fatso was still needled. "Let's have a little more jam," he said hoarsely. "If we don't get back to the Fort till Monday, who cares? Old Blunder Gus Bailey's still polishing apples in Washington."

The C.O.'s name brought Ding-Dong right back to this harsh world. With falling in love and having his own show, he had forgotten Blunder Gus.

"He—he don't know I stayed, does he?"

"How could he?" No Name asked cheerfully. "How could he when Blunder Gus had to blow clear back to Washington to keep off the retirement list? All the officers are celebrating tonight. It's about time the War Department found out he's a little something left over from Gettysburg."

Then the startled look in Ding-Dong's eyes brought him to a full stop. No Name jerked around to see a tomato rushing into the studio. Crying.

"Oh, Ding-Dong," Tessie sobbed. "Ding-Dong, honey!" Her bright hair caught up in a childish kerchief, she was kissing him then, tears streaking her lovely face. When she hadn't been able to sleep at the way he had walked out on her, she had finally tuned in the Milkman's Serenade. That wild session by a clarinet in search of its mate had told her, forever and ever, how much she really meant to him.

"It's that way with me, too," she whimpered. "You just hadn't let me finish, Ding-Dong. I'm not in love with anyone else. I'm going into the Wacs next week!"

Her speech roared in the ears of the monitor man, only then seating himself at the controls. Looking frantically over the board, his horrified gaze found the voice switch. It was wide open.

UNHAPPILY aware they had become Oklahoma's own Romeo and Juliet, Ding-Dong and Tessie had their farewell date at the Red Moon, a roadhouse out on the Tulsa Road. The dancers on that crowded floor now were carefully trying to avoid seeming to watch Tessie and Ding-Dong as they danced off into a corner. He had led a band so long that, inside him, he was a half beat ahead of the music, the way a leader always is, and Tessie had her troubles. He danced as gravely as he did everything else, and he had started her cautiously up the floor when a choked voice, spluttering with rage, halted them.

"Williams!" H. Gordon Gray thundered. "Williams!" And then he grabbed Ding-Dong so he was swung around staring right into the chief announcer's purpling face. All the music stopped, dancers staring at them, and Ding-Dong was afraid Mr. Gray was going to have a stroke right in front of them. "You—you—do you realize I'm as good as in Leavenworth?"

"I beg pardon?" Ding-Dong said politely.

H. Gordon Gray choked at that, growing even more purple.

"You heard me!" he stormed. "It's no fault of yours I'm not in the guardhouse at Fort Copeland this very minute. If you knew what I've gone through— How do you think Colonel Bailey felt when he came back to find the whole Fort calling him Old Gettysburg! And talking about his retirement!"

"I—I didn't know anyone heard that, too," Ding-Dong said faintly. "It was bad enough people just knowing about Tessie and me." He shook off H. Gordon Gray's hand then. "But he can't do anything to us. I'm not in the Army no more."

"Why, you crazy idiot—" H. Gordon Gray's voice took on a roar that would have frightened a four-motor bomber right back into its hangar. "He can do plenty to me! How do you think I'm going to get to broadcast the Army show tomorrow night when Colonel Bailey's threatening to turn us all into Washington for violating military security with your idle gossip?"

"I don't care," Ding-Dong said stubbornly. "It's not polite for you to come in here yelling at me like that, is it, Tessie?"

"He's just upset," she said quickly. If anything happened to Ding-Dong's show now, she would just die. "I'm sure if you told him you're sorry—"

H. Gordon Gray glared at her. "You're sure," he barked, "but what good does that do with the colonel? I had to promise him Williams would give him the names of his friends. If I don't get those—"

"I can't do that," Ding-Dong gulped. "He'd go putting them in the guardhouse or something."

H. Gordon Gray's voice could have been bottled and sold for vinegar.

"Williams," he thundered, "unless you can see fit to co-operate with the military—"

To a man who is already losing his all to the Wacs, death has no sting.

"Go ahead and fire me and see if I care," Ding-Dong cried. "Go ahead!"

"I will," H. Gordon Gray yelled. "Right here and now!" He went raging out of the Red Moon and only after he was gone did Ding-Dong notice Tessie's face. He was afraid she was going to start crying and never stop.

"It don't matter," he assured her. "Now we don't have to leave so early."

But Tessie had grabbed up her purse and, with hopeless tears welling, pushed him aside. "Nothing matters is right," she said brokenly. "If you really loved me you could have told Gray. And now—now after you've lost the one job where I knew you'd be all right, you—you tell me everything is just fine! If our future didn't mean any more than that to you I suppose I can take it the same way." And then she was gone.

THE next night twenty thousand shirt-sleeved men and women in gay summer dress ignored the sticky heat, crowding into the fairgrounds for the Army show. Over the loud-speakers H. Gordon Gray, having sacrificed Ding-Dong for his own career, was at one with the military, and was basking in a nation-wide hookup. Exactly at eight-thirty the Fort Copeland band marched smartly onto the grounds, and past Colonel Blunder Gus Bailey in the reviewing box with H. Gordon Gray. Headed by the band, lumbering tanks, mechanized artillery, infantry, a dashing cavalry troop and chemical-warfare units passed the stand as the sweltering crowd stood at attention.

At the far end of the field, almost lost in the shadows, was a small frame house hurriedly erected for the War Show. Wheeling around this house the eighty-piece band strangely reappeared only seventy-six strong.

IN THE half-light of the deserted house Ding-Dong hurriedly admitted his Sad Sacks. "I was afraid you weren't going to make it," he said, his eyes huge with despair.

It was his last chance to show Tessie how much he cared for her, the last chance they would have to make up a lovers' quarrel. Not able to reach her on the phone all day, this would have to be the turning point, his clarinet reaching her heart with its old sweet song. Now, peeking out the window he saw in another ten minutes Tessie would be on, being sworn in with other Wacs. Hastily he explained then how he had dreamed up this last tribute. He had talked the monitor man, who had once lost a girl himself, into coming out that afternoon and stringing a remote-control wire and mike into the house. When the great moment came as Tessie was sworn in, he would cut them in, giving Ding-Dong a last chance to give out with his most sacred emotions.

Private Bogenschutz looked nervously on the shadows creeping into the house. "What kind of a dump is this?" he asked fretfully. "No furniture, no rooms, no nothing. You ask me, this is a lousy place to pitch woo."

Ding-Dong pressed his face against the window. He saw Tessie with all the other Wac recruits standing squarely before Blunder Gus Bailey, who was just starting to give them the oath.

"Here we go!" he cried desperately. "Hang onta your hats!"

After You've Gone, Tessie's favorite ballad, shrieked in the night. In two bars the Sad Sacks were blasting it out behind him. The lost cry of a clarinet saying goodby to all that was fine and dear hung over the crowd in one wild brief despair, and then they were all jamming it into Baby Won't You Please Come Home? Cut in over the post band, it was the hottest combo ever found in a haunted house, rocking and socking the great torch song of all time. The stands cringed under the assault, and only Blunder Gus Bailey hung on, ragingly administering the oath. All too well he recognized the clarinet of the idiot who dubbed him Old Gettysburg. He would turn out the M.P.s the minute he finished.

"It's no use!" H. Gordon Gray shouted in his ear. "I've got to find Williams! He's cutting us out on one hundred and thirty-seven stations!"

But while Tessie melted before that despairing clarinet, neither H. Gordon Gray nor the M.P.s could locate that combo, assaulted as they were by loud-speakers wherever they turned. It was bedlam with Ding-Dong Williams telling the whole world of the grief and love within him. The deserted house now shook with Ain't Misbehavin'.

In the all-out climax of the show, dazzling searchlights suddenly lit the house. It was then the first roar of the attack bombers shredded the night.

High in the sky the bombers peeled off and came down in a screeching dive. Shrieking in over the terrified grandstand, aiming right at the deserted house, they strewed it with practice bombs filled with sand and just enough explosive to blow the roof off.

Ain't Misbehavin' ended right in the middle of the second chorus.

Colonel Bailey yelled, "Let's go, men! Demolish the objective! Bring up the mortars!"

Having been built as the War Show's prize objective, the deserted house promptly became a second Salerno. Charging in behind a smoke screen, a mortar company brought down two walls. The dive bombers, roaring in again, let go new eggs that jarred the remote mike back into action. Now, in wild shrieks that curdled listeners from coast to coast, the harassed combo fought to dig their way under the floor. On discovering they were to be spared nothing, what with paratroopers now drifting down in the night, Ding-Dong's gallant cry was heard from Halifax to Honolulu: "We gotta fight back! They won't know we're in here if we don't!"

WHITE-FACED, Colonel Bailey and the audience realized simultaneously that the shattered objective held a full house. Too late Colonel Bailey tried to restrain the assaulting forces. He instantly regretted it when a mortar shell was lobbed right over his head. The Sad Sacks, led by a small civilian laying about him with a clarinet, hurled themselves on the mortar unit and set up as an independent combat group. It was the first time Ding-Dong ever had a gun of his own and he lobbed two more shells over the grandstand for luck.

"Darling, darling," Tessie sobbed, groping her way through the carnage as the war suddenly ended. At the first sound of what had to be her beloved's last words, she had shot into the inferno, gasping and crying. Now, too late, she knew she could never live without the little man who had loved her above life itself. "Oh, Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong, honey!"

"Here I am," a voice said faintly. "If you'll make these paratroopers get off me—" Not until order had finally been restored did she see him limping toward her in the smoke. With the searchlights glaring on them she kissed him again and again, until he said shyly, "If we're really gonna make up, hadn't we ought to do it somewhere by ourselves?"

"Harmon," she said, "Harmon, in some ways he's real bright!"

But they couldn't escape that easily. Blunder Gus had been called to the phone the minute the war ended. He caught them as they tried to leave now.

"Williams," he snorted, his face red with chagrin, "I've got to have a word with you. The War Department's just had me on the wire, uh, complimenting me on the show. It seems your reaction to the bombing was the most realistic thing in the annals of national morale. Three brigadiers fainted in Washington alone. People are storming bond booths so it can't happen here." He spluttered, then got the horrible words out: "The War Department wants me to arrange with you to put on similar shows all over the country!"

"No, thank you," Ding-Dong said gravely. "Now I'm a took man I can't be doing anything like that. It's got no dignity."

THE END

THE VICTIM	THE DOWNPOUR
Ohio State Highway Inspector	**He received letters from 5 different officials notifying him he was fired.**
Gentleman in Greensburg, Pa.	**He was simultaneously sued for divorce by three wives, by each of whom he had fathered twins.**
Parents in Helena, Montana	**They named their baby Adele Barbara Charity Diana Evelyn Faith Grace Hope Ida June Kay Lucy Marie Natalie Ophelia Penelope Quelia Rebecca Sally Tina Ulrica Victoria.**
Lady in Los Angeles	**She sued for divorce when her husband brought 14 of his relatives to live with them.**
Mother in Seattle	**She gave birth to two sets of twins 11 months apart.**
Convicted criminal in San Francisco	**He was sentenced to serve a minimum of 275 years in the penitentiary.**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

ARMAMENTS—in the Raw

THE MINING industry of America is moving the raw materials of Victory out of the good earth and into action. Here is the raw beginning of tanks and ships, planes and guns. For this is a war of minerals, and every ton of minerals counts in the attack.

Powerful International Trucks help speed mining's colossal part in the war—moving ore for weapons, coal for power.

In the hard-coal country, for example, mountainous dumps of waste, generations-old, are being reworked, sometimes with as high as 80 per cent salvage. International Trucks are moving these mountains to the collieries, day and night, for their tremendous yield of rediscovered coal.

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS!

INTERNATIONAL

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This winter, millions of heat units will be murdered—lost forever—because of outmoded, wasteful, coal-burning methods. Result, a terrific loss of heat energy vitally needed for industry. Yet, it's easy to have the comfort of uniform heat and *save fuel* with Combustioneer, the coal-saving Automatic Stoker.

This complete, dependable and economical Combustioneer method of automatically feeding and burning coal by the famed forced-draft underfeed method of firing is adaptable to practically any boiler or furnace—*including yours!*

If you burn 25 tons or more of coal annually, install Combustioneer now and get the greatest possible amount of heat, hot water, steam or power *per ton of lower-priced* coal burned.

If you burn *less* than 25 tons per year, place your order now for Combustioneer to be installed as soon as restrictions on smaller size models are lifted.

No matter how much fuel you burn, remember that on-file records of thousands of installations in homes, apartments, industrial plants and commercial establishments prove that *Combustioneer drastically reduces fuel consumption and fuel costs* by converting *all* the combustibles in lower-priced local fuels into useful heat and energy.

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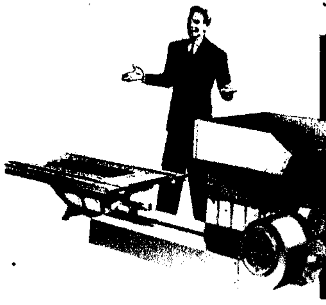


Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

Battle at Saipan

Continued from page 16

were outnumbered by Japs about ten to one.

These things we knew before we arrived off Saipan—and others. We knew that the Japs had dredged the coral from Saipan Harbor. We suspected they had a submarine base there. If they haven't, Washington may decide to build one. That would increase the length of time our subs could stay in Japanese waters without facing a long haul back to a base halfway across the Pacific.

From Aslito Airport, the run to Tokyo itself is under 1,500 miles. For a B-29, that would be a fair day's work. These thoughts were in my mind as this task group of the Fifth Fleet moved in for the kill at Saipan.

Here was a roundhouse punch aimed squarely at Tojo's gleaming white teeth. The power behind that punch comprised the greatest massed naval strength in history. Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, boss of the Fifth Fleet, counted his carriers by the dozen, his battleships couldn't all be added on the fingers of two hands, and there were large multiples of cruisers and destroyers.

Admiral Spruance, an unsung hero until he drew the spotlight in the Gilbert and Marshall shows, knew that the major part of the Jap fleet was based in the Philippines, a few hundred miles away, and he hoped our bold attack on Saipan would draw it out of its chronic caution for a fleet engagement. So this invasion of the Marianas had a dual purpose: to acquire airfields within bombing range of Tokyo and to challenge the Imperial fleet to come out and fight.

Reveille for the Jap garrison on Saipan was sounded abruptly at five-forty that morning of D-Day minus one, with a salvo from the 14-inch rifles of one of our battleships. Other guns, big and small, joined the opening chorus, and from then on we realized why we had stuffed cotton in our ears. The bass-drum jam session was to continue for hours.

"Up fifty—right two hundred." The pilot of one of our spotting planes was calling our shots from his mile-high perch directly over our coastal battery target. His radioed critique informed our gunnery officer that the aim of our first salvo was roughly fifty yards short of the Japs' guns and about two hundred yards to the left.

This correction was fed into an intricate fire-control mechanism below decks in the plotting room. Gears, meshed wheels whirled, and seconds later the error was adjusted.

Our turrets spoke again, and the next report from our plane spotter, "No change, no change," touched off a satisfied smile on the gunnery officer's face.

"Right on the button!" he announced.

Our spotting plane must have annoyed the Japs, for we now could see the black puffs of antiaircraft bursts all around it.

The pilot ignored them as he continued his radio reports: "Guns one and two have been well plastered. There are so many shell holes it's hard to tell whether they are knocked out, but no one is manning them."

Some of the other coast-defense guns weren't so reticent. They were firing at the ships in our group, but the splashes in the water between us and the shore line showed that they didn't have the range. We particularly watched a spot on Nafutan Point, a promontory jutting out toward us where we had located a battery of heavy-caliber Roscoes. This battery was being pounded by the 14-inch guns on one of our battleships, but there wasn't an answering peep from it and our spotters relayed the information that they could see no enemy activity in the vicinity.

At the ending of the first leg of the firing run, the ships in our group reversed course, the turrets were swung around from port to starboard, and the symphony of the salvos was resumed. On this run, the flagship's gunners concentrated their fire on several warehouses on the southern coast. These buildings, located in the sugar-refinery village of Charan Kanoa, were fair game because they were now being used by the Japs to store military supplies. Direct hits were scored on each of three such targets, and the resultant fires made them doubtful insurance risks.

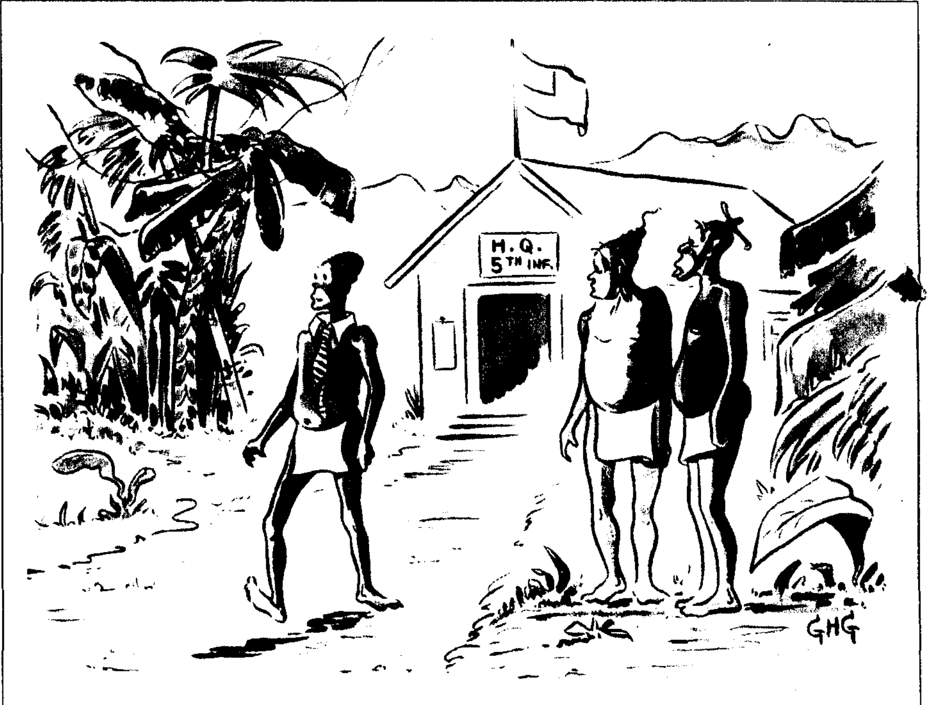
Bombarded from All Sides

Meanwhile, another naval bombardment group, similar to ours, was pasting the southwestern end of Saipan, and a third was working over the northern coast of Tinian, a Jap-held island a few miles south of Saipan. The effect of this wholesale thumping was that of a Texas oil field with dozens of gushers coming in simultaneously. As each naval shell found its target, the ground beneath it opened into a huge cloud of dusty debris, and from this base a fiery pillar of smoke tried to connect earth and sky.

Occasionally one of these black geysers, taller and angrier than the others, furnished spectacular proof that an oil or ammunition dump had been given the kiss of death. The fires started by these hits lasted for hours.

Oddly enough, the seemingly prize target on Saipan was carefully ignored by our gunners. This was Aslito Airfield, clearly visible from the bridge of our flagship. Apparently the Japs had spared no expense or labor in laying out the wide, mile-long landing strip and the connecting taxiways and revetments. Immense hangars, a radio station, shops and barracks, all as modern as today, completed the enemy aviation setup.

Throughout a day's bombardment, Aslito remained an untouched oasis in a desert of destruction. The reason it was spared is an easy guess: Our own Air Forces planned to take over the airfield in the near future, and the less damage to be repaired the better. But if the airfield was exempt from our



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THIS electric motor weighs only a pound. But more power is packed in that one pound of motor than has ever been before.

With Lear gearing it can handle a quarter-ton load.

And it has to be ready to do that in an instant. Because this motor moves control flaps, and heater shutters on warplanes. And air pressures mount high at the speed these ships fly.

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Designing it meant starting from scratch. There was no precedent for this kind of engineering.

You may never need a motor like this. It may cost more than you might want to pay.

But if you are looking ahead toward manufacturing some peacetime product, we want you to know that such a motor has been developed along with 250 other Lear products.

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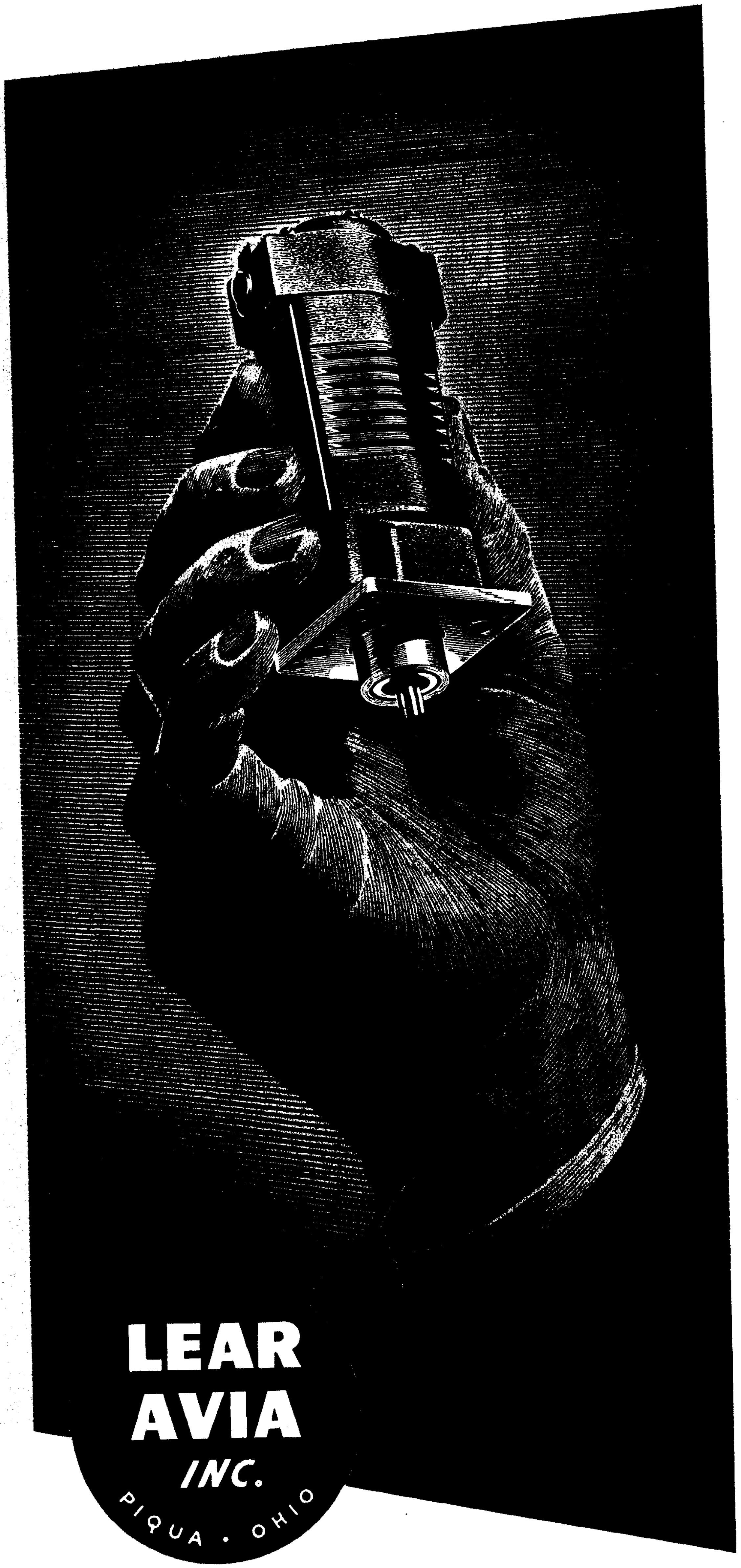

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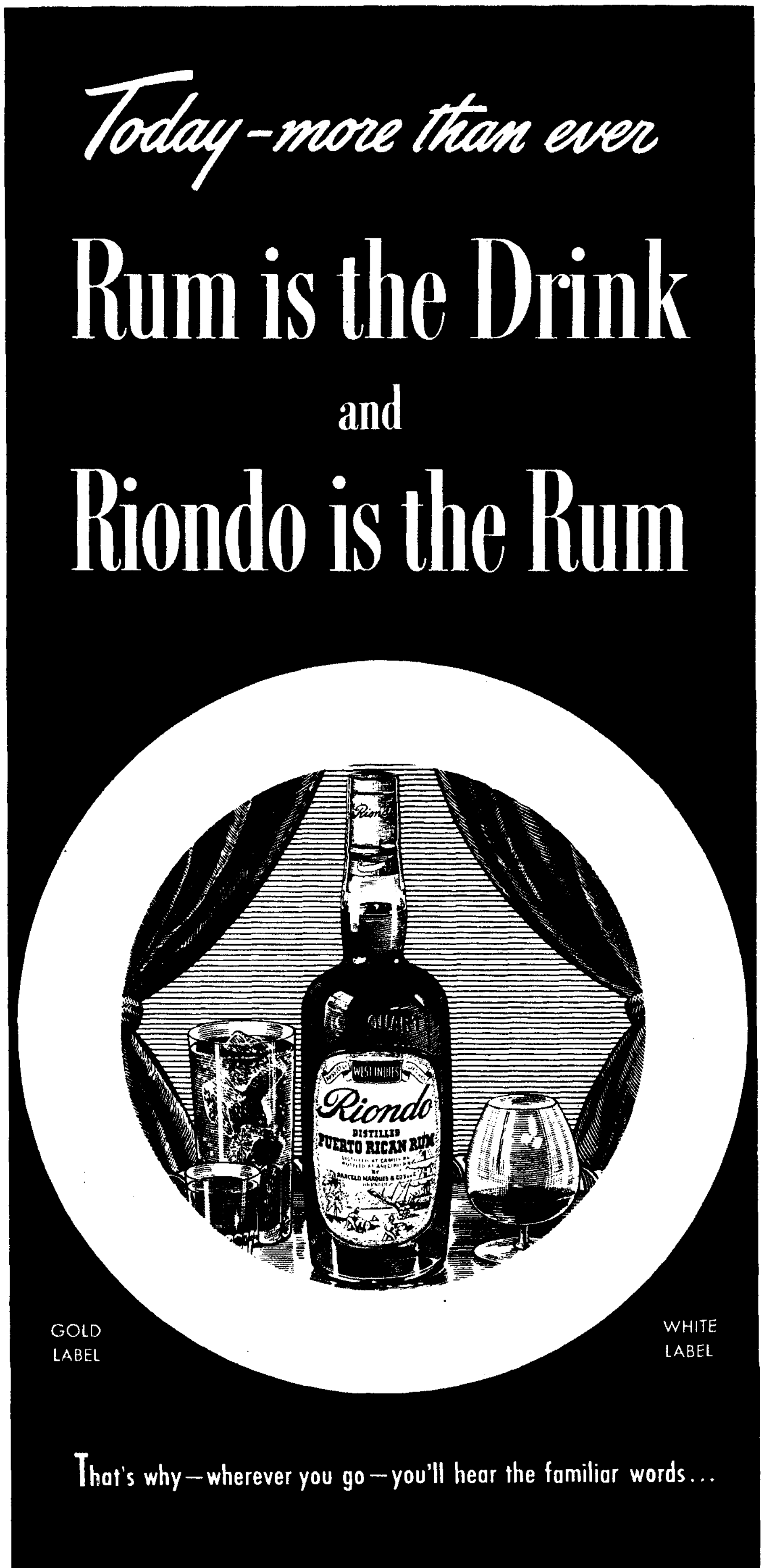
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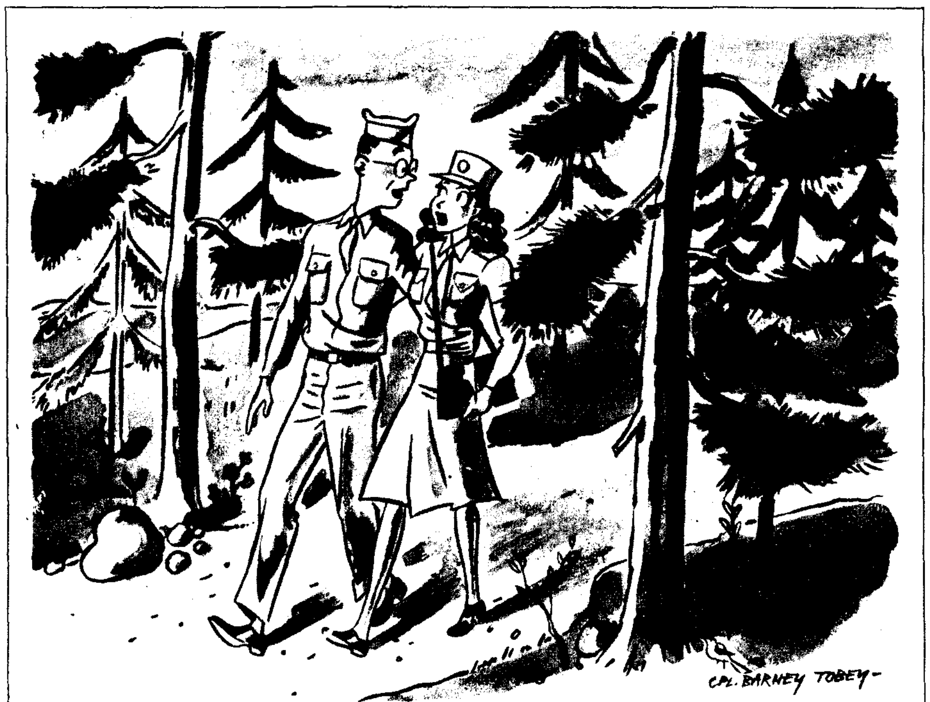


"Margie, if I get through my basic training safely, will you marry me?"

COLLIER'S CPL. BARNEY TOBEY

gunfire, other landmarks were not so favored. One of these was a large sugar refinery through the rollers of which some six million dollars' worth of cane was squeezed annually for export. It seemed shameful to reduce such an impressive plant, the sole industry in a village, to a mess of broken machinery and rubble surrounded by roofless walls. But from a military standpoint, it was inevitable. The thick masonry walls of the refinery made it an ideal fort and a machine-gun nest from which the Japs could resist our landings on the beach just a few hundred yards away.

Approaching dusk rang down the curtain on the first act of our bombardment show, but that didn't mean that the beleaguered Japs on Saipan and Tinian would be given any rest during the night. No! Destroyers were assigned in relays to lob 5-inch shells at assorted targets all night. The island defenders did not know where the next shell might land and they must have been the victims of a case of mass jitters.

As our ships withdrew from firing range, an incident occurred which confirms the reputed craftiness of the Nips. One of the first to leave was a battleship which had been blasting away that morning at the coastal guns at Nafutan Point. When no return fire was forthcoming, the ship's big guns had been shifted to other targets until the order to cease firing for the day was issued. Now she steamed out to sea, and, some distance astern, a light cruiser and two destroyers followed.

Led into a Jap Ambush

The cruiser, with a portion of her day's ammunition allowance still unexpended, fired these remaining shells at Nafutan as a farewell message. By this time, the battleship was well out of range of the coastal battery, while the cruiser and the destroyers were within range of its gaping muzzles. Suddenly, these muzzles, which had been silent all day, spat flame and steel. Splashes close aboard the cruiser and destroyers showed the Jap aim was sour, but the three ships didn't wait for it to improve. Putting on full speed and laying a heavy smoke screen, they took it on the lam, firing salvos at the reawakened battery as they departed.

That night our bombardment ships cruised, marking time. Thick, low-lying clouds furnished a convenient screen against enemy air attacks, although we were on the alert for them. No disturbing planes came in, however, so we were able to store up a good night's rest against a busy tomorrow, D-Day itself.

Before dawn, the three bombardment groups were back at the shooting gallery, and again the early morning stillness was broken by their barrages. Planes from one of our carrier forces bombed and strafed all island targets, mopping up unfinished damage from the day before. The possum-playing battery on Nafutan Point was, of course, a magnet for concentrated fire, and it wasn't long before the entire side of the cliff at that spot erupted like a miniature earthquake. A salvo had penetrated the battery's ammunition storage, silencing its guns permanently.

"H-Hour will be at eight-thirty." That picket fence we had seen on the horizon shortly after dawn now emerged as the masts of transports ferrying the landing forces. Hard-bitten Marines, many of them veterans of Tarawa and Kwajalein, would hit the beach at eight-thirty. Already they were scrambling over the sides of the transports into the landing barges, Alligators, Ducks and Water Buffaloes. The first wave of landing craft moved in toward the beaches on the southwest side of the island, and the other waves followed at spaced intervals.

At exactly eight-forty (there had been an announced delay of ten minutes) the first Leathernecks splashed through the shallow blue water lapping the Saipan shore line, and charged across the white sand toward the Jap lines. It wasn't easy going. Machine-gun emplacements just beyond the beach line slashed at them, mortar fire from farther inland dropped high explosives on men and landing boats, but it takes more than that to slow down a landing of Marines.

They drove on. To cover these landings, the naval bombardment was accelerated now, and the planes dived down to bomb and strafe the Jap positions near the beaches. The rocket guns on oncoming landing craft also helped to plow a path ashore. The entire beach area was obscured by a pall of smoke through which succeeding waves of assault troops landed and moved forward. Within ten minutes after this initial landing, they had captured a small airfield flanking the beach, and the drive was on toward the major objective, Aslito.

The fierceness of the Jap counterattack indicated how reluctant they were to yield Aslito. From their consolidated position on the near edge of the airfield, they tried to mow down the invaders, and farther to the rear a tank attack had been organized, with its guns pounding away at the troops on the beach and at the boats bringing them in. Our plane observers over the island had spotted this tank drive, however, and within a few minutes a flight of dive bombers was roaring down to break it up.

This land battle continued at white heat during the next two days, while our forces inched their way ahead. All through this trying period, the Jap artillery laid down a devastating barrage on the beachhead. On the third day, however, all enemy opposition in this area was stifled; our mobile guns and vital supplies rolled ashore in increasing quantities, and Army reinforcements arrived from transports to bolster the Marine attack.

While all this island activity was in progress, our ships were cruising around the perimeter of Saipan, playing policeman. There were frequent air-raid alerts, usually at dawn or dusk, and then the sky would be polka-dotted by ack-ack bursts as our gunners drove off or knocked down the attacking Jap planes. These were only nuisance raids, however, for the total number of planes in any one was relatively small, thanks to the good work of the Fifth Fleet carrier forces, which had neutralized the Jap air bases in the Bonins and other menacing neighborhoods.

During this phase of the Saipan occupation, an even greater threat was the reported movement in our direction of that powerful Jap fleet from the Philippines. Admiral Spruance, well aware of this danger, had dispatched still more carriers and surface ships to meet and, if possible, engage this armada. The result of that contact between plane squadrons from the Japs and our flat-tops is a glorious page in American naval history. The Japs lost hundreds of planes, a number of surface ships, including carriers, were sunk or heavily damaged, and they forgot all about rushing to the rescue of their comrades in Saipan.

Within a week, our forces had captured Aslito Airfield and were operating their own planes there. The taking of Aslito at this time had a particular significance, for we had just received word that the new super-super B-29 bombers had made their first raid on the Japanese homeland. Now, in our mind's eye, we could see scores of these same B-29s taking off from Aslito some day in the near future to make unwelcome calls on Tokyo.

Day by day, the Marines and the Army reinforcements continued their sweep northward on Saipan in an unbroken line from coast to coast. During this progress, they picked up some new and interesting bits of information on Japanese warfare. They found abandoned, for example, a number of gadgets they promptly dubbed "turtlebacks." These were hoods of light steel, shaped to fit over the head and shoulders of a soldier swimming in shallow water or crawling along the ground, as protection against rifle fire or shell fragments.

As usual, the Japs dug deep into their bag of tricks in an attempt to confuse their opponents. One of these shenanigans might be labeled "The Mystery of the Missing Corpses." During the first few days of the invasion, our officers were puzzled by the small number of dead Japs found on the field of battle as our troops advanced. They were sure that hundreds of Japs had been killed in the fury of that assault, but the evidence was strangely missing. They also knew from previous campaigns that the Japs seldom paused to bury their dead.

The mystery finally was solved when several enemy trucks were captured in a position hastily abandoned by the Japs. The trucks were piled high with bodies which the Japs had collected and were about to spirit behind their lines, obviously to conceal from us their total casualties.

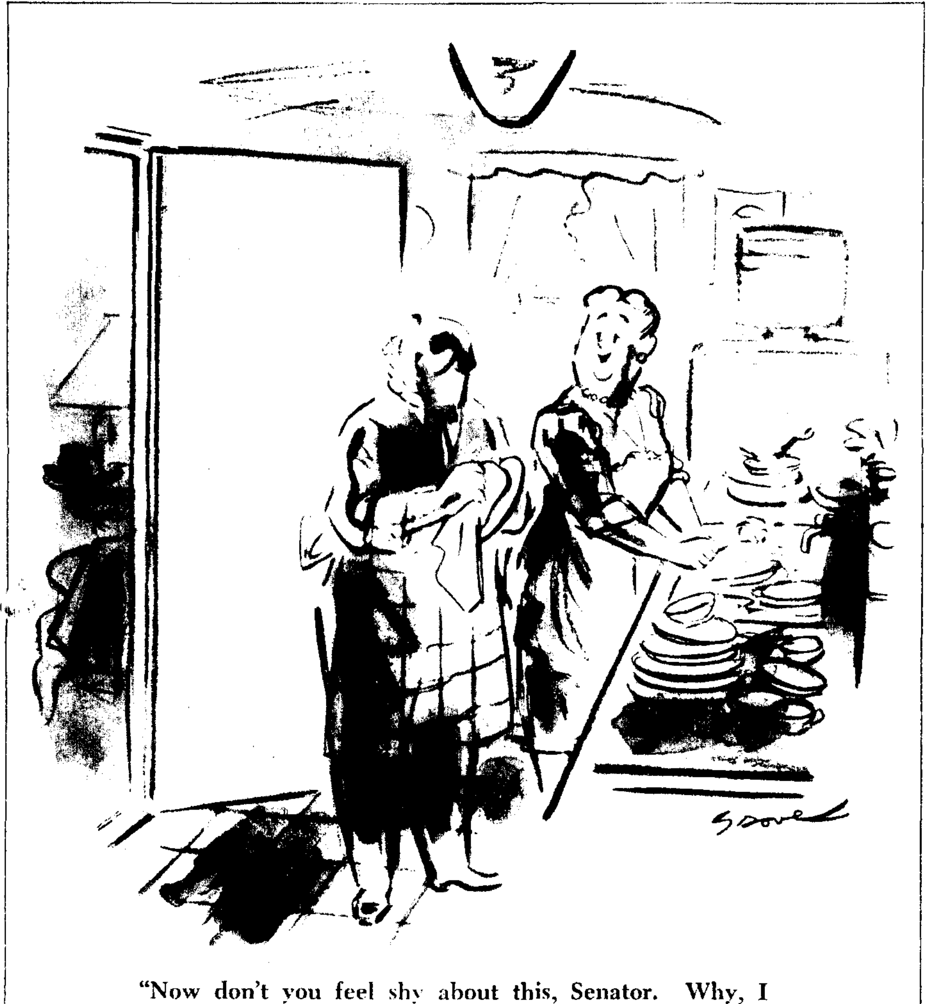
During the infrequent lulls between actions, the Marines and Army men found time for humanitarian work. Hundreds of civilians, mostly women and children from the sugar-refinery village, were found hiding in mountainside caves, waiting out the battle. Many of them were in poor physical condition, the children suffering from rickets and trachoma, the older people either starving or obviously undernourished. These refugees were gathered in a stockade behind our lines, given medical treatment, and their scant rice diet was augmented by generous portions of vitaminized field rations.

New Friends for the Marines

Possibly as a natural reaction to the horrors of war they had undergone a few short hours previously, the troops showered attention upon the little slant-eyed kids, some of whom were even adopted as company mascots. It was startling at first, however, to see a tall husky Marine, fresh from the front lines, strolling down a dusty road, hand in hand with a toddling brownskin who was nibbling blissfully on a C-ration candy bar. If you drew close enough, you might overhear the doughty Leatherneck telling stories to his new-found pal—in pidgin English baby talk.

Unfortunately, we weren't able to stick around and see how these beautiful friendships developed. We did have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that our forces ashore were now well established, and that the remainder of the occupation would be chiefly a mopping-up campaign. Later, the whole island fell to our forces. Uncle Whiskers had opened up another of his branch offices at this way station, an important express stop on the road to Tokyo.

THE END



"Now don't you feel shy about this, Senator. Why, I had your opponent mowing my lawn here just last week"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

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MENTHOL-IC
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COOL shaves at no extra cost!

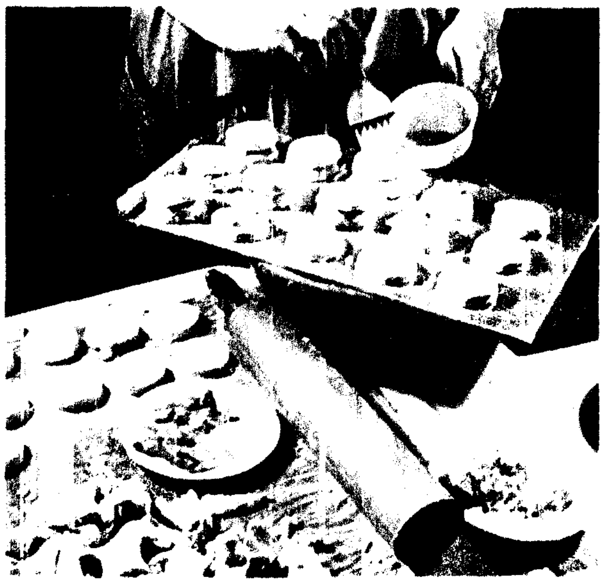
An electric fan in every tube! That's the effect you get when you use Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave. Costs more to make, but costs you no more than ordinary shave cream. You get refreshing COOLNESS at no extra cost! This *plus feature* has made Mennen Menthol-iced Lather the largest-selling shave cream of its kind.

Left: Cordon Bleu party at the Patmore farm, where the guests cooked their own. Left to right, Mrs. Dione Lucas, director of the Cordon Bleu school and restaurant; Graham Patmore, host and maker of the punch; Conrad Johnson, architect and expert garden weeder; three head cooks—Howard Richmond, department store display manager, Mrs. Harriet Rivard, businesswoman, John Scovil, decorator; and Phyllis Ernst, Powers model and chief bottle washer. Below: The rice bowl is ready and Mr. Scovil starts making his biscuits, blending shortening into the dry ingredients by hand

It's a

By Ruth Carson

The way to throw a party—and enjoy it, too—is to put your guests to work. Just pass out the aprons and route the traffic through the kitchen



Mrs. Rivard *finishes* biscuits by brushing beaten egg over their tops so they will bake to golden brown. Egg brushed on bottom round helps the two parts stick together. Cheese and bacon between will blend into the biscuit

The makings of the rice bowl and vegetable salad. Ranged on left side, bowls of raw cabbage, celery, carrot, green pepper, beets for salad. On right, peeled tomatoes, grated egg yolks, egg whites, rice, pea puree, and diced cooked vegetables for rice dish

YOU don't have to understand French to know what Cordon Bleu means. Blue ribbon is a literal translation. But applied to food, it means wonderful cook in any language, and a diploma from the famous Cordon Bleu cooking school of Paris is a prize cherished by many a famous chef.

So when Mrs. Dione Lucas opened her Cordon Bleu school in New York two years ago, in the basement of her Cordon Bleu restaurant, there was a stampede of cooking scholars; all kinds of people, with one thing in common—a yen for good food and a desire to cook it themselves.

That's a pleasure, Mrs. Lucas mourns, that too many of us miss. We look on cooking as just another household chore, whereas it is a creative art. Mrs. Lucas herself is an Englishwoman who was a jeweler before she was a cook, which may explain her artistry with food. She went to the Paris Cordon Bleu and graduated with such honor that she is one of the two graduates now authorized to run a school of her own and issue Cordon Bleu diplomas.

The people in her classes don't all win diplomas but they have a wonderful time. One class, getting hungry during the summer recess for the taste and fun of its own joint cookery, moved on up to Connecticut for a week end at the home of Mrs. Graham Patmore. And Mrs. Patmore, who is Photographer Marian Stephenson in professional life, snapped these pictures to inspire you to a cooking party, which will let your guests exhibit their skill, provide their own informal entertainment, and incidentally save you a lot of work. Any menu will do. Invite people with specialties and turn them loose with extra guests for helpers.

Or try what the Cordon Bleu cooks thought up for supper on the terrace: A bowl of fluffy cold rice mixed with vegetables and served with stuffed eggs and chunks of tomato. A raw vegetable salad. Biscuits made delectable with bacon and cheese in their midst. A giant berry tart made with custard and guaranteed to add a few pounds. And a rum punch with a special delicious something in it, a mixture that occurred to Mrs. Lucas one day at the Cordon Bleu school she ran in London before the war.

This menu, they point out, is cool and tempting on a hot day. It is also—much of it—easily prepared in advance, in case your guests wish to arrive with some of the setup already cooked, so that they can concentrate on their final flourishes.

But a party from scratch is more fun. The Patmore farm is famous for such parties. A dozen week-end guests, twenty extra people to dinner and no help! This situation, guaranteed to cause panic and collapse in almost any other household, is customary with the Patmores.

Mrs. Patmore doesn't put in the week getting ready, either. She works all week in New York and arrives with her guests. How does she manage?

"I make a list of things to be done and tell them they can pick what they want to do. I tell them nobody has to do anything if he doesn't want to. But I tell 'em 'most everybody does do something. And I have a closetful of aprons and garden clothes, all sizes."

The Cordon Bleu supper on the terrace, of course, was a natural for her, everybody doing his job with loving care, and Mrs. Lucas passing out the jobs.

"There is no such thing as too many cooks," says Mrs. Lucas. "All you need is a schedule to keep them out of one another's pots."

John Scovil, one of New York's talented decorators, made the biscuits. His recipe called for: 2 cups flour, 1 level teaspoonful salt, 1 heaping teaspoonful sugar, 3 scant teaspoonfuls baking powder, 4 generous tablespoonfuls shortening, ½ cup milk.

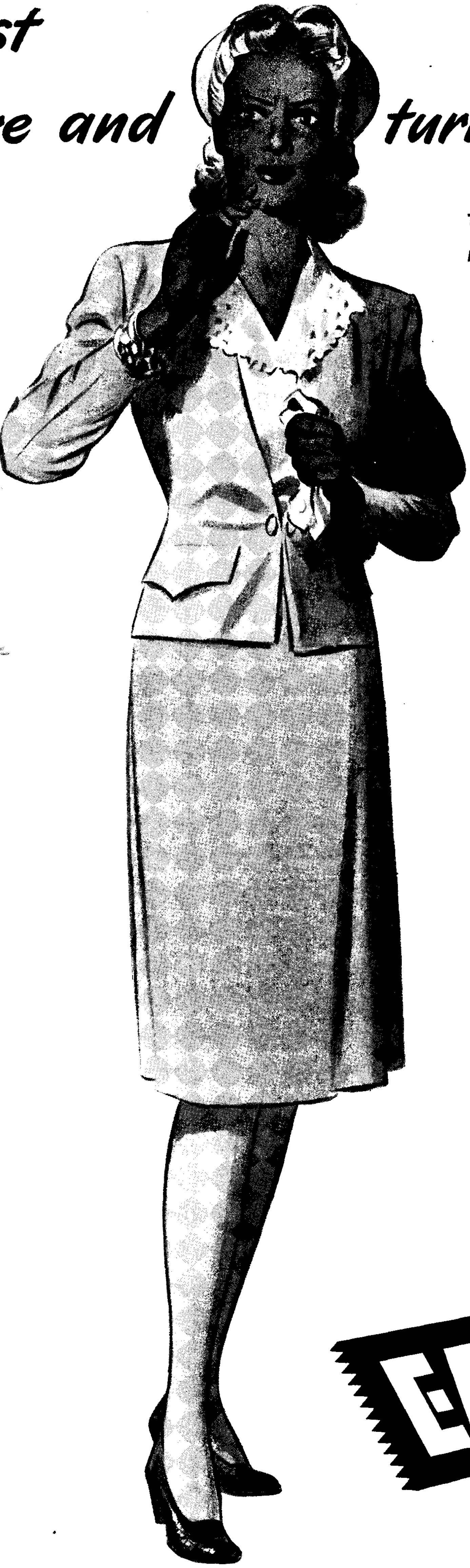
He mixed the dry ingredients in a bowl, rubbed the fat in by hand, added the milk and mixed quickly, not to toughen the dough. He put the dough to set in the refrigerator while he grated some store cheese (slicing it would have been even better), and cut up raw bacon into two-inch pieces as shown in the picture here. Then he rolled the dough to a scant half-inch thickness, cut it with a cooky cutter, and put half the biscuits on a cooky sheet.

These Mrs. Harriet Rivard, a businesswoman who cooks because she likes to, brushed with beaten egg, topped with a piece of bacon and some cheese each, and then another biscuit which she also brushed with beaten egg. (The bacon serves in place of butter, but the taste of these wondrous biscuits is enough to make you forget any such practical matter.) The picture complete, they put it to bake for twenty minutes in a 250-degree oven, while they had their first round of punch.

Other cooks had already been at work on the rice bowl and the salad, dividing among *(Continued on page 80)*

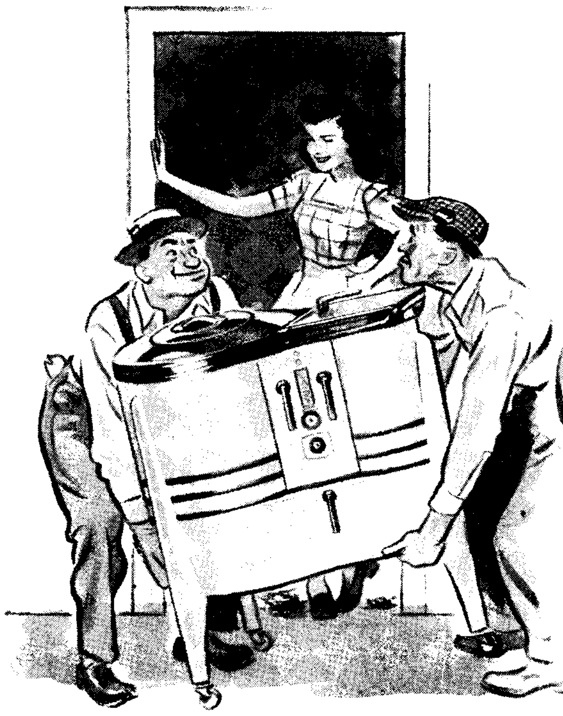
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON

Mrs. Allen just stood there and turned GREEN!

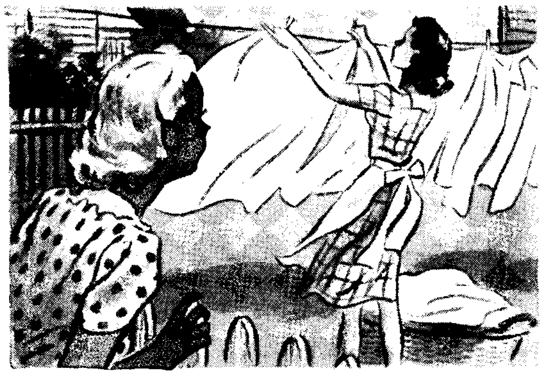


TIME: *After the war!*

MORAL: *Don't let this happen to you!*



1 It happened when we were the first in our neighborhood to get a new Easy Spindrier after the war. Just because we'd planned ahead to get *our* Spindrier as soon as they were made again, my next-door neighbor turned positively *green* with envy!



2 I knew just how she felt! While I was taking our week's wash off the line, she still had hours of drudgery ahead. My Spindrier's *two* tubs do a full 3-load wash in 59 minutes—from the first tablecloth to the last pair of slacks. The reason it's so fast is that one tub washes while the other *spins* damp-dry!

3 And just look at my child's print dresses! The colors stay bright much longer. I don't have to leave clothes in the hot sun so long because the Spindrier actually removes up to 25% *more water* than old-fashioned methods!

MATINEE
TO-DAY
EATURE
2.4!

4 I've always hated washing clothes. That's why I'm so goofy about my Spindrier! It lets me get my washing *and* ironing all done the first day and leaves me free the rest of the week. I don't even dread washing blankets or pillows, the Spindrier does *everything* so beautifully! It can't even break buttons!

5 If you want to get the jump on your neighbors—and kiss washday drudgery goodbye—start saving *now* by buying War Bonds. Just as soon as Uncle Sam says go ahead, we're going to start making your new Easy Spindrier with all the skill we've acquired in 67 years of specializing in home laundry problems. It will be worth waiting for—and we hope you won't have to wait much longer! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, New York.

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All the Other Things

Continued from page 12

preliminaries, after Elinor has thoroughly asserted herself, you'll see the heart of gold—"

"Yeah. Solid gold."

"Oh, well—she's been headman around here all her life. The trouble is she hasn't any papers to prove it, and she has to keep cracking the whip. You came here with banners flying, and everybody fell for you—"

"Only until they saw that Elinor didn't like it."

Jean grinned, her small merry eyes almost disappearing in her plain, attractive face. "And you got Scotty. That's another thing."

Just to have someone mention Scott's name aloud was like honey in the heart. Far away, across the course, a few men, older men, were playing golf, and Ila watched them. Yes, she had got Scotty, and nobody knew better than she how unimportant it was that six years ago everyone here had expected Scott Deering to marry Elinor. Even to Elinor, married now to Clem, and with three children, it must be unimportant—except that she had constantly to assert her claim to everything in this small inland city.

But there were other cities. There was Cleveland, where several key men had been drafted recently, and Scott's father had at last reluctantly consented to his going there to take over. If Scott had been disappointed at her eagerness to go, Ila would have known, and then she could not have insisted on going. She had told herself once, witnessing a terrible disappointment of Scott's, that everything she did for the rest of her life would make up to him for that.

She turned to Jean. "The worst of it is," she said, "we have to go to her house tonight. I never know how to get out of it when she asks us. Clem and she are old friends of Scott and he likes them and I never know how to get out of it."

"Of course you can't get out of it," said Jean sensibly. She too was going to Elinor's. "You have to take her the way she is. You two will be all right when you get used to her."

Pulling on her cap, Ila tucked long hair the color of chestnuts under it. As soon as Scott knew when they were leaving she would tell Jean that she did not, after all, have to get used to Elinor. Jean was the one she would miss, the only one who paid no attention to the cracking of the whip.

"Anyway," burst out Ila, "I don't have to ride back to town in her dirty old station wagon."

Jean laughed. "Scotty coming out for you?"

"Yes. He wants to play nine holes. We haven't used the car much this week, so he has enough gas."

She squeezed Jean's arm because Jean, whose husband was in the Pacific, was smiling gallantly and a little sadly. They walked together to the shallow end of the pool where Ila could begin such unvigorous swimming as she was allowed to do.

IN a sleeveless white dress, Ila sat under the big old trees near the first tee. Waiting for Scott she wondered that she could have been so upset earlier. None of it mattered, and they would not be here long.

He came soon from the direction of the parking place, his thick bright hair burnished by the sun, his long legs taking the slope easily, and as Ila watched him her hands tightened on the arms of her chair.

Casually, as two people should who have been married a year, they greeted each other.

"You all right?" asked Scott.

"Yes," said Ila, faintly smiling as she gazed out over the rolling course where the fairways were shaggy this year.

"Did you swim?"

"A little."

"It isn't much fun when they won't let you dive."

"Yes. It was nice."

She had told him last week, as soon as she was sure. There had been, no prospective parent reactions from Scott until he had fiercely demanded if she were all right and had called Dr. Gilman himself. Then he had strutted, his thumbs in his armholes. Now he was just right about it, thinking of her, leaving it to the doctor to say what she could and could not do.

"I won't play, after all," said Scott now. "I thought I could duck out earlier, but Dad is still away and I couldn't. We won't have too much time as it is, if we're going to the Adamses' for dinner."

"Oh, we're going." She smiled at him, and he looked intently at her, knowing she did not want to go, knowing she was going because the Adamses were his friends.

"This character they're having the dinner for," he said, grateful to her, explaining to her, "Baxter, I think his name is, is a big shot in metal stuff. One of the other factories here has been taking practically all their supply, and Clem needs some. It's up to Elinor to charm a contract out of Baxter's pocket."

"She will," said Ila.

Scott laughed. "Come on," he said.

Ila did not need help yet but she would always take the hand he held out to her.

The car faced into the sun and they pulled the sun visors around before they turned to each other. It was a miracle, but the kiss was no different from the first ones a year ago. After a long moment they drew apart and smiled unsteadily at each other, and talked a little as they drove home.

Minna met them in the front hall, a checked apron stubbornly over the white apron of her uniform. Minna was middle-aged and she was a good cook and she didn't, as she said, take anything from anybody.

"Mrs. Wingate called you," she said to Ila; "her that was Sara Grant."

Even Minna must remind young Mrs. Deering that she was new in town.

"Thank you, Minna. Did she leave any message?"

"Not with me," said Minna proudly and went back to her kitchen. She had been with the Grants for years and could rightly have been given any message there was to give.

"What did Sara want?" asked Scott as they went upstairs.

Ila laughed, glad of his impatience to know everything that concerned her. "How am I supposed to know? But I guess I do. It's probably about that committee for taking care of the kids of working mothers. Your friend Elinor, naturally, is to be chairman. I told Sara I'd think about it. I don't know what to say—since no one knows yet that we're going to Cleveland."

Closing the door of their room, Scott turned, his eyes almost as fierce in surprise as they were in anger, blue eyes that blazed in any emotion. Those eyes had never been turned on her in anger, but she knew how terribly angry he could be.

"But you can't cut yourself off from everything!" he exclaimed. "It may be weeks before we can get away."

There was nothing in his face except surprise. Not disappointment, nor accusation, because she did not like his home town. She could not have borne it if there had been disappointment. Once something had been taken from him that he wanted. His anger had not been against her but it had been a frightening thing that drained him of his very self, and for a time she had thought he would not get over what had happened. But he had.

IT WAS in the unspeakable little Pullman car of a house in Virginia where they had first lived, and which they had loved, that she had seen him angry.

Because he was not whistling she did not hear him come in, and when he stood in the doorway of the tiny living room, that never by day or night was cooler than one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, she moved back a little, looking at him. He glared at her, his face white and not his face at all, his eyes blue fire.

"I'm out," he said. "Discharged."

She looked at his uniform, at the beautiful stripes, one wide, one narrow, on his sleeve.

"Honorably," said Scott in a low voice, walking toward her. "That makes it all right, doesn't it?" He stopped, close to her, and this time she did not move away. "A couple of fool maiden aunts of doctors think they see something, and they X-ray my bones, and they find a place on my thigh that was broken years ago, skiing." He laughed, a dreadful sound. "They find it—when I'm slated for sea duty! Hell and damnation," he shouted, "it's a better leg right now than the other one."

"Darling, I'm sorry—"

"Sorry! No, you're not." His voice sank again. "You're glad—"

"No."

"Yes, you are. I know, because, as soon as I could think, it was the first thing I thought of—you. I thought, I've got Ila. But with me—it—didn't—help—one—little—damned—bit. Do you understand that?"

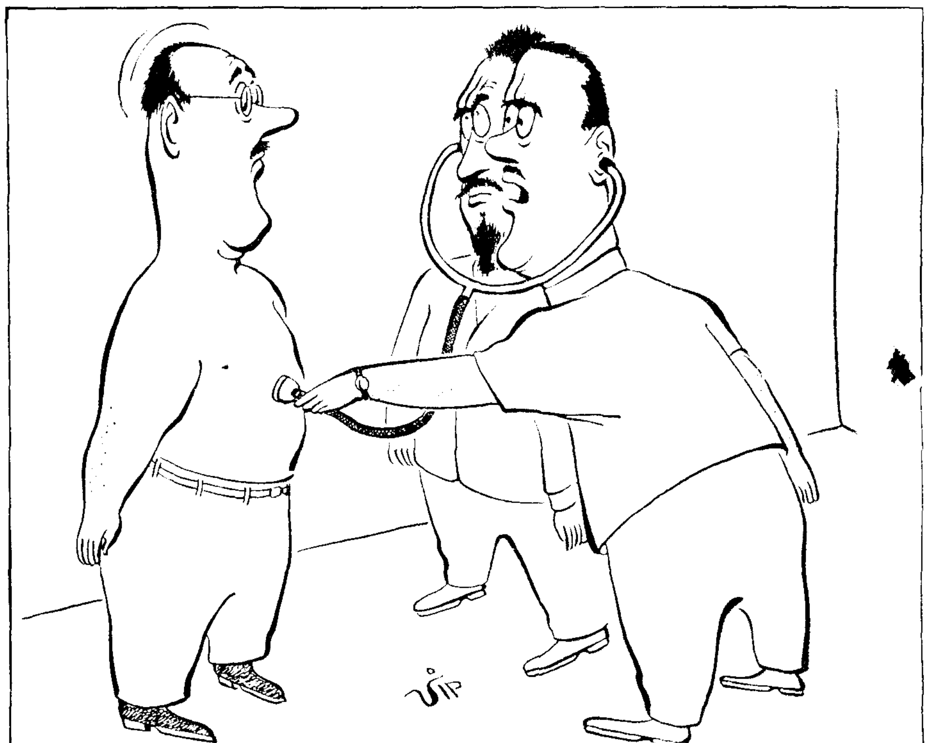
"Yes, darling."

He stared at her, the anger, that was not for her, dying in his eyes, so that they were only bleak.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a louse." And walked away from her.

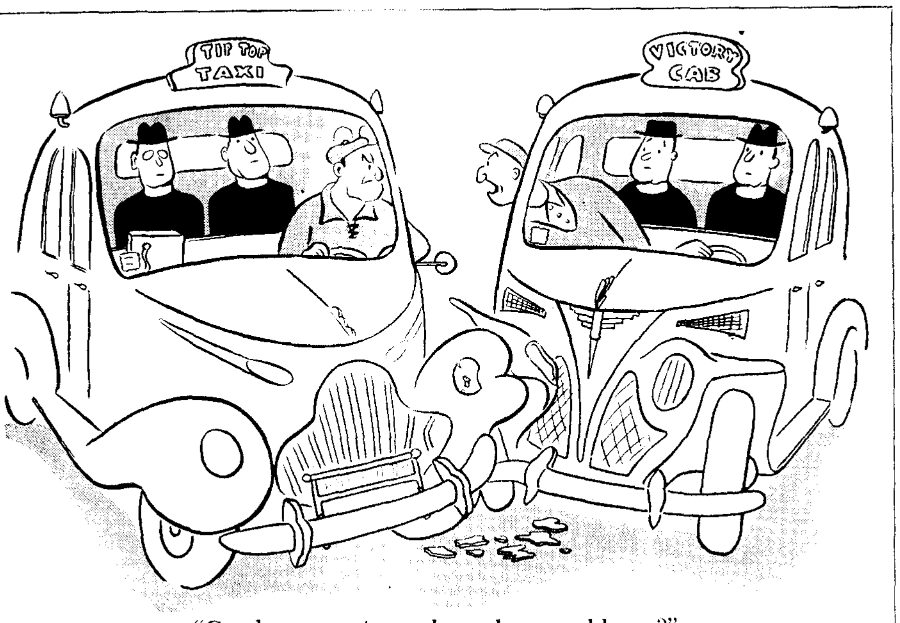
"It's all right, Scott."

It was all right. He was a man and his country was at war and he was to be left behind. She could not help him bear it. Not at first. Once, when they were packing the few things in the Pullman car of a house that



"By the way, Gormely; this is my consultant, Dr. Steger"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



COLLIER'S "Goodness gracious, chum, how could you?" ELMER ATKINS

belonged to them, he said. "Keep our chins up, Ila. I'll get over this."

Now he was over it. Now he could wear his civilian clothes without a chip, hardly ever saying things like, "Honorably discharged—it sounds just like dishonorably charged" or "There's a guy with a button—what good does he think that does him?" Scott would not wear his button. . . .

Careful of lipstick she slipped a long yellow linen dress over her head.

"I like that yellow thing," said Scott.

"It's always been tight—so I'd better wear it while I can."

"I'll bet you'll be a sight."

"I bet I will, too."

"We'll go to New York when you're at your best—I'll take you back to the agency, and to the Blue Angel and the Stork Club (very appropriate that will be, too) and to the other spots. I wonder," he said, shrugging into a white coat that had no high standing collar and no shoulder boards, "if they've ever had a baby born in the Stork Club."

Spraying perfume on her long chestnut hair, Ila laughed.

"Do you," Scott looked at her across the width of the room, "miss it, darling? All the enchantment?"

"What enchantment?"

"The recognition, the turning of heads, the hate in women's eyes because you look the way you do, what we will call the admiration in men's eyes—"

"Did I have all that?"

"Did you not?"

"Tell me about it. I've forgotten."

"Not me. I wouldn't be the one to remind you that you liked nothing better than to stand for hours under lights that melted your make-up, and it had to be put on over and over again, just so you could see yourself on the back, and on the front, and in the middle of our best magazines. That you had an authentic offer from Hollywood which you were seriously considering, when I walked into a cocktail party in somebody's duplex apartment, and there you were, miles across the room—"

"It took you hours to get to me."

"And we walked right out together, not knowing each other's names—"

"That was some other girl," said Ila. "I was born in a Pullman car of a house in Virginia."

WITH the beginning of a blaze in his blue eyes Scott regarded her. Then he picked up the suit he had discarded and went through the pockets for his keys and his wallet and his cigarettes.

"Come on," he said, putting the things in the pockets of his white coat. "We can't stand here all night talking about the weather. There's a swell dinner waiting for us, cooked by Elinor's lily-white hands, and some rugged cocktails made by Clem's big hams—"

"I'm ready," said Ila from the doorway, knowing they had to go.

You were allowed just so much time. After all the other things were done, the marketing with points, the gossip and the housekeeping talk on the telephone, the visits to the dentist (for cleanings, thank goodness, not fillings), the hours in the afternoon at the ration board and at the hospital; and after Scott had thrown aside the morning paper, kissed you with the hard untender kiss of goodby, lunched at his club or at a downtown grill with other men, talked to Chicago and Cleveland and Buffalo, dictated twenty or thirty letters; and after you had met again in the hallway of the pretty English provincial house and had dinner with your friends, and stood about and sat about, and played double gin and bridge, and said, "Yes, I've heard that one—priceless and I'm surprised at you," and "No, thank you, no more for me"—after all those things were done, then and then only could you have your little time together.

THE Adams house was big and impressive and red brick, and the setting sun burned in every well-washed window. Standing on the steps they could see through the screen door into the hall where the rather grand stairway curved upward in wide sweeps.

"An honest-to-god butler used to come to the door here," said Scott.

"I know. Now she does it all herself, except for a nursegirl and a laundress—"

"She's a wonder."

"And beautiful."

Scott laughed and looked at her, and a little muscle sprang out above his jaw. He meant that no one in the world but she was beautiful. And Ila, smiling, touched the little muscle with her finger—

Then they had to go in and be with their friends because Clem, as big and shadowy as a genii in the dim hall, came toward them saying soothingly, "You just turn the knob and pull it toward you and the thing opens—"

"We don't walk into other people's houses without ringing," said Scott and held the door for Ila. "We're the shy type."

Going in, Ila knew suddenly and sadly that, as a bachelor, and a lifelong friend, Scott had walked into this house without ringing.

Clem, older than the rest of them, but not old, pumped Ila's hand and Scott's, and Elinor came into the hall.

Once Ila had kissed Elinor on coming here. That was because Jean had kissed Elinor, and it seemed to be a custom of the country. That time Elinor had turned a cool and startled cheek to her. Now Elinor kissed Ila. This was so that she could also kiss Scott.

Her hands on Scott's shoulders, Elinor said, "You don't mind me kissing your husband, do you, Ila?"

And Ila said, "Not unless you're coming down with flu or something."

"I never, even once, gave him flu. Did I, Scotty?"

Scott grinned, not liking Elinor's hands on his shoulders, but liking Elinor.

In the big living room that needed a butler, eight people looked inadequate, as though they should be waiting for a larger group. Jean, with her husband away, was filling in, partner for the big shot in the metal industry. She waved gladly from the couch, motioning for Ila to sit beside her. The other girl was

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Patty Duncan, who sat on the arm of a chair, sipping a cocktail.

Far down the room Clem resumed his place as bartender. Jack Duncan, on leave and wearing the only uniform in the room, and Scott, and a fat man who must be Baxter, stood about the table where the drinks were. Scott was telling them something, his bright head bent, and they listened, their burst of laughter timed as only good stories can time it. No man ever disliked Scott unless Scott wanted him to.

Content, and at the same time a little lonely, Ila sat down beside Jean. Now Scott had forgotten her. It was good for him to be with his friends, and to forget her for a little while, freed for this short time from the miraculous thing that was between them. She would not have had it any other way. They would always have friends—wherever they lived—so that Scott could always have all the other things.

"Clem will have a drink for you in a minute," said Elinor, drifting up from the other end of the room in an old print dinner dress. Elinor's clothes were always good but almost never new, and you seldom noticed them. You noticed her beautiful dark head, her cool, insolent eyes and her very firm carved mouth.

"Thank you," murmured Ila, who did not want a drink.

"I have to go out," said Elinor, lingering, "and see that our dinner doesn't burn up."

The men drifted up with their drinks, and Ila took the one Clem brought her, touching her lips to the glass before setting it down. Someone introduced Baxter, who had already met the others, and when Elinor came back from the kitchen they were all explaining to the fat man that it was on billboards and in magazines that he had seen Ila who looked familiar.

NO ONE could say that Elinor was actually impatient at someone else being the center of attention but she broke in at the first possible moment: "I hear you're to be on my committee, Ila. Sara said she had talked to you about it. You'll go over big with the working mothers. They eat up stuff like fame and publicity."

It was a nice opportunity. Leaning back in the down cushions, Ila smiled. "I'm afraid not," she said. "I'm not much good at that kind of thing—either."

Speculatively Elinor gazed at her, and it was all too plain that Elinor was handicapped by her role as hostess. She had to be content with saying sweetly, "I suppose not. It would be pretty dull for you—no glamor at all."

"That's it," said Ila briskly, almost but not quite losing her temper.

Gaily, undisturbed, Elinor herded them out to the dining room.

The candles were tall so that their light did not stab the eyes, the flowers were low and white, and the waitress—whom Elinor had hired for the occasion—said "Excuse me" too often but was otherwise quite good.

Baxter, the big shot in the manufacturing world, was pleased with his environment. He said, beaming around the table, that he envied them living in this beautiful town, so splendidly busy with its war work and at the same time almost untouched by the war. His sympathetic glance excepted Jean, whose husband he knew about by now, and recognized Jack Duncan's uniform, and a little awkwardly slid past Scott to Clem, whom he had known in a business way for some time.

"Being the last remaining official of my company," said Clem loudly, returning Scott's wink, "they tell me I'm too old, worse luck. But if this thing keeps on they promise me I'll find myself young enough."

From the other side of the table Ila smiled at Scott. She had seen the quick, smoldering flash of his eyes that died almost instantly as he winked at Clem. Once, not so long ago, a whole evening could have been spoiled for him by a stranger's glance sliding off his white civilian coat. But he was all right now. *Ever since he had been home . . . where the explanations he would not make were never necessary . . .* with sudden pain Ila knew, what she had known all evening, and would not acknowledge. There had been something more than surprise in Scott's face when they were in their bedroom at home, something he had hidden from her as well as he could but which she had been aware of. . . .

Dinner was almost over. The talk was back again to the war, and this time it was frankly about matériel. Full of excellent food and benevolence Baxter had tentatively touched on the subject.

"Go ahead," said Clem. "These people all know my business as well as I do myself."

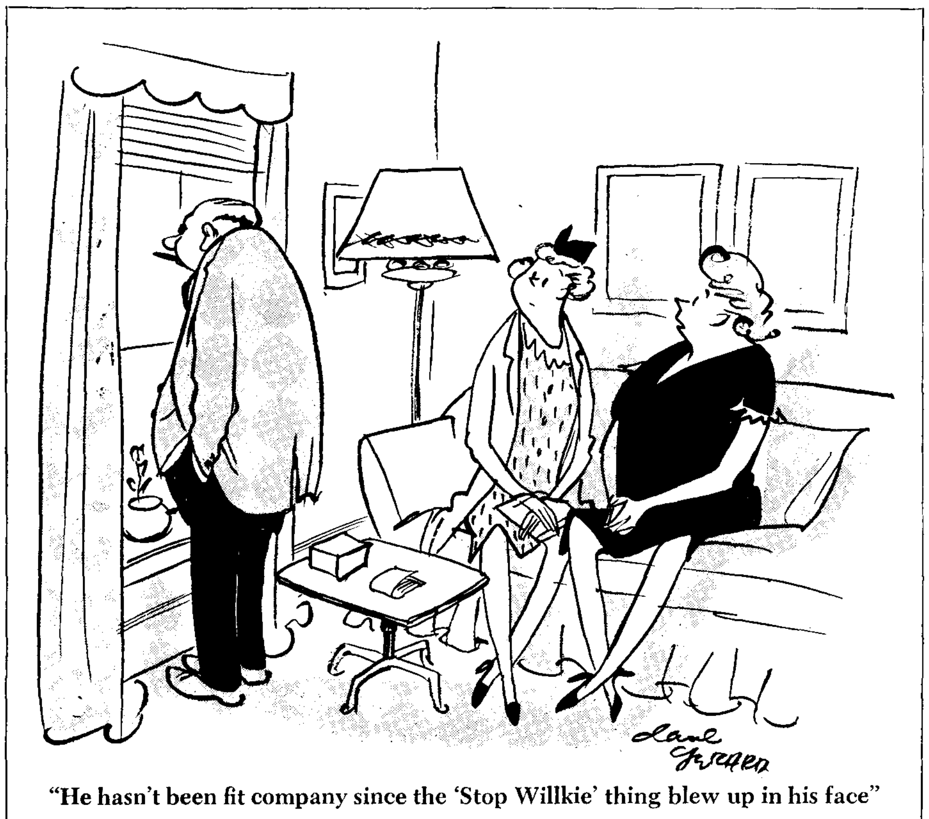
This, and the burst of laughter, Baxter found charming.

"Your priority, Adams," he said in an indulgent voice, "is tops, of course—but it doesn't mean much. If the stuff isn't available you can't get it. But I think we can do something for you. The Ingraham people are *always slow with their orders. We know they* want their usual allotment but we have to have it in black and white. They're old customers of ours, and of course if they find themselves out on a limb we'll have to see that they're taken care of. But there are ways." His black eyes twinkled in his smooth pink face. "We wouldn't let an old customer down, and there are two or three places we know of—"

"I've tried all the places," said Clem, looking at him.

"Not these places you haven't," Baxter wagged his head. "Their stuff doesn't go through the regular channels—"

Elinor's face was turned directly to him.



"He hasn't been fit company since the 'Stop Willkie' thing blew up in his face"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Are you," she asked, "by any chance talking about black markets?"

"My dear girl," Baxter laughed and looked quickly around, "we don't use that term. Things have to be done sometimes, and there are always people who will do them—"

"Don't," she said gently, smiling at him, "suggest it to Herb Ingraham. He's a friend of ours, and he and Clem are business rivals, and they'll cut each other's throats provided they're both looking, but Herb wouldn't like you to suggest that."

PICKING up a cigarette Baxter lighted it from the silver box at his place and looked sharply at Elinor across the flame.

"It isn't always our business," he said, relaxing in his chair, "to inquire too closely into how this war is being won—"

"I think it is," said Elinor, still gently. "I haven't yet heard of anyone being called on to sacrifice his integrity."

"Those," said Baxter, waving out the match, "are harsh words, lady." He turned to Jean, on his right, and began telling her what he had heard recently of how things were going in the Pacific. . . .

In the living room they sat and stood about, drinking coffee from little cups, the talk spasmodic because Baxter was wondering so visibly how good cocktails and good food and good will could have led him into such stupidity.

He did not stay long. He thanked Elinor and Clem, and said he hoped no one had got the wrong idea, that his firm was above reproach, its reputation one of long and honorable standing, etc., etc. And Elinor said certainly, they all knew that, and she was sorry if she had seemed rude but they were very fond of Herb Ingraham, etc., etc. It was wonderfully suave and correct and it did not mean a thing.

THE moment that Baxter could be assumed to be safely in the taxi he had insisted on calling, Clem walked over to Elinor.

"My *sweet helpmate*," he *said*, "*my stanch* ball-and-chain! That inspiring little speech of yours set me back just five thousand bucks—net."

"Five thousand dollars!" Elinor blinked rapidly in regret. "Wow!" Then she laughed. "That's just too bad, but I'm not sorry. What else was I to do, I ask you? Baxter couldn't sit at my table and plan to make Herb a party to black-market deals. Why, Herb would *kill* him!"

"And I, my pet, could kill you."

"No, you couldn't," Elinor put the coffeepot down and looked at Clem. "I said just what you would want me to say."

Clem laughed ruefully and looked at her and there was that in his face that made you know he thought she was wonderful. Scott thought she was wonderful. Everybody thought Elinor was wonderful. Absorbed, not looking at anybody, Ila put her cup and saucer on the table.

It was in the hall, when they were all saying good night and wasn't it funny to be leaving at eleven o'clock when it used to be just the beginning of the evening, that Ila said what she had to say. She was the last to go up to Elinor and thank her. And when she put out her hand you could not be sure that Elinor hesitated before coolly taking it.

"Will you call me," said Ila, "about the committee that you and Sara are forming? I'd like to help."

A little too much of the grand gesture, thought Ila instantly, but it could not be avoided. It had to be done this way. As of tonight, there must be the basis of a working agreement between them.

Measuring each other with their eyes, neither lowering her flag by so much as an inch, there was complete silence in the hall while everyone waited for Elinor's reply.

It was the offer of an armistice by Ila who had not known until tonight that Elinor rated an armistice. After her first affronted surprise, Elinor knew it was that and nothing more nor less.

"Fine," she said, and smiled and released her hand. "We'd like to have you with us."

Relief in the form of quick, bright chatter swept the hall.

Scott and Ila drove through the sleeping streets to the highway that led to their suburb. Aware, in an amused masculine way that there had been a tense moment in the hall and that it had been handled perfectly by two civilized women, Scott talked about the party, about Jean, who looked sad when she thought she was not observed, about the fat man who had so thoroughly stuck his neck out, about Elinor who was wonderful—

"Yes," said Ila, looking at the moonlit open fields, and saying it without difficulty, "she is. *She's wonderful.*"

"They don't come any better than the people in this town. I hope," said Scott quietly, "that we'll like the people in Cleveland."

For the first time he mentioned, voluntarily, that they would be leaving. Ila drew a deep, silent breath. Then she said, "Let's not go."

Through the darkness the car rushed forward on its twin beams of light and Scott, his face intent above the wheel, might not have heard except that he reached out a hand and closed it hard on her knee.

"I thought you wanted to go," he said after a moment.

"I thought I did, too."

"I knew, if you gave yourself time, you'd like it here. I couldn't let you be unhappy. It would have been all right for me. As long as you were with me I could go anyplace."

As long as she was with him he could let one more thing be taken from him.

"I'll be happy here," she said. "I want our baby, and all our babies, born where they'll always live, and learn from the beginning to get along with the people they'll always know—"

"There isn't anything better for kids to build on."

"And I want them born in a town where a girl who doesn't think any more of money than she does of her right eye can throw five thousand dollars away for the sake of loyalty and not be sorry—"

"That's Elinor." Scott laughed. "Just like her. A little hard to take sometimes, the big boss, but underneath sound and dependable. I knew you'd like her."

"I don't like her. And she doesn't like me."

"YOU'RE crazy," said Scott happily. "You know, I like her so well myself that one time, years ago, I thought I liked her even more than I did. When it dawned on me that she and I weren't in the least in love, we were pretty close to an engagement. That would have been a disaster! So as soon as I was through college I got out of here for a few months—went to the Pittsburgh office—and when I came back she was married to Clem. She wasn't any more in love with me than I was with her."

Ila smiled at a dark filling station as they sped past. So that was how it was. She had the indescribably pleasant sensation of feeling very sorry for Elinor.

"You two," went on Scott in his masculine simplicity, "will be nuts about each other."

Not quite. Ila, who wanted only tranquillity, had, she saw clearly, a fight on her hands for the rest of her life. But it would be a fair fight, she and Elinor cutting each other's throats provided they were both looking, and the most they would ever achieve would be an armed neutrality.

But it did not matter. Nothing mattered except the miraculous thing that was between her and Scott, and that she must see that never again was something taken from him that he wanted.

They were home now. They got out, Scott helping her although she did not need help yet, and they stood together in the moonlight, looking at the little stone-and-timber house where they would live the rest of their lives. Unless, unthinkably, the Allied high command were making a terrible mistake.

Everything else forgotten they turned and smiled at each other. All the other things had been done, they had spent their day, and they had earned this little time alone together.

"I'll put the car away," said Scott. "Here's the key. Be careful going in."

THE END

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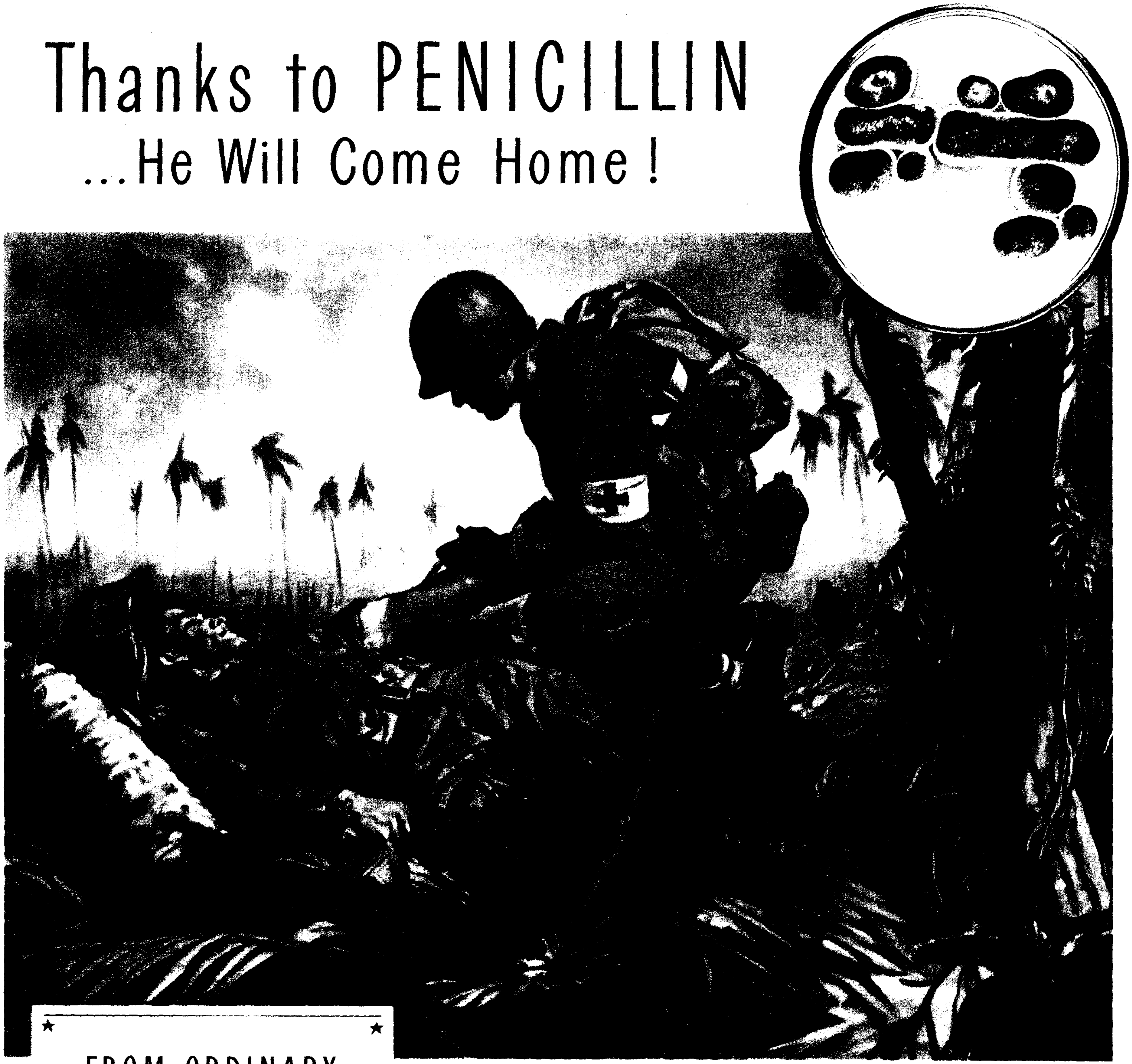

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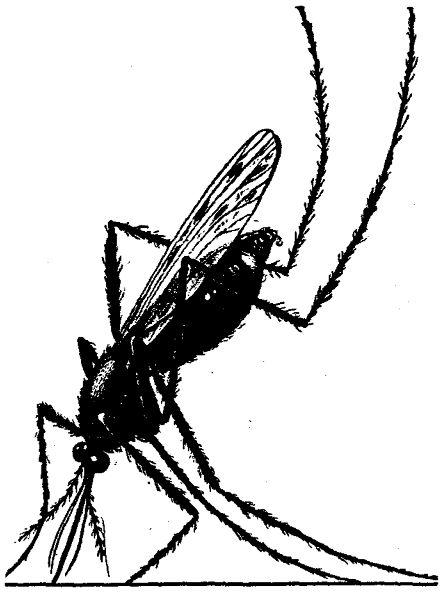

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A Child Shall Lead

Continued from page 15

she was a child of between five and six years. By the light of the lantern which she placed on the floor of the loft he could see that she was dressed in a plain blue pinafore with a jersey sweater under it, both carefully and repeatedly darned. Coarse black stockings covered her knees, and the sweater sleeves reached to her wrists; the glow of her cheeks was emphasized by the darkness of the setting.

The child and the wounded airman appraised each other, and at last he smiled and nodded a greeting, but there was no answering smile from the little girl. Indeed she was as solemn as a tiny nun as she walked toward him and inquired, "How is your foot, M'sieur? Better, perhaps?" She spoke with a Breton accent, the syllables slightly rolled, but the words were light and well formed. She seemed perfectly poised.

He answered in her own language, "Yes, thank you, much better. But to whom am I indebted for the attention?" He pointed to the neat bandage on his ankle. By the light of the lantern he could see that it was a professional job, although the bandage itself, while scrupulously clean, had been improvised from an old linen shirt.

"The doctor was here, M'sieur. He will return in the morning. But you cannot move for a day or two, until the leg is better." She stood on one foot, regarding him with interest. Her hair was corn-colored, drawn back tightly from her forehead and dressed in tight braids. He could see, as it glistened in the lantern light, that it must have been vigorously brushed every night in the child's life. Her face was round and she had a broad Breton forehead, with deep-set, large gray eyes, not unlike his own in color but larger and more solemn than his.

He propped himself up on one elbow and toyed with a bit of hay, biting off a small piece and chewing it. Then he took the hay out of his mouth and smiled at the little girl.

"What is your name? Annette, Marie . . . ?"

"Jacqueline, M'sieur. Jacqueline Marnet. I am called for my Gran'mère."

He chewed the strand of hay again and studied her face. It was absolutely solemn and he almost smiled, then nodded gravely in acknowledgment. "It is a pleasure. And where are we, Jacqueline? What is the name of this place?"

"Near the St. Omer road, M'sieur. But you are quite safe here. The doctor said so." She folded her hands behind her back and stood watching him.

"Safe?" He frowned and his hand went quickly to his injured ankle. "Oh, yes. I am safe." He smiled. "And in good hands. But, Jacqueline, I am hungry. And thirsty. Is there perhaps . . ."

She clapped one hand to her mouth and seemed to blush in the lantern light. "Oh, M'sieur, forgive me. I have forgotten. I brought you something."

SHE turned and disappeared down the ladder. He could hear her moving about below, and a moment later she returned, bearing half a loaf of bread and some cheese. These she placed beside him on the hay. "There is some wine too, M'sieur. One moment." Again she descended to the floor of the barn and when she reappeared she carried half a bottle of red wine, tucked under her arm and held tightly in place with one hand.

He made a good meal from the bread and cheese. The wine was good, just dry enough to complement the cheese, and when he had finished he leaned back on his pallet of hay and smiled contentedly. "Thank you, little one. You are very kind. It was good. But are you sure that I haven't robbed you of your own dinner?"

"It is nothing, M'sieur." She inclined her head in a polite little bow. "We can always manage for one of the Royal Air Force." The English words were pronounced with difficulty, very slowly. He frowned and eyed her quizzically, then understood that they had found his English helmet, issued because there were none of his own type available, and that they had gathered from this that he was an R.A.F. flier. Well, it would be too difficult to explain things to this child. He reached out and touched her braids. The hair was smooth and soft, and the plaits were beautifully formed, the strands of hair pulled firmly one over the other and securely fastened at the bottom.

"Thank you, Jacqueline. You are a very kind little girl."

She wore a tiny ebony cross at her throat, suspended from a thin silver chain. This she touched for an instant, intuitively, then said, "It is God's will that we help the English fliers, for they are helping France."

With these words she departed, taking the lantern with her. In a moment he heard the sound of a heavy door being closed and he was again in darkness. The food and wine had dispelled the nausea evoked by the morphine, and he realized that he had not had a cigarette for hours. He explored his trousers pockets, through the vent in his flying clothing, and found a limp package, with some matches. Four cigarettes, he counted them by feeling through the soggy paper. He decided to have one and lighted up, breathing the smoke deep into his lungs. He held the match in his fingers, studying the pattern of the hay and the board floor, until the flame touched his flesh, then he carefully rubbed out the tiny spark which remained. The smoke made him faintly dizzy, and a little of his nausea returned, but the red glow of the lighted end was comforting.

Watching the beacon eye of the cigarette, and puffing deliberately, he tried to reconstruct the events of the last few hours. One can always plan better, he reminded himself, when one has a clear picture of what has gone before. He had often wondered what it would be like to be shot down, and he had mentally prepared himself for the emergency, imagining one set of circumstances if he were disabled over enemy territory, and another if he were to go down on friendly soil.

But neither of the bail-outs which he had imagined fitted the circumstances in which he now found himself. Both of them presumed that he would remain in the close-knit, well-ordered domain of the military. Certainly neither included a little golden-haired girl, or a bed of hay in a French barn, or a French meal of bread, cheese and wine. For the first time since he had put on an air-force uniform he felt divorced from the service, and all of the safeguards offered the soldier's mind had disappeared; the presence of his comrades, the discipline, and the elaborate courtesies, familiar surroundings, sounds and smells, and always the enemy, upsetting one's plans. He was out of step, somewhat as a combat man is out of step when he finally takes leave and returns to the world of civilians where he is lost and in a vacuum, except that here, in this Breton barn, his sense of detachment from the world was more positive. It was as though for him the war had been stopped in mid-motion.

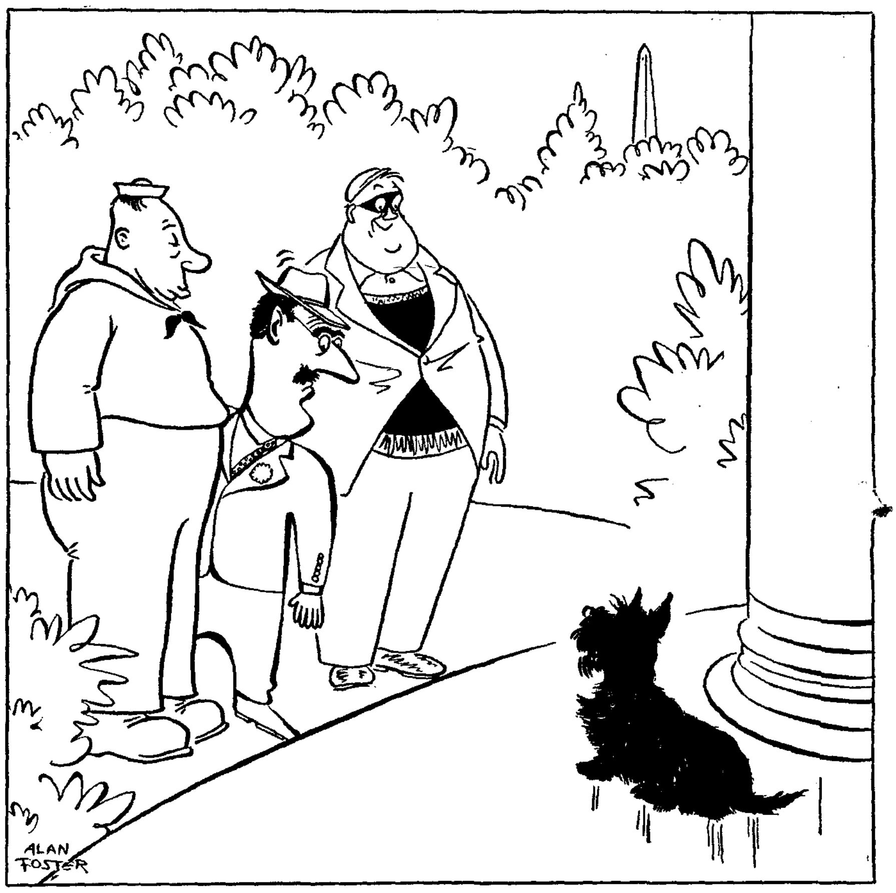
He remembered being hit and watching the control surfaces on the starboard wing peel away as the skin is peeled from a banana, the raw metal burning bright in the clear sun at altitude. He remembered falling, with a great gulp in his chest, and he recalled the sharp jerk as the canopy of his parachute had filled with air. He remembered the sun, and the grassy bank on which he had rested, and the pain in his ankle until he had given himself the opiate. He remembered the dust and haste of the motor convoy and its outriders, and the smell of the plowed field beyond the road, with its poplar sentries. And he remembered Jacqueline and her solemn eyes.

The months of combat which he had thought so vividly etched into his consciousness seemed to fade. He realized that he was actually alone for the first time in years and that he was permitting his imagination to play in a kind of half-light, as he had done during his student days in France and at home. It was a variety of reverie, but controlled and somewhat ordered, so that in this mood he had often reached conclusions and seen things whole with a clarity he missed when he attempted to debate with the professors, or to submit his ideas to the rigidity of formal logic. How quickly one became a soldier, and how quickly one unbecomes one, if only for a few hours. Now he found himself trying to patch his murdered life together, drawing the eager warmth of his student days into this dark barn, making a kind of blanket to cover the years of war, so that he created a continuity and understood himself as civilized man.

JACQUELINE brought him breakfast next morning. This time she left the doors of the barn open, and a softened daylight filtered up into the loft. While he ate, she sat on a beam beside him, her hands neatly crossed in her lap. He took a great bite of bread and

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

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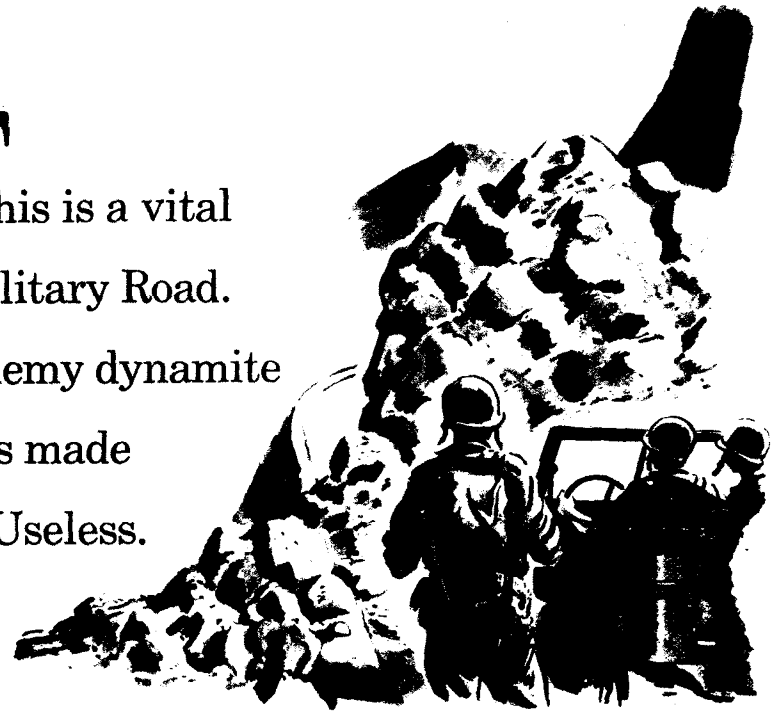

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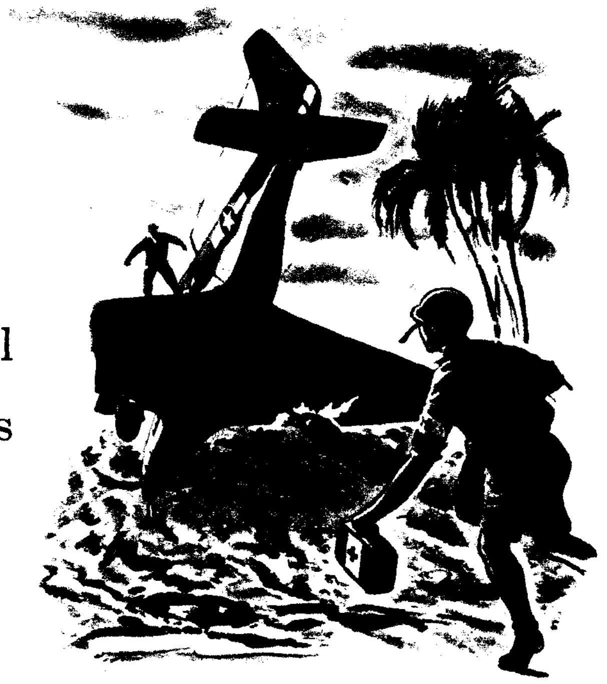

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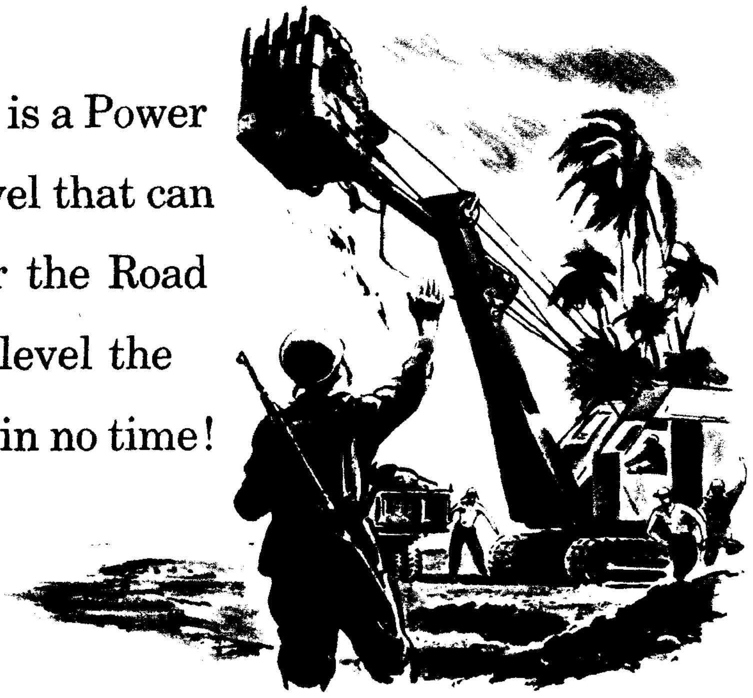
This is a Power Shovel that can clear the Road and level the Hill in no time!



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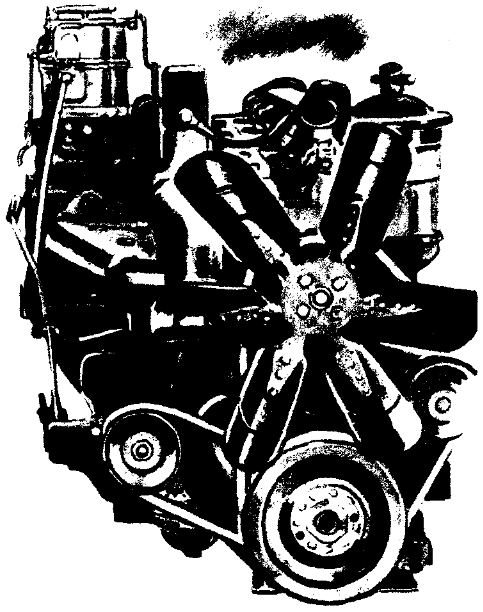

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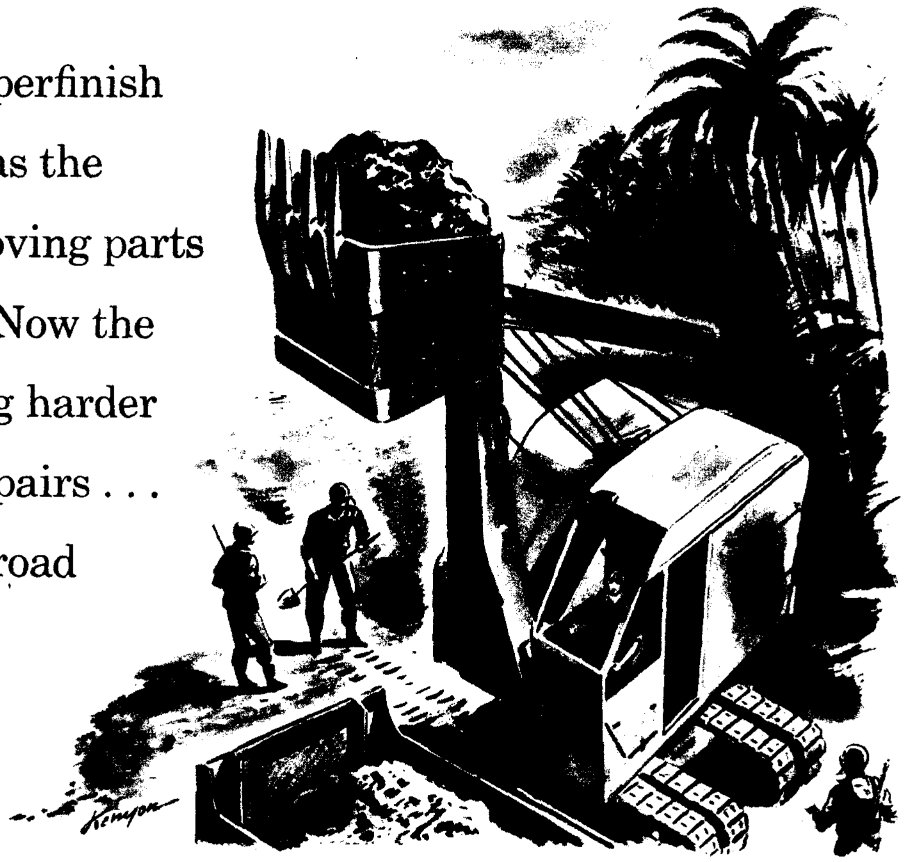

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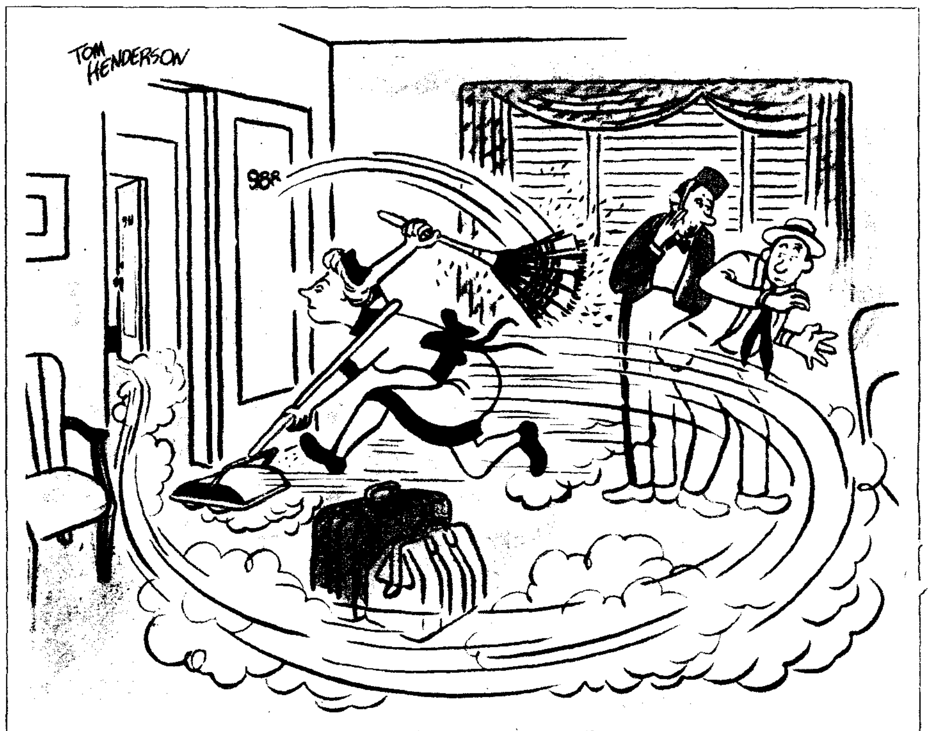


COLLIER'S "Daily maid service!" TOM HENDERSON

asked, "Who lives here with you, Jacqueline? Isn't this a great job for such a little girl?"

"I am not especially little, M'sieur," she answered. "Besides, there is only my Gran'mère and she is lame. She cannot climb the ladder as well as I."

He hesitated, then asked, "Where is your papa, Jacqueline? Was he a soldier?"

"He is dead, M'sieur." The child's face betrayed no emotion. "They killed him last year."

"They . . . ?" He frowned, marveling at the little girl's reserve.

"The Germans, M'sieur. I do not know why. One day they came and said that a German soldier had been shot, and that therefore Papa should be shot. My papa said that it showed that the Germans have no reason, like Frenchmen, and that because they have no reason they are slaves. They took him away and later, when he came back, he was dead and we kept him in the house for two days and everyone came to see him. Then they took him away again."

WHEN she had finished her long speech, Jacqueline crossed herself and bowed her head for a moment. Hardly knowing why, he made the sign of the cross. "I am sorry, Jacqueline. War is a hard thing."

"You are right, M'sieur." She spoke with a profound seriousness which he found almost embarrassing. He finished his breakfast in silence and it wasn't until he had finished the last crumb of bread that he asked, "And where is your mamma, Jacqueline? She is all right, I hope."

"They took her away too, M'sieur. One day they came, a great general and the other one, in plain clothes, and soon Mamma was gone. She writes to me, from Paris, and to my Gran'mère she sends some money. So we have food enough for you, you see. We have always food for our friends."

"Then others have stayed here?" he asked. "Airmen, like me?"

She nodded. "Two others, M'sieur. But they were brought to me from the village. You we found, Gran'mère and I, and together we brought you here, and then I ran for the doctor. We found your helmet, and you were speaking in your sleep, in French, so that for a moment we thought that you were of the Free French Armée de l'Air. Your parachute we could not find, and that is bad, for they will find it and search for you. But you need not worry. You are safe here."

He felt strangely safe, for the mood of the night before had partially remained with him. He knew that he should be occupied with plans which would lead him back to his duty, but he refused to quarrel with his instincts, and he was content to place his destiny in the hands of this extraordinarily competent child, who now rose and smoothed her pinafore, taking up the pitcher which had contained his breakfast milk.

"You are quite safe here," she repeated. "You have only to be quiet. The doctor will be here soon and Gran'mère will go to see Robert Gouden this morning."

"And who is M. Gouden?" he asked, watching her as she stood firmly in front of him, holding the pitcher in both hands.

"He has the boat, M'sieur. You need not worry. Gran'mère and I know what to do."

With this she was gone. He made himself comfortable and attempted another of his cigarettes, but the smoke tasted sour, so that he pinched out the light after a few puffs, and replaced the stub in the package. . . .

The doctor was an old man, in carefully brushed broadcloth. He wore white side whiskers and a slightly stained, white mustache. His meager stock of medical supplies was carried in an ancient bag made of alligator skin, well cared for so that it had acquired a miraculous patina. He was brief and nervous and spoke hardly at all. With quick fingers he tested the splints and bandage. "It hurts, Monsieur? You will forgive me, I know so little English."

The airman smiled. He had been frightened, he knew not quite why, but he realized that the old man was more frightened than he. "Quite all right, M. le Médecin," he reassured the doctor. "I am at home in your language. Yes, it hurts, but not too badly. I can move on it, if I am careful?"

The doctor shrugged. "That, of course, depends. One can do what one must do. I have brought you a crutch. I am sorry that it is an old one and mended, but they have not left us much. When the time comes, I think you will manage."

The old man hooked his bag over his arm and with difficulty swung onto the ladder. As he climbed down he ventured a tiny smile and a short Gallic wave of the hand. The airman smiled in return and, hardly realizing what he was doing, made the V-sign. The doctor left the door open and the warm sunshine entered the barn, diffusing as it rose to the loft, so that the airman could make out the walls and the texture of the hay upon which he rested.

At lunchtime, Jacqueline appeared, bringing him food. Again she sat on the beam, watching him as he broke the firm, crusty bread, and this time he was surprised and delighted to observe that she smiled, tentatively, and only for an instant, but nevertheless, a smile. They were silent until he had finished eating, then Jacqueline, after studying the bandage on his ankle, said, "You can read French, too, M'sieur?"

He nodded, "Yes, I can read French." He wondered why she asked the question.

"I cannot read very well, M'sieur. I am only learning. If my papa had not gone away I should read well by now, but there is only my Gran'mère to teach me and she is old. Her eyes are bad. I should be able to read. I am ashamed."

He reassured the child: "Oh, Jacqueline, you'll learn to read in good time. After all, you are only . . . how old are you, Jacqueline? Five, six, surely not seven?"

"Almost six, M'sieur." She shook her head gravely. "I should be able to read. It is this war."

He smiled and took her hand. "Oh, come now. I could not read until I was seven; you are in too much of a hurry. Why are you so anxious to read anyway?"

"Oh, M'sieur, I will tell you," she exclaimed. "Today we received a letter from Mamma. It comes by Bruyière, who works on the trains, and the Germans do not see it. Mamma gives her letters to Bruyière in Paris, and he keeps them until he comes our way. Then he gives them to my Gran'mère."

"I see," he nodded. The whole subterranean life of Occupied France, with its simplicity and logic, contradicting the elaborateness of the military precautions, surprised him. One had heard of such things, but face to face with a simple people who defied the greatest army in history, he was confused. This flaxen-haired child who engaged in the dangerous activity of aiding Allied pilots as easily as she might have played an infant's game—she disturbed his balance. So this was a defeated people.

Jacqueline interrupted his meditations: "You see, M'sieur M. le Médecin, he usually reads Mamma's letters to me; I was going to see him today, when he came to visit you, but I missed him. Perhaps, M'sieur . . . would you mind very much? I have the letter here."

He inclined his head in acquiescence. "I shall be delighted, Jacqueline."

Suddenly she was startlingly a child. "Thank you, M'sieur," she exclaimed. Her round little hands searched beneath her pinafore and drew forth a letter written on cheap blue paper such as the French use, a sheet with gummed edges, so that when folded it formed its own envelope. The address was written in a firm hand with a thin steel pen:

JACQUELINE MARNET
LUMBRES, BRETAGNE
BY HAND

Carefully he opened the letter and inclined his head so he could take full advantage of the shaft of light which cut across the loft. Without introduction, he read in a steady voice:

"Ma Petite,

"I have asked Bruyière to get this letter to you quickly. My child, I have news which will not be pleasant for you to hear. They are taking me to Germany, and by the time you receive this I shall be in their accursed country. Some day, my dear Jacqueline, you will understand that I have to fight them in my own way and you will know, no matter what anyone may say about your poor mother, that she acted like a true Frenchwoman. There are many ways to fight them, my little one. Our soldiers fought them bravely, but there were too many of them. Your father fought them in his own way, and they killed him, although he was a good man, a man of peace, a schoolmaster whose business was with little children and with God, not with war or with fighting. When your father died, I too died, my poor one, for everything except this one thing, to fight them for what they have done.

"Dear Jacqueline, you live in the most terrible times which our poor France has ever witnessed. But she has lived through many terrible times, and always she has survived. The Germans cannot defeat us, ever, for it is God's will that we live and that they die. They can kill a few of us, but they cannot kill France; yet when one kills even one of them it is the end of something. With us it is only a beginning.

"My Jacqueline, you need never be ashamed of having been born a French child, and you will grow up to see your country strong again. One day you will understand why your father died for France, and why it was necessary for your poor mother to leave you. I have seen things, Jacqueline, too terrible to describe, but every breath I take convinces me once more that we will survive no matter how earnestly they try to destroy us. They are mad, desperate, insane, and as the days pass we grow calmer, more determined, and we learn, we go on learning, while they forget. You too must learn, Jacqueline.

"I will try to write again, my child, but it may be difficult. Do not be alarmed if you do not hear from me. Obey your Gran'mère, and if you should ever be in need, run quickly to Father Jacques, or to M. le Médecin, who is your father's friend. They will see that no harm comes to you.

"Brush your hair, my darling, every night. Be neat, and do not waste, for we French will need everything when at last we have turned them out of our country. Do not be frightened of them, ever, but do not provoke them. As you grow older you will learn to fight them. They can never win, you must remember, because they can only hate, never love. We French have learned to hate, but never have we forgotten to love. We love God, our children, we love each other, and we love our country. Next to God, we love to live, not merely life itself, as a swine lives, or a slave, but as God meant that men and women and little children should live, free and happy.

"Annette Marnet."

When the airman had finished reading, he said nothing but refolded the letter and handed it to Jacqueline, avoiding her eyes. In a moment he looked up and saw that two great tears had formed in her eyes, balanced there on her lashes, and he watched them fascinatedly until first one, then the second, broke and streamed down the red cheeks. He reached out and with his fingers wiped away the two rivulets. There were no more tears. He held her hand in one of his own, moist with the salt of the tears. She looked straight ahead for a little while, then fastened her great gray eyes upon him.

"She will never return, my mamma?" It was both a query and a statement of fact. She seemed stunned, but after those two tears there was not the slightest quiver of her lips, and her voice was even and controlled.

He frowned and stared at the boards of the floor. "Don't say that, Jacqueline. She will come back to you."

Jacqueline shook her head. "No, they will kill her as they killed my papa. She will never come back."

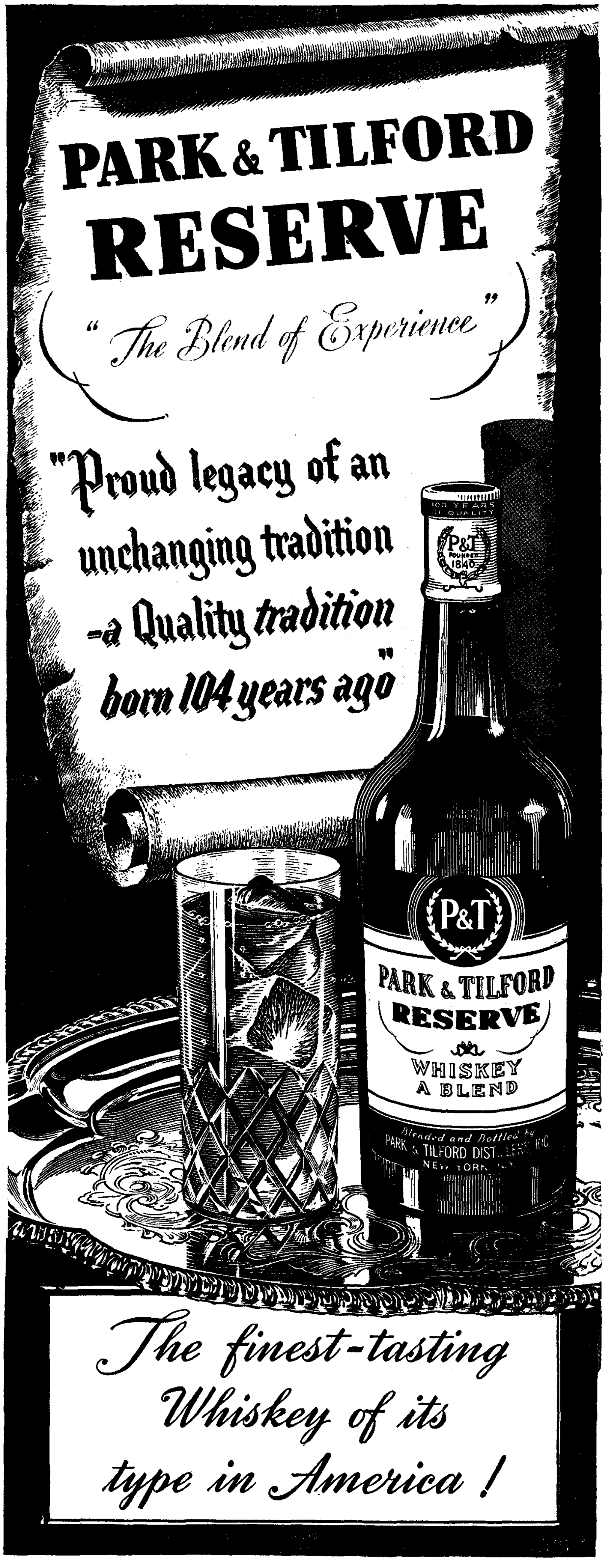
He could not find the reassuring words he would have liked to offer the child, so he simply sat, holding her hand until at last she flung her arms around him and wept into the tough fabric of his flying suit, her body convulsed with sobbing. He had no idea how long she cried. He was not at ease with children and not sure of what to do, so he simply held her and stroked her hair until at last she stopped crying and remained limp in his arms, exhausted but poised once more, so that when she rose and stood before him, drying her eyes she said, very calmly, "I am sorry, M'sieur. Very sorry. You must forgive me." And she turned to go, stopping at the ladder top to say, "Gran'mère has been to see Gouden, M'sieur. Perhaps it will be tonight."

When she had gone he remained motionless for a long time and when he fumbled for the cigarette stub he had salvaged earlier in the day he was surprised to discover that he had been crying. His cheeks were damp and his eyes smarted a little.

He tried to visualize Jacqueline, ten years hence, rereading her mother's letter. In his foot locker, back in his billets, he remembered, he had a citation written in stiff military language, commending him for devotion to his duty as a pilot. A decoration went with the citation, and the ribbon of that decoration was sewed to his best uniform. He wondered whether, ten years from now, he would be reading his citation as confidently as he was sure that Jacqueline would be reading her mother's letter. . . .

It was fully dark now, as black as the night before, when he had awakened from morphine-induced sleep and wondered where he was. It was a quiet night; there was not a sound outside, and it was warm in the barn, so that he became drowsy, but when he tried to sleep his mind kept coming back into focus.

Two days ago, taking off, he had been secure in his job, anticipant of death, and afraid of it, but his mind had been untroubled. The gnawing uncertainty he now felt, the vague awareness that something was out of joint, were more real and more terrible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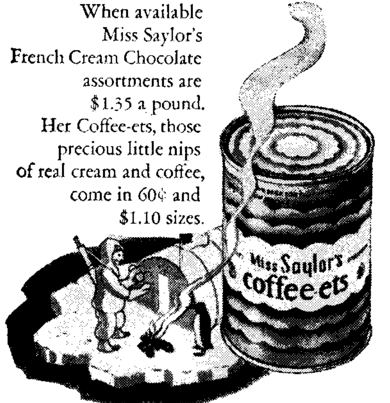

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Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
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than the fear of death had ever been. So that when they came for him, opening the barn door quietly and lighting their way with a shielded torch instead of Jacqueline's lantern, he was still almost full awake, although the chill in the air told him that it must be long past midnight.

They helped him down the ladder and clumsily he fixed the crutch under his arm, while a dark figure on either side of him helped him to keep his balance. To his own surprise, he refrained from asking a single question.

At the door of the barn he made out a shadow in the starlight, and as he moved closer to it he saw that it was Jacqueline. Instinctively he bent down and kissed the child on the forehead. Her hand touched his free hand and she whispered, "Thank you, M'sieur, for reading my letter. I am sorry that I cried. You were very kind."

He smiled and stroked her hair. "Goodby, Jacqueline. You are a brave child. And thank you for all that you have done."

"I have done nothing, M'sieur. Nothing."

"Much more than you know of, little one. I shall never forget you." As they helped him to the road he turned his head and waved goodby to her, but it was too dark for him to see her answer. He heard the door to the house close as the men lifted him into the waiting cart, and he understood that that was the last he would ever see of Jacqueline Marnet, soldier of France.

THE boat of Monsieur Gouden had been built for fishing, and it is true that Gouden used it for fishing and in this way he earned his living, for he supplied fish to the officers' club of the German garrison at St. Omer. But it had been put to strange auxiliary uses, uses which if known to the Germans would not only have caused M. Gouden to lose his business with the officers' club but to lose his life as well. M. Gouden knew this, but the fact did not perturb him. He was a Breton fisherman and it was enough for him that his priest and the men of his village who knew about such things approved of what he was doing. He cautioned the airman, who sat in the bow, sheltered by the high gunwales: "No talking when we get near the English shore. I'll put you on the beach, and then you will have to do for yourself. Understand?"

He was relieved and not in the least frightened when the keel of the boat grated softly on the sand of the beach and Gouden came forward silently to help him over the side.

Once ashore he found that he could use the crutch only with difficulty and it hurt his shoulder, so that his progress along the blacked-out beach was tortuous and slow. At last he found a road and followed it until it became a street. Once a hurrying passer-by bumped into him and almost sent him sprawling, muttering a clipped apology as he disappeared. He limped along and after a time saw a blue blackout light some distance ahead of him. When he approached it, he saw that it was a bus stop, and near the sign pedestal were two British airmen and a helmeted policeman. He limped toward them and they turned, all three together, staring at him curiously, for he looked queer in that weird blue light, standing there in his wet flying clothing, supported by the mended crutch.

He bowed slightly and said to the policeman, speaking in German, for his education had been interrupted before he had had the opportunity to learn a word of English, "I am Lieutenant Earl von Ullstein, pilot of the German Luftwaffe, and I wish to surrender myself to the authorities."

The policeman stared at him incredulously. Then one of the soldiers grasped his arm and exclaimed, "'Oly mike, Bill; it's a bloody Jerry. Now what would an 'un airman be doing down 'ere tonight? There's been no blinkin' alert."

They continued to question him in English as they escorted him to the police station, and he did not answer, for he could not understand the language. But it would have made no difference, for in what language can one explain that he was made a prisoner of war by a child who was not yet quite six?

THE END

It's a Party

Continued from page 70

themselves the various jobs. For the rice bowl there was: Rice to be boiled—fourteen minutes only—in a lot of salted water with a dash of lemon juice, then drained and washed in cold water. Beans and carrots to be diced fine, cooked briefly in a very minimum of salted water, cooled, mixed with the cold rice and some French dressing (for flavor), in the proportion of one part vegetables to three parts of rice.

Eggs to be hard boiled, cooled, cut in half lengthwise, and stuffed, half with puree of fresh green peas, half with tuna fish topped with capers and strips of pimiento. The puree was made by mashing cooked peas through a sieve with a wooden spoon, and combining with grated egg yolk in the proportion of six hard-boiled egg yolks to one cup of mashed peas.

To this mixture was added five tablespoonfuls of vegetable shortening, creamed soft, two tablespoonfuls of cream, some salt and pepper, the whole beaten well and then squeezed through the rose pipe of a pastry tube into the egg-white halves. Tuna fish was treated in the same fashion, two small cans of tuna being flaked and combined with half a dozen egg yolks and the other ingredients, and a plain pastry tube used this time.

Now the final assembly job, filling a giant bowl with the rice, rimming the edge with colorful eggs and ripe red chunks of tomato, and stuffing the hollowed-out center with greenery like water cress, mustard greens, anything that's good for eating as well as for looks.

Nothing difficult, actually, in the making of this handsome bowl of stuff which the hungry cooks, finally allowed at it after pictures were taken, admitted was as good as it was beautiful. For Cordon Bleu cookery is not necessarily complicated; just carefully done, to cherish the flavor, the texture and the looks of food.

Like the raw-vegetable salad, made out of any vegetables you have handy. Here our cooks used carrots, beets, cabbage, celery, green pepper. They shredded each separately with a supersharp knife, soaked it in salt and lemon water a few minutes to crisp, dried it and mixed with French dressing, heaping the vegetables in their separate mounds in a big wooden bowl, a colorful array to pick from. You mix your own out of what you like, or savor their separate flavors.

The berry tart was extra special also because of perfectionist touches. When Howard Richmond (display manager for a New York department store) made the delicate French pastry for the shell of the tart, he put waxed paper weighted down with raw rice into it before he popped it in the oven—so that it couldn't puff itself out of shape.

When she mixed the custard filling, Mrs. Patmore didn't leave it to form a skin over itself as it cooled, to be thrown away or to turn up as lumps in the custard later on. She put waxed paper over the bowl while it was hot—simple, and no skin trouble developed. For the final gloss that also adds a subtle flavor, Mrs. Lucas melted some currant jelly and brushed it over the fruit with a clean new paintbrush.

If you think the men had more than their share of important jobs at this party, that's as it should be, according to Mrs. Lucas. Men, she says, are better cooks than women—and with the three thousand men and women she has taught, she has had a chance to observe.

At a party like this, where everybody works, it's easy to have a lot of guests. Then no one has too much to do. Any non-cooks can fix the table decorations, provide soft music and other entertainment, and mop up as the cooks move along.

If you want to go the whole Cordon Bleu buffet, and make the tart and punch, too, we'll send you the recipes for them. Just mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Distaff Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

THE END

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IT MAY BE DUE TO WEAK OR FALLEN ARCH

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The Man Stands Firm!

Continued from page 22

corrected him, and that was the end of that. He resigned.

The present war emergency brought him back to Washington as vice-chairman of the original War Mediation Board, which was headed by Clarence Dykstra, president of the University of Wisconsin. Dykstra was away from the office in March, 1941, when Davis took the difficult Allis Chalmers strike case and settled it in four days. Since then he has been the backbone and spirit of the board.

From the first meeting of the board, it was apparent that everything could be worked out amicably between industry and labor except the closed-shop question. Obviously, it was necessary to get around this if anything was to be done.

After many long meetings, in which Davis often sat for hours without losing patience, Roger D. Lapham, now mayor of San Francisco and then representing industry on the WLB, suggested the compromise that is now known as the "maintenance of membership" clause.

Maintenance of Membership

Very briefly, this means that when a union has been certified as the bargaining agent in a plant, workers are given fifteen days in which to resign from the union if they do not wish to be bound by the membership-maintenance clause. After the fifteen-day period, if a worker drops out of the union during the time of the contract, he is subject to discharge. The fifteen-day escape clause also contains a provision against coercion of employees into union membership.

One of Davis' associates has described his methods as a negotiator: "He never lets himself be led astray by emotional and ethical considerations, and he has the shrewd lawyer's trick of never asking a question or suggesting a line of argument that gives either disputant a chance to say 'No.' He lets both sides go through what he calls the 'emptying process' and can sit till five in the morning—and sometimes has—to let them do it. The whole secret, he says, is to find an agreement that will permit a man to let go of the cow's tail without feeling foolish."

In the coal strike, John L. Lewis first refused to present his case to the War Labor Board or to have anything to do with it. He maintained that the board had no right to handle wage stabilization. The coal mines were first seized in May, later given back to the operators, and seized again in November. Finally a compromise was worked out between Secretary Ickes and the union, but President Roosevelt refused to accept it as final until it was approved by WLB. This was eventually done.

Sewell Avery of Montgomery Ward refused to continue in operation a previous contract with his workers, maintaining that they were no longer a majority in his Chicago plant. He also refused to recognize the power of the United States marshals in seizing the plant and he had to be forcibly ejected by the Army.

Mr. Avery, previously, then and now refuses to recognize the right of the War Labor Board to insert a maintenance-of-membership clause in a contract between his company and the union.

When Representative Charles S. Dewey (Republican, Illinois), sponsor of the House committee investigating the Montgomery Ward case, asked why industry objected so strongly to maintenance of membership, Mr. Davis replied, "They say maintenance of membership is a closed shop. I say it isn't. The newspapers say it is, even though I say it isn't. Montgomery Ward says it is a closed shop. When I say it isn't and show why it isn't, they say, 'Well, it leads to a closed shop.' We put maintenance of membership in the Montgomery Ward contract, which they say leads to a closed shop. But at the end of a year's operation under maintenance of membership, Montgomery Ward asks for a new election on the ground that the union has lost at least twenty per cent of its membership. Now if I may say so, gentlemen, that's a hell of a closed shop."

However, the newspapers and the radio were almost unanimous in denouncing the Montgomery Ward seizure as an attack on civil rights, and a Senate subjudiciary committee majority, consisting of Senator McCarran of Nevada and Senator Revercomb of West Virginia, issued a sweeping indictment of every agency of the government involved in the seizure. It condemned the part played by the Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor, the National Labor Relations Board, the National War Labor Board, Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones and particularly Attorney General Biddle for assuring the President that he had authority to take the properties over. Senator McFarland of the subcommittee filed a dissenting report, and Mr. Biddle called the findings "absurd" and a "star-chamber proceedings," arrived at without testimony from the interested parties.

Answering the charge that Montgomery Ward was not directly occupied in war work and hence not subject to the War Labor Act, Mr. Davis replied that if that position were accepted, 15,500,000 workers in "the distribution, transportation, communications and service trades would fall outside the jurisdiction of WLB." Failure to take action against Montgomery Ward, he continued, would have opened the door for a wave of strikes in these lines, with fatal results to the war effort.

"The maintenance-of-membership clause is the greatest piece of industrial statesmanship in my time," says Mr. Davis. "My enthusiasm for it is so great that I predict that, after the war, industry will ask Congress for maintenance of membership as a substitute for the closed shop."

Having taken enough blows about the head to fell an ox, Mr. Davis has learned to be philosophical. He has been called the greatest compromiser since Henry Clay but he just grins at that. He may be or he may not be; all he knows is that if he stays with his present job (which he intends to do), it will not be over till the last shot is fired.

Proud Exponent of WLB

Since we are not a dictatorship under which men can be forced into line by the bayonet, problems must be worked out in common. He thinks the War Labor Board has been a great success and he misses no chance to say so.

Knowing that he can never get out from under the load and never can get far enough ahead in the work to loaf, he has adjusted himself to the burden. He takes no work home at night. If there is a decision to be written, he lets his office say he has a bad cold or is suffering from beriberi. Then he locks himself in his office and does the job without interference.

"He's the greatest concentrator I ever saw," said an associate. "When we were working on the strike of the foremen's union in Detroit, the room was an uproar of arguments. There he was, hearing everything going on, saying nothing and making notes in that shorthand he uses. When it was all over, he had all the points listed in apple-pie order, on the one hand, on the other hand, etc. Then he started horse-trading them into an agreement."

In one of the earliest crucial tests of the board, the Federal Shipbuilding case, the late Secretary Knox of the Navy urged him time and again to "stand firm."

"Mr. Secretary," said Davis, when the conference was over, "I've been much impressed by your advice. If a wise man holds firm, he may save the nation; if a jackass holds firm, he may cause disaster. Frankly, I don't know what I am."

He does know, however, that he is a very busy man who has learned to remain serene even while the lava roars around him. He doesn't deny that he has been seared, but he doesn't let that budge him.

THE END

TODAY—BUY WAR BONDS

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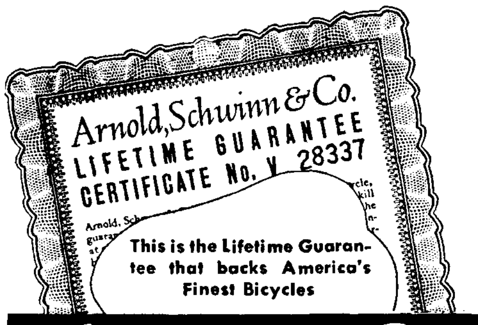
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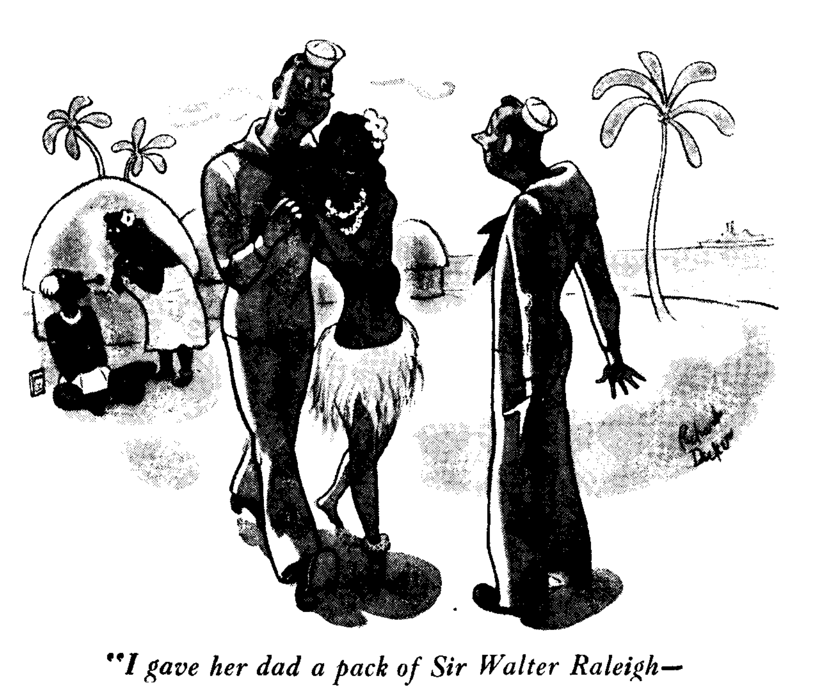
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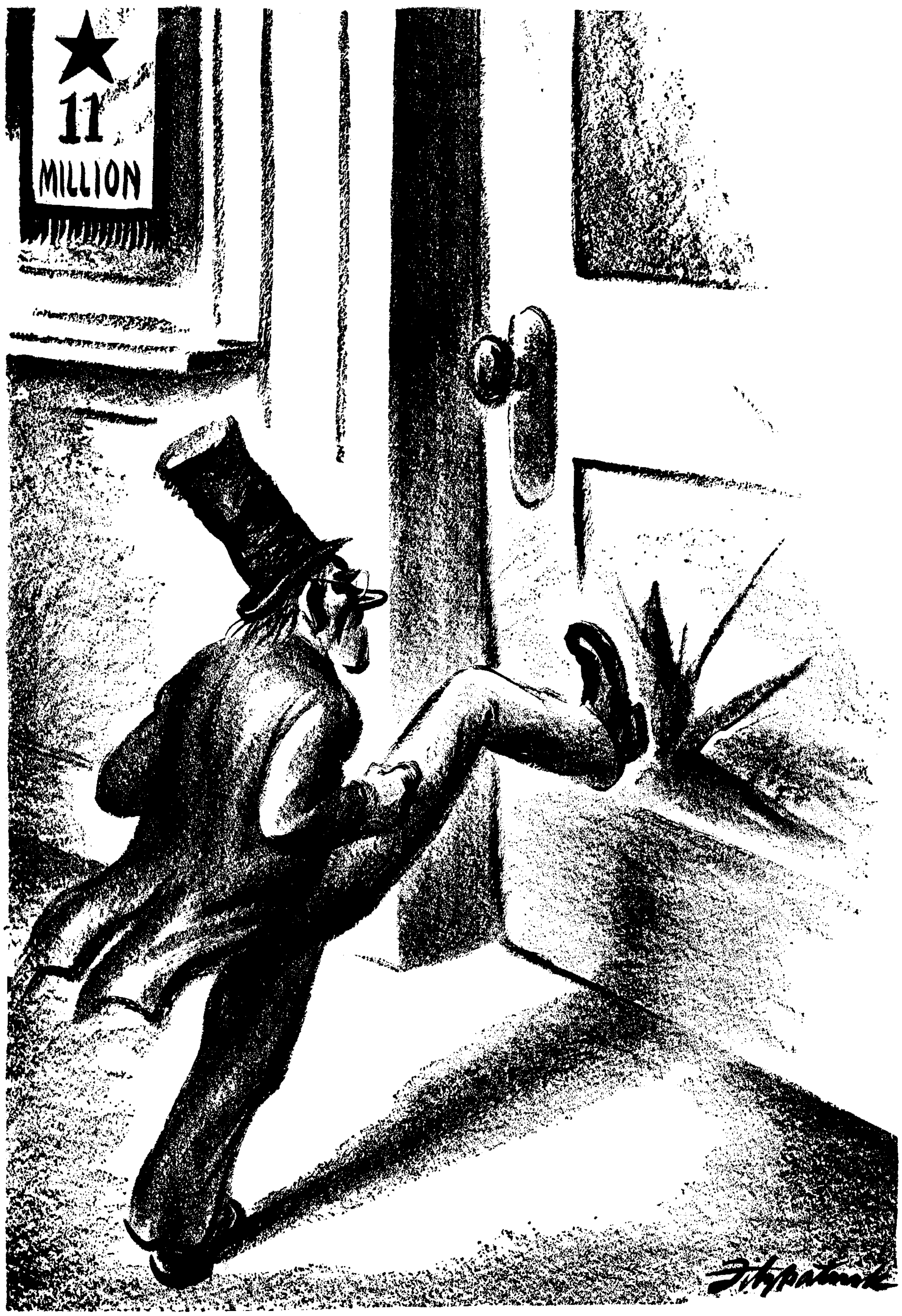

Cheat the Boys Again?

ONE of the major complaints against federal prohibition, and a thoroughly just complaint, was that the foundations for the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act were laid while a lot of young men were in service in World War I, and consequently couldn't register opposition to the drys. It was a dirty trick on the boys, and one which in due time boomeranged back on the prohibitionists.

Comes World War II, and the same trick is being tried again, with variations. In addition to trying to deprive our warriors of the alcoholic refreshments which many warriors frequently need, the drys are putting a great deal of steam behind a creeping local-option drive—drying up a county here and a municipal district there. They are now so far along with this campaign that about one third of the nation's 3,070 counties are dry and about 19%—25,000,000—of the nation's total population lives in areas that are legally dry.

Local option seems to be the most nearly fair way to handle the wet-versus-dry question. There are undoubtedly communities that want liquor legally forbidden inside their borders, whether for righteous reasons or to keep deserving local bootleggers in the money. *Such communities are entitled to vote for local prohibition—if* the whole community votes.

With more than 11,000,000 men in the services this time, however, as against a bare 5,000,000 last time, it is obvious that a fair vote on this question can be had in almost no community. The war has rigged local-option elections in favor of the drys as effectively as crooked politicians could rig them.

We think the correct answer to this injustice has been brought in by the State of Louisiana. Louisiana has enacted a law calling off further local-option elections in the state until one year after peace is declared. State legislatures that want to do the right thing by our servicemen (as what state legislature doesn't?) would be wise, we believe, to let themselves be guided by Louisiana's example.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
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On "Pampering" Prisoners

AS THE United States' stock of war prisoners builds up, stories of perhaps extra humane treatment of some prisoners get into circulation now and then and usually arouse considerable resentment. For example, a recent news photograph of a group of Italian prisoners sightseeing in New York made more than a few people angry, even though Italy checked officially out of the war some months ago.

It would be foolish, of course, to make any war-prisoner camp over into a paradise for saboteurs and malcontents, as uplifters have done to a Jap internment camp here and there. But we should on no account lower our present standards of decent, good-natured and generous treatment of prisoners of war. We should stick to those standards no matter what barbarities the Japs have committed against American prisoners, or the Germans may have committed.

By treating German and Jap prisoners humanely, we shall at least not incite the Germans or the Japs to treat American prisoners any worse. We may even inspire them to do better by our boys—especially as our fighting men bore closer to the hearts of German and Jap power.

But if you'll bear with a little exalted talk, we'll say we ought to put decent treatment of war prisoners on a higher plane than that. We ought to be humane and generous in this matter because we are Americans, and because we have always believed as a nation in decency, humanity, humaneness and a break for the underdog—which war prisoners assuredly are. If we should take to maltreating war prisoners, we would betray something fine in our national make-up; and the consequences of that betrayal would kick back in our own teeth.

Detroit Heads Off a Riot

THE city of Detroit on June 21, 1943, was riven by a race riot which left thirty-five persons killed and hundreds hurt. Detroit authorities and civic, educational and religious leaders at once got busy on plans to head off any more such things.

Detroit's plan was, and is, twofold: Long-range and short-range. The long-range plan includes sociological studies by police; persistent tolerance propaganda by churches, schools, press, welfare organizations; frank discussion of, and efforts to do something to ameliorate causes of friction between white and colored Detroiters.

The short-range plan was unveiled as the first anniversary of the big riot approached—June 21 of this year. This plan called for the impartial and adequate use of force to pulverize any disorder that might start in spite of all the earnest, constructive, peaceable work which had been done under the long-range plan.

A specially trained body of "police commandos" was prepared, with tear-gas bombs, riot guns, machine guns, bayonets. These men were trained in the standard military procedures for handling mobs. A couple of regiments of Michigan state troops and the Army's 728th Military Police Battalion were held ready to back up the police.

The general Detroit public, white and colored, was given to understand that these forces would be used to stop any trouble that might flare up on the riot anniversary.

Result: Though Detroit race relations are not yet ideal and the long-range plan is still needed and is still being energetically followed, the first anniversary of the big Detroit race riot was a quiet, average day in Detroit.

All of which bore out an astute analysis of the causes and prevention of race riots which Walter Davenport wrote for Collier's soon after the big Detroit riot.

We don't see that it's necessary to harp on the moral of all this. Detroit's experience seems to us to speak its own piece to officials and leading citizens of any city that has a race problem.

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